



GERALD MASSEY'S POEMS.

“ I PROPOSE to review the works of no ordinary poet, — Gerald Massey. It appears that his station in life is obscure, and his fortunes far from prosperous. Such, also, was the condition of Keats, to whom he bears, in many features of his genius, a marvellous resemblance. Keats has found patrons now he is in his grave : may Massey find them on this side of it ! I have not the honor (for honor I should think it) to know him personally ; therefore, if I should err in my judgment of his merits, the cause of my blindness will not be attributed to an over-heated partiality. Here are stanzas of exquisite and almost unrivalled beauty. There are thoughts and expressions here which remind us of Shakespeare in the best of his sonnets. The reader of this criticism I hope will test its accuracy by the perusal of a volume which contains a larger quantity of good poetry than threescore ostentatious volumes by “ eminent hands.” I feel almost as much of pleasure in bringing it farther out into public notice, as I should of pride if I had written one of its pages. Here is such poetry as the generous Laureate will read with approbation ; such poetry as Jeffrey would have tossed aside with derision, and as Gifford would have torn to pieces with despair. Can any thing more or better be said for it ? ” — *Walter Savage Landor.*

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

GERALD MASSEY.
"

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A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

THE reader of the miscellaneous literature of the day has doubtless met with the name of Gerald Massey attached to poems strikingly beautiful in language and intensely passionate in feeling. These poems have heretofore been published chiefly in journals which are yet in a great measure *tabooed* in what are regarded as "respectable literary circles." The "Spirit of Freedom," a cheap journal, started in 1849, and written exclusively by working-men, contained a large number of them; and others have since appeared in the "Christian Socialist," a cheap journal conducted by Clergymen of the Church of England; and many others also, of great beauty, have been published in the "Leader," a remarkably able journal conducted by Thornton Hunt, the son of the poet.

You see at once that the writer is a man of vivid genius, and is full of the true poetic fire. Some of his earlier pieces are indignant expostulations with society at the wrongs of suffering humanity; passionate protests against those hideous disparities of life which meet our eye on every side; against power wrongfully used; against fraud and oppression in their more rampant forms; mingled with appeals to the higher influences of knowledge, justice, mercy, truth, and love. It is always thus with the poet who has worked his way to the light

through darkness, suffering, and toil. Give a poor down-trodden man culture, and in nine cases out of ten, you only increase his sensitiveness to pain ; you agonize him with the sight of pleasures which are to him forbidden ; you quicken his sense of despair at the frightful inequalities of the human lot. There are thousands of noble natures, with minds which, under better circumstances, would have blessed and glorified their race, who have been for ever blasted — crushed into the mire — or condemned to courses of desperate guilt ! — for one who, like Gerald Massey, has nobly risen above his trials and temptations, and triumphed over them. And when such a man does find a voice, surely “ rose-water ” verses and “ hot-pressed ” sonnets are not to be expected of him ; such things are not by any means the natural products of a life of desperate struggling with poverty. When the self-risen and self-educated man speaks and writes now-a-days, it is of the subjects nearest to his heart. Literature is not a mere intelligent epicurism with men who have suffered and grown wise, but a real, earnest, passionate, vehement, living thing — a power to move others, a means to elevate themselves, and to emancipate their order. This is a marked peculiarity of our times ; knowledge is now more than ever regarded as a power to elevate, not merely individuals, but classes. Hence the most intelligent of working-men at this day are intensely political : we merely state this as *a fact* not to be disputed. In former times, when literature was regarded mainly in the light of a rich man’s luxury, poets who rose out of the working-class sung as their patrons wished. Bloomfield and Clare sang of the quiet beauty of rural life, and painted pictures of evening skies, purling brooks, and grassy meads. Burns could with difficulty repress the “ Jacobin ” spirit which burned within him ; and yet even he was rarely, if ever, political in his tone.

His strongest verses, having a political bearing, were those addressed to the Scotch Representatives in reference to the Excise regulations as to the distillation of whiskey. But come down to our own day, and mark the difference: Elliot, Nichol, Bamford, the author of "Ernest," the Chartist Epic, Davis, the "Belfast Man," De Jean, Massey, and many others, are intensely political; and they defend themselves for their selection of subjects as Elliot did, when he said, "Poetry is impassioned truth; and why should we not utter it in the shape that touches our condition the most closely — the political?" But how it happens that the writings of working-men now-a-days so generally assume the political tone, will be best ascertained from the following sketch of the life of Gerald Massey: —

He was born in May, 1828, and is, therefore, barely twenty-three years of age. He first saw the light in a little stone hut near Tring, in Herts, one of those miserable abodes in which so many of our happy peasantry — their country's pride! — are condemned to live and die. One shilling a week was the rent of this hovel, the roof of which was so low that a man could not stand upright in it. Massey's father was, and still is, a canal boatman, earning the wages of ten shillings a week. Like most other peasants in this "highly-favored Christian country," he has had no opportunities of education, and never could write his own name. But Gerald Massey was blessed in his mother, from whom he derived a finely-organized brain and a susceptible temperament. Though quite illiterate like her husband, she had a firm, free spirit — it's broken now! — a tender yet courageous heart, and a pride of honest poverty which she never ceased to cherish. But she needed all her strength and courage to bear up under the privations of her lot. Sometimes the husband fell out of work; and there

was no bread in the cupboard, except what was purchased by the labor of the elder children, some of whom were early sent to work in the neighboring silk-mill. Disease, too, often fell upon the family, cooped up in that unwholesome hovel: indeed, the wonder is, not that our peasantry should be diseased, and grow old and haggard before their time, but that they should exist at all in such lazarettos and cesspools.

None of the children of this poor family were educated, in the common acceptance of the term. Several of them were sent for a short time to a penny school, where the teacher and the taught were about on a par; but so soon as they were of age to work, the children were sent to the silk-mill. The poor cannot afford to keep their children at school, if they are of an age to work and earn money. They must help to eke out their parents' slender gains, even though it be only by a few pence weekly. So, at eight years of age, Gerald Massey went into the silk manufactory, rising at five o'clock in the morning, and toiling there till half-past six in the evening; up in the gray dawn, or in the winter before the daylight, and trudging to the factory through the wind or in the snow; seeing the sun only through the factory windows; breathing an atmosphere laden with rank oily vapor, his ears deafened by the roar of incessant wheels:—

“ Still all the day the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.”

What a life for a child! What a substitute for tender prattle, for childish glee, for youthful play-time! Then home, shivering under the cold, starless sky, on Saturday nights, with 9*d.*, 1*s.*, or 1*s.* 3*d.*, for the whole week's work, for such were the

respective amounts of the wages earned by the child-labor of Gerald Massey.

But the mill was burned down, and the children held jubilee over it. The boy stood for twelve hours in the wind and sleet, and mud, rejoicing in the conflagration which thus liberated him. Who can wonder at this? Then he went to straw-plaiting,—as toilsome, and, perhaps, more unwholesome than factory-work. Without exercise, in a marshy district, the plaiters were constantly having racking attacks of ague. The boy had the disease for three years, ending with tertian ague. Sometimes four of the family, and the mother, lay ill at one time, all crying with thirst, with no one to give them drink, and each too weak to help the other. How little do we know of the sufferings endured by the poor and struggling classes of our population, especially in our rural districts! No press echoes their wants, or records their sufferings; and they live almost as unknown to us as if they were the inhabitants of some undiscovered country.

And now take, as an illustration, the child-life of Gerald Massey. "Having had to earn my own dear bread," he says, "by the eternal cheapening of flesh and blood thus early, I never knew what childhood meant. I had no childhood. Ever since I can remember, I have had the aching fear of want, throbbing in heart and brow. The currents of my life were early poisoned, and few, methinks, would pass unscathed through the scenes and circumstances in which I have lived; none, if they were as curious and precocious as I was. The child comes into the world like a new coin with the stamp of God upon it; and in like manner as the Jews sweat down sovereigns, by hustling them in a bag to get gold-dust out of them, so is the poor man's child hustled and sweated down in this bag of society to get wealth out of it; and even as the

impress of the Queen is effaced by the Jewish process, so is the image of God worn from heart and brow, and day by day the child recedes devilward. I look back now with wonder, not that so few escape, but that any escape at all, to win a nobler growth for their humanity. So blighting are the influences which surround thousands in early life, to which I can bear such bitter testimony."

And how fared the growth of this child's mind the while? Thanks to the care of his mother, who had sent him to the penny school, he had learnt to read, and the desire to read had been awakened. Books, however, were very scarce. The Bible and Bunyan were the principal; he committed many chapters of the former to memory, and accepted all Bunyan's allegory as *bonâ fide* history. Afterwards he obtained access to "Robinson Crusoe," and a few Wesleyan tracts left at the cottage. These constituted his sole reading, until he came up to London, at the age of fifteen, as an errand-boy; and now, for the first time in his life, he met with plenty of books, reading all that came in his way, from "Lloyd's Penny Times," to Cobbett's Works, "French without a Master," together with English, Roman, and Grecian history. A ravishing awakening ensued,—the delightful sense of growing knowledge,—the charm of new thought,—the wonders of a new world. "Till then," he says, "I had wondered why I lived at all,—whether

'It was not better not to be,
I was so full of misery.'

Now I began to think that the crown of all desire, and the sum of all existence, was to read and get knowledge. Read! read! read! I used to read at all possible times, and in all possible places; up in bed till two or three in the morning,—

nothing daunted by once setting the bed on fire. Greatly indebted was I also to the bookstalls, where I have read a great deal, often folding a leaf in a book, and returning the next day to continue the subject; but sometimes the book was gone, and then great was my grief! When out of a situation, I have often gone without a meal to purchase a book. Until I fell in love, and began to rhyme as a matter of consequence, I never had the least predilection for poetry. In fact, I always eschewed it; if I ever met with any, I instantly skipped it over, and passed on, as one does with the description of scenery, &c., in a novel. I always loved the birds and flowers, the woods and the stars; I felt delight in being alone in a summer-wood, with song, like a spirit, in the trees, and the golden sun-bursts glinting through the verdurous roof; and was conscious of a mysterious creeping of the blood, and tingling of the nerves, when standing alone in the starry midnight, as in God's own presence-chamber. But until I began to rhyme, I cared nothing for written poetry. The first verses I ever made were upon 'Hope,' when I was utterly hopeless; and after I had begun, I never ceased for about four years, at the end of which time I rushed into print."

There was, of course, crudeness both of thought and expression in the first verses of the poet, which were published in a provincial paper. But there was nerve, rhythm, and poetry; the burthen of the song was, "At even-time it shall be light." The leading idea of the poem was the power of knowledge, virtue, and temperance, to elevate the condition of the poor,—a noble idea truly. Shortly after he was encouraged to print a shilling volume of "Poems and Chansons," in his native town of Tring, of which some 250 copies were sold. Of his later poems we shall afterwards speak.

But a new power was now working upon his na-

true, as might have been expected, — the power of opinion, as expressed in books, and in the discussions of his fellow-workers.

“As an errand-boy,” he says, “I had, of course, many hardships to undergo, and to bear with much tyranny; and that led me into reasoning upon men and things, the causes of misery, the anomalies of our societary state, politics, &c., and the circle of my being rapidly out-surged. New power came to me with all that I saw, and thought, and read. I studied political works, — such as Paine, Volney, Howitt, Louis Blanc, &c., which gave me another element to mould into my verse, though I am convinced that a poet must sacrifice much if he write party-political poetry. His politics must be above the pinnacle of party zeal; the politics of eternal truth, right, and justice. He must not waste a life on what to-morrow may prove to have been merely the question of a day. The French Revolution of 1848 had the greatest effect on me of any circumstance connected with my own life. It was scarred and blood-burnt into the very core of my being. This little volume of mine is the fruit thereof.”

But, meanwhile, he had been engaged in other literary work. Full of new thoughts, and bursting with aspirations for freedom, he started, in April, 1849, a cheap journal, written entirely by working-men, entitled, “The Spirit of Freedom:” it was full of fiery earnestness, and half of its weekly contents were supplied by Gerald Massey himself, who acted as editor. It cost him five situations during a period of eleven months, — twice because he was detected burning candle far into the night, and three times because of the tone of the opinions to which he gave utterance. The French Revolution of 1848 having, amongst its other issues, kindled the zeal of the working-men in this country in the cause of association, Gerald Massey eagerly joined

them, and he has been recently instrumental in giving some impetus to that praiseworthy movement,—the object of which is to permanently elevate the condition of the producing classes, by advancing them to the status of capitalists as well as laborers.

A word or two as to Gerald Massey's recent poetry. Bear in mind that he is yet but a youth;—at twenty-three a man can scarcely be said fairly to have entered his manhood; and yet, if we except Robert Nichol, who died at twenty-four, we know of no English poet of his class, who has done any thing to compare with him. Some of his most beautiful pieces originally appeared in the columns of the "Leader." They give you the idea of a practised hand—one who has reached the full prime of his poetic manhood. Take, for instance, his "Lyrics of Love," so full of beauty and tenderness. Nor are his "Songs of Progress" less full of poetic power and beauty.

Gerald Massey is a teacher through the heart. He is familiar with the passions, and leans towards the tender and loving aspect of our nature. He takes after Burns more than after Wordsworth, Elliot rather than Thomson. He is but a young man, though he has crowded into his twenty-three years already the life of an old man. He has won his experience in the school of the poor, and nobly earned his title to speak to them as a man and a brother, dowered with "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love."

Extract from "Eliza Cook's Journal," 1851.

P R E F A C E

T O T H E T H I R D E D I T I O N .

I do not like to write a Preface. I do not think a volume of verse should need one. But, as my Book has reached a Third Edition, and as almost as much has been said about myself as about my Book, perhaps I may be excused, even by the Preface-hater, if I do take this opportunity of saying a few words. I have been considerably censured for the political opinions which it contains, — as I expected to be. Before printing, I was advised not to include the political pieces, as, it was urged, they would prove an obstacle to the success of my Poetry, and close the drawing-room door against me. And if I had looked on the success of my Book in a poetical light alone, I should not have printed the greater portion of the political verses. But that was not the sole point of view. Those verses do not express what I think and feel now, since they were written some five or six years ago : yet they express what I thought and felt then, and what thousands beside me have thought and felt, and what thousands still think and feel. They were the outcome of a peculiar and marked experience. I printed the “Memoir,” so that they might be read in the light, or gloom, of that experience, and the Book contain its own excuse. They have not read me aright, who have not so interpreted it. I have been blamed for the rebellious feelings to which the political pieces give utterance ;

but they were perfectly natural under the circumstances. Indeed, I look upon those same rebellious feelings as my very deliverance from a fatal slough. There are conditions in which many of the poor exist, where humanity must be either rebel or slave. For the slave, degradation and moral death are certain; but for the rebel there is always a chance of becoming conqueror; and the force to resist is far better than the faculty to succumb.

It is not that I seek to sow dissension between class and class, or fling firebrands among the combustibles of society; for when I smite the hearts of my fellows, I would rather they should gush with the healing waters of love, than with the fearful fires of hatred. I yearn to raise them into loveable beings. I would kindle in the hearts of the masses a sense of the beauty and grandeur of the universe, call forth the lineaments of Divinity in their poor worn faces, give them glimpses of the grace and glory of Love and the marvellous significance of Life, and elevate the standard of Humanity for all. But strange wrongs are daily done in the land, bitter feelings are felt, and wild words will be spoken. It was not for myself alone that I wrote these things: it was always the condition of others that so often made the mist rise up and cloud my vision. Nor was it for myself that I have uncurtained some scenes of my life to the public gaze, but as an illustration of the lives of others, who suffer and toil on, "die, and make no sign;" and because one's own personal experience is of more value than that of others taken upon hearsay.

So I keep my political verses as memorials of my past, as one might keep some worn-out garment because he had passed through the furnace in it, nothing doubting that in the future they will often prove my passport to the hearts and homes of thousands of the poor, when the minstrel comes to their door with something better to bring them.

They will know that I have suffered their sufferings, wept their tears, thought their thoughts, and felt their feelings ; and they will trust me.

I have been congratulated by some correspondents on the uses of suffering, and the riches I have wrung from Poverty : as though it were a blessed thing to be born in the condition in which I was, and surrounded with untoward circumstances as I have been. My experience tells me that Poverty is inimical to the development of Humanity's noblest attributes. Poverty is a never-ceasing struggle for the means of living, and it makes one hard and selfish. To be sure, noble lives have been wrought out in the sternest poverty. Many such are being wrought out now, by the unknown heroes and Martyrs of the Poor. I have known men and women in the very worst circumstances, to whom heroism seemed a heritage, and to be noble a natural way of living. But they were so in spite of their poverty, and not because of it. What they might have been if the world had done better by them, I cannot tell ; but if their minds had been enriched by culture, the world had been the gainer. When Christ said, " Blessed are they who suffer," he did not speak of those who suffer from want and hunger, and who always see the Bastille looming up and blotting out the sky of their future. Such suffering brutalizes. True natures ripen and strengthen in suffering ; but it is that suffering which chastens and ennobles, — that which clears the spiritual sight, — not the anxiety lest work should fail, and the want of daily bread. The beauty of Suffering is not to be read in the face of Hunger.

Above all, Poverty is a cold place to write Poetry in. It is not attractive to poetical influences. The Muses do not like entertainment which is not fit for man or beast. Nor do the best fruits of Poetry ripen in the rain, and shade, and wind alone : they

want sunshine, warmth, and the open sky. And should the heart of a poor man break into song, it is likely that his poverty may turn into hailstones that which might have fallen on the world in fructifying rain. A poor man, fighting his battle of life, has little time for the rapture of repose which Poetry demands. He cannot take Poetry like a Bride to his heart and home, and devote a life to her service. He can only keep some innermost chamber of his heart sacred for her, from whence he gets occasional glimpses of her wondrous beauty, when he can steal away from the outward strife, like some child who has found a treasure, and steals aside to look on it in secret and alone, lest rude and importunate companions should snatch it from the possessor's hands. Considering all things, it may appear madness for a poor man to attempt Poetry in the face of the barriers that surround him. So many hearts have been broken, so many lives have been wasted, so many lions are in the way of the Gate Beautiful, and so many wrecks lie by the path! And so it is,—a diseased madness, or a divine one. If the disease, then there is no help for a man; if the divine, then there is no hindrance for him.

Who would not pity the poor versifier at the outset of his career? But who would not also rejoice with him in the end, when the world crowns him a Poet with pæans of acclaim? And, in spite of all things, there will be Poetry in the midst of poverty. Even as there is scarcely a space in the world so barren but some plot of natural richness will be running all to flowers,—some type of loveliness will be starting up from Earth's inner Sea of Beauty, even in waste and wilderness, on rock and ruin, in Alpine snows and sandy solitudes,—so is it with Poetry, the Flower of Humanity. It will continually be springing, in its own natural way, in the most bleak and barren bye-ways of the

world, as well as in the richest and most cultivated pastures. The winds of heaven, or the birds of God, will drop the seed, and the flower will follow, even though sown amid the bushes and brambles of the obscurest hamlet, or in the crevices of the city pavement. Not that the wilderness, or the rock, or the snows, are the fittest places to rear flowers of most exquisite fragrance and beauty; neither are Poverty and Penury, with their hell of torture, and daily wrestle with grim Death, the fittest soil to grow and perfect the flower of Poetry. The greatest original Genius can only develope itself according to the circumstances which environ it. It needs food to nourish it, and time and opportunity to unfold it. If it lack these, it must remain dwarfed and stunted, and perhaps wither and die.

Besides, it is not while the fight is raging, and the struggle is sore, that the Poet can sing. He must first do battle and overcome, climb from the stir and strife, and be able to watch from his mountain where he dwells apart. The fullest and rarest streams of Poetry only flow through a mind at peace. The mirror of the Poet's soul must be calm and clear: else it will give forth distorted reflections and false imagings.

Had I known, when I began to write verses, what I know now, I think I should have been intimidated, and not have begun at all. So many and so glorious are the luminaries already up and shining, that one would pause before hoisting a rushlight. But I was ignorant of these things. And as I have begun, and conquered some preliminary difficulties, — as I have been sweated down to the proper jockey-weight at which I can ride Pegasus with little danger of spraining his wings, — and as a purpose has gradually and unconsciously grown upon me, — I dare say I shall go on, making the best of my limited materials, with the view of writing some songs that may become dear

to the hearts of the people, cheering them in their sorrows, voicing their aspirations, lighting them on the way up which they are groping darkly after better things, and saluting their triumphs with hymns of victory !

I cannot conclude without thanking those Critics who have given me so generous a welcome. And I would also thank those who have not spared my faults, or dwelt tenderly on my failings. They, also, have done me good, and I am grateful for it. Friendly praise is somewhat like a warm bath, — apt to enervate, especially if we stay in too long ; but friendly censure is like a cold bath, bracing and healthful, though we are always glad to get out of it. Some of the Critics have called me a “ Poet ; ” but that word is much too lightly spoken, much too freely bandied about. I know what a Poet is too well to fancy that I am one yet. It is a high standard that I set up myself, and I do not ask it to be lowered to reach my stature ; nor would I have the Poet’s awful crown diminished to mete my lesser brow. I may have that something within which kindles flame-like at the breath of Love, or mounts into song in the presence of Beauty ; but so have many who are not Poets. If I were a Critic, I should be savagely severe on this subject. The dearth of Poetry should be great in a country where we hail as Poets such as have been crowned of late.

For myself, I have only entered the lists, and inscribed my name : the race has yet to be run. Whether I shall run it, and win the Poet’s crown, or not, time alone will prove, and not the prediction of friend or foe. The crowns of Poetry are not in the keeping of Critics. There have been many who have given some sign of promise, — just set a rainbow of hope in the dark cloud of their life, — and never fulfilled their promise ; and the world has wondered why. But it might not

have been matter of wonder if the world could have read what was written behind the cloud. Others, again, are songful in youth, like the nightingales in Spring, who soon cease to sing, because they have to build nests, rear their young, and provide for them; and so the songs grow silent, — the heart is full of cares, and the dreamer has no time to dream. I hope that my future holds some happier fate. I think there is a work for me to do, and I trust to accomplish it.

GERALD MASSEY.

April, 1854.

TO MY WIFE.

LIKE those Ambassadors of old, that went
To the far Orient land, with kingly gifts
Of Gold, so royal-rare and wondrous fine ;
And Jewels — from which a subtle spirit lookt —
To nestle richly between Beauty's breasts —
And crown her gorgeous brows with winking flame,
Or clothe her starrily as Queenly Night,
And found that land a garden where they grew,
Lavish, as all the dews were turn'd to gems ;
So bring I thee, Sweet Lady of my love,
My gems which I have garner'd up, to find
How poor they are beside thy peerless wealth.
Th' Elysium where thy tender spirit dwells
Is written o'er with thoughts of beauty, thick
As starry mysteries written on the night.
Thy realm is rich in Memory's golden mines,
And flashing out with harvest-fields of Hope.
My Muse! that moveth swathed with holier light,
Throned on the regnant heights of Womanhood
In all thy summer beauty, warm as when
I lookt out on the sunny side of Life,
And saw thee summering like a blooming Vine,
That reacheth globes of wine in at the lattice
By the ripe armful, with ambrosial smile.
The flying Cares but touch thy Life's fair face,
Lightly as swimming shadows dusk the Lake.
Come sit thee down, dear, by my side, To-night ;
The world shut out, our little world shut in !
Where we are happy as the Bird whose nest

Is heaven'd in the heart of purple Hills,
 Or region'd in the palmy top of life,
 Where sleep is dark and lusty as leaves in June :
 Now shut thine eyes, and see a pageant bloom
 Upon the dark, — a Vision sweeping by.
 I was a dweller amid shadows grim :
 Till FREEDOM toucht my yearning eyes, and lo !
 Life in a shining circle, rounding rose,
 As heaven on heaven goes up the jewell'd night.
 New floods of passionate life swirl'd at my heart,
 Like Ocean-surges rolling round the world :
 And FREEDOM was my glittering Bride. For me
 She walkt the world as a Divinity,
 Sang like a Spirit in Life's darken'd ways,
 I' the Rainbow reacht forth girdling arms of love,
 'To clasp the Unapparent to the Earth, —
 Turn'd common things to beauty : as the sun
 Doth kindle glory in the grass and dust —
 Went forth flame-plumed, in Chariot sublime,
 And rode the winds, like him who walks the worlds
 When the roused Storm-God strode his War-Horse,
 Ocean,
 That sloughs the foam with flying mane of fire !
 And when the fresh Morn flower'd like a Rose,
 Birds sang of her, and all their happy hearts
 Rang out in music, Leaves clapt faery hands,
 The Flowers for joy stood tearful in her glory,
 And World went singing, unto World, of FREEDOM.
 And I would blazon her melodious name,
 Sing some wild pæan should touch the world to
 tears,
 Or chariot it to battle in her Cause :
 For O ! her softest breath, that might not stir
 'The summer gossamer tremulous on its throne,
 Makes the crown'd Tyrants start with realmless
 looks !
 I would have given the lustre of my life
 To add one jewel to her Diadem !
 And then thou cam'st, and Love grew lord of all.

Look how the Sun puts out the eyes of fire!
 So when Love's royal glance my lattice lit,
 The fires of FREEDOM whiten'd on my hearth.
 The sleeping Beauty in my heart's charm'd Palace
 Woke at Love's kiss. My life was set aflush,
 As Roses redden when the Spring moves by,
 And the green buds peer out like eyes, to see
 The delicate Spirit whose sweet presence stirr'd
 them.

How my heart ripen'd in its flooding spring;
 As when the sap runs up the tingling trees,
 Till all the sunny life laughs out in leaves,
 And lifts its fluttering wings! So my heart felt
 With such brave shoots of glory bursting up,
 As it had flower'd for Immortality.
 The heights of Being came out from their cloud,
 As the cliffs kindle when the Morning comes
 Swimming the utmost Sea in ruddy haste,
 With foam of glory; and the ruby light,
 Like mellow wine, runs down remotest hills.
 Thou cam'st, my sparkling Bird of Paradise!
 With a soft murmuring as of winnowing wings
 That fold the nest so Dove-like tenderly!
 With brows that parted lovely waves of hair,
 And took the gazer's eye like some white Grace!
 Eyes, loving large! Lips Houri-like, that light
 A soul to glory with their kiss of fire;
 And cheeks fresh misted with the bloom of Morn.
 And thou didst move, a Splendor 'mid Life's Shad-
 ows,

Making a Rembrandt Picture. So the Stars
 In all their glory pass the shrinking Dark.
 O, I was stirr'd as though a Spirit went by;
 Or I had met some awful Loveliness,
 That haunts the realm of Dreams, or dusky floats
 Across the wondering solitudes of Thought.
 So Love was lord of all. I touch my lyre,
 And love o'erflows my heart, and floods my hand.
 Love makes all dear delights so soothly sweet,

Life pants heart-stifled with its luscious load,
Like young Earth claspt in June's voluptuous arms,
Faint with her fragrance, flooded up in flowers.
Love's life divine, and Beauty is its smile.
O Love will make the killing crown of thorn
Burst into blossom on the Martyr's brow!
Upon Love's bosom Earth floats like an Ark
Safely through all the Deluge of the dark.
Love rays us round as glory swathes a star,
And, from the mystic touch of lips and palms,
Streams rosy warmth enough t' illumine a world:
And Spirit-eyes, from out the purpling glooms,
Mark how we feed this human Altar-flame,
How speeds this ripening into Deity!
What glittering robes for immortality
Trail starry radiance through our night of Earth!
And in our home thy presence maketh Love
A Mortal, who hath died to rise again,
Immortal, in its nobler life with thee.
O Love! sublime me unto loftier things;
Roll up my Orb from Passion's misting Deep,
To climb the heights of Thought's eternal Vast;
And though it shine not 'mid the Suns of Song,
To set a world sweet-murmuring in its light,
Like Memnon at the radiant touch of Dawn,
I know each Star hath its own perfect place
In heaven, though it may have no name on Earth.
I hope my hope, and dream my dream that life
With me shall yet ring out melodious, 'twixt
The silences of heaven and the grave.
O Labor! blind and feeling for the day!
Might I go forth to peer with eagle ken
Into the blessed land of promise, where
The Future like a fruitfuller Summer sits
Ripening HER Eden silently, to bear
The crowning flower of consummated Life,—
Where Freedom's Song-Birds fly, to build their
 nests,
And warm to life their brood of darling dreams:

Then see thy dark face lighten at my news,
 And hearten thee to lift up grander brows
 With light o'erflowing like a shining Sea.
 I see a shape behind a mist, that burns
 I' the flushing distance of some unseen Goal ;
 That grows with gazing on, like Lover's beauty.
 With beckoning smiles the Glory draws me on ;
 One hand points up, one holds a glittering crown,
 For me to climb and wear with lordlier growth,
 And airy Voices call me, bid me leap
 In Victory's Car as it goes bickering by.
 And Thou, dear Wife ! with exultation lit,
 Wilt weep proud tears t' enrich my wine of joy, —
 A costlier cup than ever Anthony's Queen
 Magnificent ! drank in her voluptuous vein !

THE BALLAD OF BABE CHRISTABEL.

WHEN Danaë-Earth bares all her charms,
 And gives the God her perfect flower,
 Who in the sunshine's golden shower,
 Leaps warm into her amorous arms !

When buds are bursting on the brier,
 And all the kindled greenery glows,
 And life hath richest overflows,
 And morning fields are fringed with fire :

When young Maids feel Love stir i' the blood,
 And wanton with the kissing leaves
 And branches, and the quick sap heaves,
 And dances to a ripen'd flood ;

Till, blown to its hidden heart with sighs,
 Love's red rose burns i' the cheek so dear,
 And, as sea-jewels upward peer,
 Love-thoughts melt through their swimming eyes :

When Beauty walks in bravest dress,
And, fed with April's mellow showers,
The earth laughs out with sweet May-flowers,
That flush for very happiness :

And Spider-Puck such wonder weaves
O' nights, and nooks of greening gloom
Are rich with violets that bloom
In the cool dark of dewy leaves :

When Rose-buds drink the fiery wine
Of Dawn, with crimson stains i' the mouth,
All thirstily as yearning Youth
From Love's hand drinks the draught divine ;

And honey'd plots are drowsed with Bees :
And Larks rain music by the shower,
While singing, singing hour by hour,
Song like a Spirit sits i' the Trees !

When fainting hearts forget their fears,
And in the poorest Life's salt cup
Some rare wine runs, and Hope builds up
Her rainbow over Memory's tears !

It fell upon a merry May morn,
I' the perfect prime of that sweet time
When daisies whiten, woodbines climb, —
The dear Babe Christabel was born.

ALL night the Stars bright watches kept,
Like Gods that look a golden calm ;
The Silence dropt its precious balm,
And the tired world serenely slept.

The birds were darkling in the nest,
Or bosom'd in voluptuous trees :
On beds of flowers the panting breeze
Had kist its fill and sank to rest.

All night beneath the Cottage eaves,
A lonely light, with tremulous Arc,
Surged back a space the sea of dark,
And glanced among the glimmering leaves.

Without! the quiet heavens above
The nest of life, did lean and brood!
Within! the Mother's tears of blood
Wet the Gethsemane of her love!

And when the Morn with frolic zest,
Lookt through the curtains of the night,
There was a dearer dawn of light,
A tenderer life the Mother's prest!

Ah! bliss to make the brain reel wild!
The Star new-kindled in the dark —
Life that had fluttered like a Lark —
Lay in her bosom a sweet Child!

How she had felt it drawing down
Her nesting heart more close and close, —
Her rose-bud ripening to a Rose,
That she should one day see full-blown!

How she had throbb'd with hopes and fears,
And strain'd her inner eyes till dim,
To see the coming glory swim
Through the rich mist of happy tears;

For it, her woman's heart drank up
And smiled at, Sorrow's darkest dole :
And now Delight's most dainty soul
Was crusht for her in one rich cup!

And then delicious languors crept,
 Like nectar, on her pain's hot drouth,
 And feeling fingers — kissing mouth —
 Being faint with joy, the Mother slept.

BABE Christabel was royally born!
 For when the earth was flusht with flowers,
 And drencht with beauty in rainbow showers,
 She came through golden gates of Morn.

No chamber arras-pictured round,
 Where sunbeams golden gorgeous gloom,
 And touch its glories into bloom,
 And footsteps fall withouten sound,

Was her Birth-place that merry May-morn;
 No gifts were heapt, no bells were rung,
 No healths were crown'd, no songs were sung,
 When dear Babe Christabel was born:

But Nature on the darling smiled,
 And with her beauty's blessing crown'd:
 Love brooded o'er the hallowed ground,
 And there were Angels with the Child!

And May her kisses of love did blow
 On amorous airs, that came to her
 With gifts of Frankincense and Myrrh,
 As came the Magi long ago

To worship Bethlehem's baby-King,
 Spring-Birds make welcoming merriment,
 And all the Flowers for welcome sent
 The secret sweetness of the Spring.

With glancing lights and shimmering shade,
And cheeks that toucht and ripelier burn'd,
May-Roses in at the lattice yearn'd
A-tiptoe, and Good Morrow bade.

No purple and fine linen might
Be hoarded up for her sweet sake :
But Mother's love shall clothe and make
The little wearer richly dight !

Wide worlds of worship are their eyes,
Their loyal hearts are worlds of love,
Who fondly clasp the stranger Dove,
And read its news from Paradise.

Their looks praise God — souls sing for glee :
They think if this old world had toil'd
Through ages to bring forth their child,
It hath a glorious destiny.

O HAPPY Husband ! happy Wife !
The rarest blessing Heaven drops down,
The sweetest blossom in Spring's crown,
Starts in the furrows of your life !

God ! what a towering height ye win,
Who cry, " Lo my beloved Child ! "
And, life on life sublimely piled,
Ye touch the heavens and peep within !

Look how a star of glory swims
Down aching silences of space,
Flushing the Darkness till its face
With beating heart of light o'erbrims !

So brightening came Babe Christabel,
To touch the earth with fresh romance,
And light a Mother's countenance
With looking on her miracle.

With hands so flower-like soft, and fair,
She caught at life, with words as sweet
As first spring violets, and feet
As faery-light as feet of air.

The Father, down in Toil's mirk mine,
Turns to his wealthy world above,
Its radiance, and its home of love;
And lights his life like sun-struck wine.

The Mother moves with queenlier tread:
Proud swell the globes of ripe delight
Above her heart, so warm and white
A pillow for the baby-head!

Their natures deepen, well-like clear,
Till God's eternal stars are seen,
For ever shining and serene,
By eyes anointed Beauty's seer.

A sense of glory all things took, —
The red Rose-Heart of Dawn would blow,
And Sundown's sumptuous pictures show
Babe-Cherubs wearing their Babe's look!

And round their peerless one they clung,
Like bees about a flower's wine-cup:
New thoughts and feelings blossom'd up,
And hearts for very fulness sung

Of what their budding Babe should grow,
When the Maid crimson'd into Wife,
And crown'd the summit of some life,
Like Phosphor, with morn on its brow!

And they should bless her for a Bride,
Who, like a splendid saint alit
In some heart's seventh heaven, should sit,
As now in theirs, all glorified!

But O! 'twas all too white a brow
To flush with Passion that doth fire
With Hymen's torch its own death-pyre, —
So pure her heart was beating now!

And thus they built their Castles brave
In fairy lands of gorgeous cloud;
They never saw a little white shroud,
Nor guess'd how flowers may mask the grave.

SHE grew, a sweet and sinless Child,
In sun and shadow, — calm and strife;
A Rainbow on the dark of Life,
From Love's own radiant heaven down-smiled!

In lonely loveliness she grew, —
A shape all music, light, and love,
With startling looks, so eloquent of
The spirit burning into view.

At Childhood she could seldom play
With merry heart, whose flashings rise
Like splendor-wingéd butterflies
From honeyed hearts of flowers in May:

The fields with flowers flamed out and flusht,
The Roses into crimson yearn'd,
With cloudy fire the wall-flowers burn'd,
And blood-red Sunsets bloom'd and blusht —

And still her cheek was pale as pearl, —
It took no tint of Summer's wealth
Of color, warmth, and wine of Health : —
Ah ! Death's hand whitely pressed the Girl !

No blushes swarm'd to the sun's kiss
Where violet-veins ran purple light,
So tenderly thro' Parian white
Touching you into tenderness.

A spirit-look was in her face,
That shadow'd a miraculous range
Of meanings, ever rich and strange,
Or lighten'd glory in the place.

Such mystic lore was in her eyes,
And light of other worlds than ours,
She lookt as she had fed on flowers,
And drunk the dews of Paradise.

Her brow — fit home for daintiest dreams —
With such a dawn of light was crown'd,
And reeling ringlets showered round,
Like sunny sheaves of golden beams :

And she would talk so weirdly-wild,
And grow upon your wonderings,
As tho' her stature rose on wings !
And you forgot she was a Child.

Ah ! she was one of those who come
With pledgéd promise not to stay
Long, ere the Angels let them stray
To nestle down in earthly home :

And, thro' the windows of her eyes,
We often saw her saintly soul,
Serene, and sad, and beautiful,
Go sorrowing for lost Paradise.

In Earth she took no lusty root,
Her beauty of promise to disclose,
And round into the Woman-Rose,
And climb into Life's crowning fruit.

She came — like music in the night
Floating as heaven in the brain,
A moment oped, and shut again,
And all is dark where all was light.

She came, — as comes the light of smiles
O'er earth, and every budding thing
Makes quick with beauty—alive with Spring ;
Then goeth to Hesperian Isles.

MIDNIGHT was tranced solemnly
Thinking of Dawn : Her Star-thoughts burn'd !
The Trees like burden'd Prophets yearn'd,
Rapt in a wind of prophecy .

When, like the Night, the shadow of Woe
On all things laid its hand death-dark,
Our last hope went out like a spark,
And a cry smote heaven like a blow !

We sat and watcht by Life's dark stream,
Our love-lamp blown about the night,
With hearts that lived as lived its light,
And died as died its precious gleam.

In Death's face hers flasht up and smiled,
As smile the young flowers in their prime,
I' the face of their gray murderer Time,
And Death for true love kist our child.

She thought our good-night kiss was given,
 And like a lily her life did close;
 Angels uncurtain'd that repose,
 And the next waking dawn'd in heaven.

With her white hands claspt she sleepeth; heart
 is husht, and lips are cold;
 Death shrouds up her heaven of beauty, and a
 weary way I go,
 Like the sheep without a Shepherd on the wintry
 norland wold,
 With the face of day shut out by blinding snow.

O'er its widow'd nest my heart sits moaning for its
 young that's fled
 From this world of wail and weeping, gone to
 join her starry peers;
 And my light of life's o'ershadow'd where the dear
 one lieth dead,
 And I'm crying in the dark with many fears.

All last night-tide she seemed near me, like a lost
 beloved Bird,
 Beating at the lattice louder than the sobbing
 wind and rain;
 And I call'd across the night with tender name and
 fondling word;
 And I yearn'd out thro' the darkness, all in vain.

Heart will plead, "Eyes cannot see her: they are
 blind with tears of pain;"
 And it climbeth up and straineth, for dear life,
 to look and hark
 While I call her once agam: but there cometh no
 refrain,
 And it droppeth down, and dieth in the dark.

IN this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The Angels with us unawares.

And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death !
Shall light thy dark up like a Star,
A Beacon kindling from afar
Our light of love, and fainting faith.

Thro' tears it gleams perpetually,
And glitters thro' the thickest glooms,
Till the eternal morning comes
To light us o'er the Jasper Sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
We've strewn the way our Lord doth come ;
And, ready for the harvest-home,
His Reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beautiful Bird of light hath fled :
Awhile she sat with folded wings—
Sang round us a few hoverings—
Then straitway into glory sped.

And white-wing'd Angels nurture her ;
With heaven's white radiance robed and
crown'd,
And all Love's purple glory round,
She summers on the Hills of Myrrh.

Thro' Childhood's morning-land, serene
She walkt betwixt us twain, like Love ;
While, in a robe of light above,
Her better Angel walkt unseen,

Till Life's highway broke bleak and wild ;
Then, lest her starry garments trail
In mire, heart bleed, and courage fail,
The Angel's arms caught up the child.

Her wave of life hath backward roll'd
 To the great Ocean ; on whose shore
 We wander up and down, to store
 Some treasures of the times of old :

And aye we seek and hunger on
 For precious pearls and relics rare,
 Strewn on the sands for us to wear
 At heart, for love of her that's gone.

O weep no more ! there yet is balm
 In Gilead ! Love doth ever shed
 Rich healing where it nestles, — spread
 O'er desert pillows, some green Palm !

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed ; —
 The best fruit loads the broken bough ;
 And in the wounds our sufferings plough,
 Immortal love sows sovereign seed.

LONG EXPECTED.

O MANY and many a day before we met,
 I knew some spirit walkt the world alone,
 Awaiting the Beloved from afar ;
 And I was the anointed chosen one
 Of all the world to crown her queenly brows
 With the imperial crown of human love,
 And light its glory in her happy eyes.
 I saw not with mine eyes so full of tears,
 But heard Faith's low sweet singing in the night,
 And groping thro' the darkness, toucht God's hand.
 I knew my sunshine somewhere warm'd the world,
 Tho' I trod darkling in a perilous way ;
 And I should reach it in His own good time

Like those dream-smiles which are the speech of
Sleep.

Thus Love lived on, and strengthen'd with the days,
Lit by its own true light within my heart,
Like a live diamond burning in the dark.

Then came there One, a mirage of the Dawn :
She swam on towards me in her sumptuous triumph,
Voluptuously upborne, like Aphrodite
Upon a meadowy swell of emerald sea.

A ripe, serene, smile-affluent graciousness
Hung like a shifting radiance on her motion,
As bickering hues upon the Dove's neck burn.
Her lip might flush a wrinkled life in bloom !
Her eyes were an omnipotence of love !

“ O eyes ! ” I said, “ if such your glories be,
Sure 'tis a warm heart feedeth ye with light ! ”

The silver throbbing of her laughter pulst
The air with music rich and resonant, —
As, from the deep heart of a summer night,
Some bird in sudden sparklings of fine sound
Hurries its startled being into song.

And from her sumptuous wealth of golden hair
Unto the delicate pearly finger-tip,
Fresh beauty trembled from its thousand-springs :

And standing in the outer porch of life,
All eager for the templed mysteries,
With a rich heart as full of 'fragrant love
As May's musk-roses are of morning's wine,
What marvel if I question'd not her brow,
For the flame-signet of the Hand divine,
Or gauged it for the crown of my large love ?,
I plunged to clutch the pearl of her babbling beauty,
Like some swift diver in a shallow stream,
That smites his life out on its heart of stone.

Ah ! how my life did run with fire and tears !
With what a Titan-pulse my love did beat !
But she, rose-lined without, — God pity her ! —
Was cold at heart as snow in last year's nest,
And struck like death into my burning brain.

My tears, that rain'd out life, she froze in falling,
 And wore them, jewel-like, to deck her triumph!
 But love is never lost tho' hearts run waste;
 Its tides may gush 'mid swirling, swathing deserts,
 Where no green leaf drinks up the precious life:
 Yet love doth evermore enrich itself,—
 Its bitterest waters run some golden sands!
 No star goes down but climbs in other skies;
 The rose of Sunset folds its glory up,
 To burst again from out the heart of Dawn;
 And love is never lost tho' hearts run waste,
 And sorrow makes the chasten'd heart a seer;
 The deepest dark reveals the starriest hope,
 And Faith can trust her heaven behind the veil.

WOODED AND WON.

THE plough of Time breaks up our Eden-land,
 And tramples down its fruitful flowery prime.
 Yet thro' the dust of ages living shoots
 O' the old immortal seed start in the furrows;
 And, where Love looked on with glorious eye,
 These quicken'd germs of everlastingness
 Flower lusty, as of old in Paradise!
 And blessings on the starry chance of love!—
 And blessings on the morn of merry May!—
 That led my footsteps to your beechen bower.
 Thus hangs the picture in my mind, sweet Wife!
 Rich as a Millais in its tint and tone.
 Nature flasht by me with her glorious shows.
 The birds were singing on the blossoming boughs,
 With Love's sweet mystery stirring at their hearts,
 Like first spring-motions in the veins o' the flowers.
 A light of green laught up the shining hills,
 Which rounded through the mellowing, gloating
 air,

As their big hearts heaved to some heart beyond,
 Or strove with inner yearnings for the crown
 Of purple rondure smiling there in heaven!
 The flowers were forth in all their conquering
 beauty,

And, winking in their Mother Earth's old face,
 Said, all her children should have happy hearts.
 Deeper and deeper in the wood's green gloom
 I nestled for the fever at life's core :

And thirstily my heart was drinking in
 Rich overflowings of some Cushat's love ;
 When, flash ! the air instinct with splendors grew,
 As if the world, while on her starry journey,
 Had suddenly floated in the clime of heaven.
 Upon a primrose bank you sat, — a sight
 To couch the old blind sorrow of my soul !
 A sweet new blossom of Humanity, —
 Fresh fallen from God's own home to flower on
 earth.

A golden burst of sunbeams glinted through
 The verdurous roof's lush-leavy greenery,
 And on you dropt its crown of living light.
 Your eyes — half-shut, while thro' their silken
 caves

Trembled the secret sweetness hid at heart —
 Oped sudden at full, and wide with wonderment !
 The sweetest eyes that ever drank sun for soul :
 As subtly tender as a summer heaven,
 Brimm'd with the beauty of a starry night !
 Your face, so dewy fresh and wondrous fair,
 Kindled and lighten'd as the coming God
 Were laboring upward thro' its birth of fire !
 The fleetest swallow-dip of a tender smile
 Ran round your mouth in thrillings ; while your
 cheek

Dimpled, as from the arch Love's finger-print,
 Out flew his signal, fluttering in a blush !
 And when your voice broke up the air for music,
 It smote upon my startled heart as smites

The new-born babe's first cry a mother's ear,
 Yet strangely toucht some mystic memory,
 And dimly seem'd some old familiar sound.
 That day, with an immortalizing kiss,
 You crown'd me monarch of your rich heart-world,
 Which heaved a boundless sea of love, whose tides
 Ran radiant pulsings thro' your rosy limbs.
 How the love-lights did float up in your eyes,
 Like virgin stars from violet depths of night!
 Dear eyes! all craving with Love's ache and hun-
 ger!

And all the spirit stood in your face athirst!
 And from the rose-cup of your murmuring mouth
 Sweetness o'erflow'd, as from a fragrant fount.
 O kiss of life! that oped our Eden-world!
 The harvest of an age's wealth of bliss
 In that first kiss was reaped in one rich minute!
 The wanton airs came breathing like the touch
 Of fragrant lips that feed the blood with flame!
 The very earth seemed bursting up, and heaven
 Clung round and clasped us as in glowing arms,
 To crush the wine of all your ripen'd beauty,
 Which were a fitting sacrament for death—
 Into a costly cup of life for me.

SONG.

Ah! 'tis like a tale of olden
 Time, long, long ago;
 When the world was in its golden
 Prime, and love was lord below!
 Every vein of Earth was dancing
 With the Spring's new wine!
 'Twas the pleasant time of flowers,
 When I met you, love of mine!

Ah! some spirit sure was straying
 Out of heaven that day,
 When I met you, Sweet! a-Maying
 In the merry, merry May,

Little heart! it shyly open'd
 Its red leaves' love lore,
 Like the rose that must be ripen'd
 To a dainty, dainty core.
 But its beauties daily brighten,
 And it blooms so dear, —
 Tho' a many Winters whiten,
 I go Maying all the year.
 And my proud heart will be praying
 Blessings on the day,
 When I met you, Sweet, a-Maying,
 In the merry, merry May.

WEDDED LOVE.

THE summer Night comes brooding down on Earth,
 As Love comes brooding down on human hearts,
 With bliss that hath no utterance save rich tears.
 She floats in fragrance down the smiling dark,
 Foldeth a kiss upon the lips of Life, —
 Curtaineth into rest the weary world, —
 And shuts us in with all our hid delights.
 The Stars come sparkling thro' the gorgeous gloom,
 Like dew-drops in the fields of heaven; or tears
 That hang rich jewels on the cheeks of Night.
 A spirit-feel is in the solemn air,
 The Flowers fold their cups like praying hands,
 And with droopt heads await the blessing, Night
 Gives with her silent magnanimity.
 'Tis evening with the world; but, in my soul
 The light of wedded love is still at dawn!
 And skies my world, an everlasting Dawn.

My heart rings out in music, like a lark
 Hung in the charméd palace of the Morn,
 That circles singing to its mate i' the nest,
 With luminous being running o'er with song :
 So my heart flutters round its mate at home !
 There, with her eyes turned to her heart, she
 reads

The golden secrets written on its heaven,
 And broodeth o'er its panting wealth of love,
 As Night i' the hush and hallow of her beauty
 Bares throbbing heaven to its most tremulous
 depths,

And broods in silence o'er her starry wealth.
 And, fingering in her bosom's soft, white nest,
 A fair babe, beautiful as Dawn in heaven,
 Made of a mother's richest thoughts of love, —
 Lies like a smile of sunshine among lilies,
 That giveth glory — drinketh fragrant life !
 Sweet bud upon a Rose ! our plot of spring,
 That bursts in bloom amid a wintry world !
 How dear it is to mark th' immortal life
 Deepen, and darken, in her large, round eyes, —
 To watch Life's rose of dawn put forth its leaves,
 And guess the perfumed secret of its heart —
 And catch the silver words that come to break
 The golden silence hung like heaven around.
 But soft ! Elysium opens in my brain !
 Dear Wife ! with sweet, low voice, she syllables
 Some precious music balm'd in her heart's book,
 And I am flooded with melodious rain,
 Like Nature standing crown'd with sunlit showers.

“ As the surging heart o' the Sea hungers everlast
 ingly
 For the Moon, heaven-charméd by her influ-
 ence :
 As Star yearns to Star, with love palpitating like
 a dove,
 Doth my heart yearn up to his bright eminence.

“ O my Love, he seems to stand where Heaven leans
 so near at hand,
 That from other worlds his lineaments take
 light :
 And he fills my cup of wonder, and floods all my
 life with splendor,
 As a glorious, golden Moon fills all the night.

“ At his violet-sweet words my heart carols like a
 bird's,
 And rich instincts burst from out it like heaven-
 flowers ;
 Wings bud in me at his kiss, and my being brims
 with bliss,
 As a valley brims with life in spring-tide
 hours.

“ O my life was dark and cold as the night-dews
 on the wold,
 Waiting to be made alive with fire of dawn ;
 Till his presence on me lighten'd, and his blessing
 on me brighten'd,
 And my life like dew's lit up for heaven shone.”

Nay, Sweet Heart! that should be my song, who
 search
 Love's lore in vain for meet similitudes
 To symbol what thy love hath been to me.
 The God lies prison'd in the mountain stone,
 The muffled Music slumbers in the strings,
 Awaiting the Deliverer's magic touch !
 So, thou beloved ! did I wait for Thee,
 To waken at thy touch. My Tree of being
 But made blind gropings in the dark, cold earth,
 And moan'd and trembled, in the wintry air,
 Stretching out naked hands to pluck at life :
 Until you came, with all your light, and warmth,
 Encircling round it like a summer heaven,

And fed, and clad it with your fragrant beauty,
Till budding branches burst on fire with bloom,
And into ripe fruits mellow'd goldenly.
My life lay barren as a desolate moor
That breaks, and burns, in twinkling green and gold,
When Spring doth greet it with her kiss of life.
As weary earth goes darkling thro' the night,
So my heart toil'd on, tearful with its burthen :
No beacon burn'd thro' all the gloom, to break
The surging sea of dark, with piers of light :
Then on a sudden rose the blessed Morn,
Sun-crown'd my life, made all things beautiful,
And gave the world its Eden-robcs again.
My soul up-sprang full-statured, in the light,
Thy presence caught my heart up at the leap.
Wing'd like a young world from the hands of God !
Methought a thousand graves of buried hopes
Could crush it not from its proud eminence.
The Future's dim cloud-curtain rent in twain,
And lighten'd radiant revelation : All
Life's purpose dawn'd, as unto dying eyes
The dark of Death doth blossom into stars.
And since we met, thy life-long thought hath been
To be cup-bearer of the wine of joy
To one leal heart, and to make rich one life.
Pulse after pulse, thy life hath surged in mine,
Like sea-waves hurrying up the beach to crown
Their shore, and break in starry showers of light.
Thou hast brought radiant sunrise every morn,
Renewing all the glory past away.
Thy lavish love hath twined about my life,
Like the lush Woodbine wedded to the Thorn ;
Hiding its harshness with her wealth of flowers !
My heart drinks inspiration at thine eyes,
And lights my brain up as with fragrant flame :
Sweet eyes of starry tenderness, thro' which
The soul of some immortal sorrow looks !
Sorrow that addeth grace to loveliness,
As its sad bloom enricheth blushing fruit.

Dear Eyes! they have a radiant Alchemy,
 And pierce my being with such quickening light
 As makes my heart a jewel-mine of love;
 Even as the Sun strikes thro' the dark cold Earth,
 And fires her million veins with golden life.
 My Life ran like a river in rocky ways,
 And downward dasht, a sounding cataract!
 But thine was like a quiet lake of beauty,
 Soft-shadow'd round by gracious influences,
 That gathers silently the wealth of earth,
 And woos heaven till it melts down into it.
 They mingled: and the glory, and the calm,
 And royal-rich magnificence of thy love,
 Closed round me, brooding into perfect rest,
 And made my heart rejoice in all thy joy.
 O blessings on thy true and tender heart!
 How it hath gone forth like the Dove of old,
 To bring some leaf of promise in Life's deluge!
 Thou hast a strong up-soaring tendency,
 That bears me Godward, as the stalwart oak
 Uplifts the clinging vine, and gives it growth.
 Thy reverent heart familiarly doth take
 Unconscious clasp of high and holy things,
 Like little children playing of old with Christ;
 And trusteth where it may not understand.
 We have had sorrows, love! and wept the tears
 That run the rose-hue from the cheeks of Life;
 But Grief hath jewels as Night hath her stars!
 And she revealeth what we ne'er had known,
 With Joy's wreath tumbled o'er our blinded eyes.
 The heart is like an instrument whose strings
 Steal magic music from Life's mystic frets;
 The golden threads are spun thro' Suffering's fire,
 Wherewith the marriage-ropes for heaven are
 woven:

And all the rarest hues of human life
 Take radiance, and are rainbow'd out in tears,
 As water'd marble blooms a richer grain.
 Thou'rt little changed, dear love! since first was wed

To mine, the blossom of thy crimson lips ;
 Thy beauty hath climaxt like a crescent Moon,
 With glory great'ning to the golden full.
 Thy flowers of Spring are crown'd with summer
 fruits,
 And thou hast put a queenlier presence on
 With thy regality of Womanhood !
 Yet Time but toucheth thee with mellowing shades
 That set thy graces in a wealthier light.
 Thy soul still looks with its rare smile of light,
 From the Gate Beautiful of its palace-home,
 Fair as the spirit of the evening Star
 That lights its glory as a radiant porch
 To beacon earth with a brief glimpse of heaven.
 We are poor in this world's wealth, but rich in love ;
 And they who love feel rich in every thing.
 The heart of Ocean — thick with gems, as earth
 With blooms — is jewell'd like a Bride o' the East :
 The heart of Heaven swarms with golden worlds —
 A subtle heart of wealth hath our old world,
 And darks of diamonds, grand as nights of stars :
 But richer is the human heart that shrines
 God's peerless wealth — th' immortal jewel Love !
 So let us live our life : and let our love,
 Our large twin-love, bend o'er our little Babe,
 As the calm grand old heavens bend over earth,
 Revealing God's own starry thoughts and things !
 So shall the image of our heart's Ideal —
 The angel nestling in her bud of life —
 Smile upward in the mirror of her face
 A daily beauty in our darkened ways,
 And a perpetual feast of holy things.
 O let us walk the world, so that our love
 Burn like a blessed beacon, beautiful !
 Upon the walls of Life's surrounding dark.
 Ah ! what a world 'twould be if love like ours
 Made heaven in human hearts, and clothed with
 smiles
 The sweet sad face of our Humanity !

What lives should quicken into sudden spring !
 What flowers of glory burst their frozen soil !
 Like the red pulse of Dawn thro' cold grey skies,
 New life should flush up in the darken'd face
 That readeth as a written epitaph
 Above the grave of beauty and of soul !
 Love-light should glimmer on the Helot's brow
 As mellow moonlight silvers thro' a cloud,
 And God should come into the mirkest being,
 As Stars new-kindled splendor nights of space.

THIS WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

THERE lives a voice within me, a guest-angel of my
 heart,
 And its sweet lisplings win me, till the tears a-trem-
 bling start ;
 Up evermore it springeth, like some magic melody,
 And evermore it singeth this sweet song of songs to
 me —
 This world is full of beauty, as other worlds
 above ;
 And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Night's starry tenderness dower with glory ever-
 more,
 Morn's budding, bright, melodious hour comes
 sweetly as of yore ;
 But there be million hearts accurst, where no sweet
 sunbursts shine,
 And there be million hearts athirst for Love's im-
 mortal wine.
 This world is full of beauty, as other worlds
 above ;
 And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

If faith, and hope, and kindness pass'd, as coin,
 'twixt heart and heart ;
How, thro' the eye's tear-blindness, should the
 sudden soul upstart !
The dreary, dim, and desolate, should wear a sunny
 bloom,
And Love should spring from buried Hate, like
 flowers o'er Winter's tomb.
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above ;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Were truth our uttered language, Angels might
 talk with men,
And God-illumined earth should see the golden Age
 again ;
The burthen'd heart should soar in mirth like
 Morn's young prophet-lark,
And Misery's last tear wept on earth, quench Hell's
 last cunning spark.
For this world is full of beauty, as other worlds
 above ;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Lo ! plenty ripens round us, yet awakes the cry for
 bread,
The millions still are toiling, crusht, and clad in
 rags, unfed !
While sunny hills and valleys richly blush with
 fruit and grain,
But the paupers in the palace rob their toiling fel-
 low-men.
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds
 above ;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Dear God ! what hosts are trampled 'mid this
 killing crush for gold !
What noble hearts are sapp'd of love ! what spirits
 lose life's hold !

Yet a merry world it might be, opulent for all, and
 aye,
 With its lands that ask for labor, and its wealth
 that wastes away.
 This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above ;
 And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

The leaf-tongues of the forest, and the flow'r-lips
 of the sod —
 The happy Birds that hymn their raptures in the
 ear of God —
 The summer wind that bringeth music over land
 and sea,
 Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of
 songs to me —
 This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above ;
 And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

TO A BELOVED ONE.

HEAVEN hath its crown of Stars, the Earth
 Her glory-robe of flowers --
 The Sea its gems — the grand old Woods
 Their songs and greening showers :
 The Birds have homes, where leaves and blooms
 In beauty wreath above ;
 High yearning hearts, their rainbow-dream —
 And we, Sweet ! we have love.

We walk not with the jewell'd Great,
 Where Love's dear name is sold ;
 Yet have we wealth we would not give
 For all their world of gold !
 We revel not in Corn and Wine,
 Yet have we from above
 Manna divine, and we'll not pine :
 Do we not live and love ?

There's sorrow for the toiling poor,
 On Misery's bosom nurst :
 Rich robes for ragged souls, and Crowns
 For branded brows Cain-curst !
 But Cherubim, with clasping wings,
 Ever about us be,
 And, happiest of God's happy things !
 There's love for you and me.

Thy lips, that kiss till death, have turn'd
 Life's water into wine ;
 The sweet life melting thro' thy looks,
 Hath made my life divine.
 All Love's dear promise hath been kept,
 Since thou to me wert given ;
 A ladder for my soul to climb,
 And summer high in heaven.

I know, dear heart ! that in our lot
 May mingle tears and sorrow ;
 But, Love's rich Rainbow's built from tears
 To-day, with smiles To-morrow.
 The sunshine from our sky may die,
 The greenness from Life's tree,
 But ever, 'mid the warring storm,
 Thy nest shall shelter'd be.

I see thee ! Ararat of my life,
 Smiling the waves above !
 Thou hail'st me Victor in the strife,
 And beacon'st me with love.
 The world may never know, dear heart !
 What I have found in thee ;
 But, tho' nought to the world, dear heart !
 Thou'rt all the world to me.

HOOD,

WHO SANG THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

'Tis the old story! — ever the blind world
 Knows not its Angels of Deliverance
 Till they stand glorified 'twixt earth and heaven.
 It stones the martyr; then, with praying hands,
 Sees the God mount his chariot of fire,
 And calls sweet names, and worships what it
 spurn'd.

It slays the Man to deify the Christ:
 And then how lovingly 'twill bind the brows
 Where late its thorn-crown laught with bloody
 lips —

Red, and rejoicing from grim Murder's kiss!
 To those who walk beside them, great men seem
 Mere common earth; but distance makes them stars.
 As dying limbs do lengthen out in death,
 So grows the stature of their after-fame;
 And then we gather up their glorious words,
 And treasure up their names with loving care.
 So Hood, our Poet, lived his martyr-life:
 With a swift soul that travell'd at rare speed,
 And struck such flashes from its flinty road,
 That by its trail of radiance through the dark,
 We almost feature th' unknown Future's face —
 And went uncrown'd to his untimely tomb.
 Certes, the World did praise his glorious Wit —
 The merry Jester with his cap and bells!
 And sooth, his wit was like Ithuriel's spear;
 But 'twas mere lightning from the cloud of his life,
 Which held at heart most rich and blessed rain
 Of tears melodious, that are worlds of love;
 And Rainbows, that would bridge from earth to
 heaven,

And Light, that would have shone like Joshua's sun
 Above our long death-grapple with the Wrong ;
 And thunder-voices, with their Words of fire,
 To melt the Slave's chain, and the Tyrant's crown.
 His wit? — a kind smile just to hearten us ! —
 Rich foam-wreaths on the waves of lavish life,
 That flasht o'er precious pearls and golden sands.
 But, there was that beneath surpassing show !
 The starry soul, that shines when all is dark ! —
 Endurance, that can suffer and grow strong —
 Walk through the world with bleeding feet, and
 smile ! —

Love's inner light, that kindles Life's rare colors !
 And thoughts that swathe Humanity with such
 glory

As limns the outline of the coming God ;
 And wine of Beauty for the panting soul.
 In him were gleams of such heroic splendors
 As light this cold, dark world up as a star
 Array'd in glory for the eyes of heaven :
 And a great heart that beat according music
 With theirs of old — God-likest, royallest men !
 A conquering heart ! which Circumstance, that
 frights

The Many down from Love's transfiguring height,
 Aye mettled into martial attitude.

He might have clutcht the palm of Victory
 In the world's wrestling ring of mightiest deeds ;
 But he went down like a rich Argosy
 At sea, just glimmering into sight of home,
 With its rare freightage from diviner climes.
 The world may never know the wealth it lost,
 When Hood went darkling to his tearful tomb,
 So mighty in his undeveloppt force !

With all his crowding unaccomplished hopes !
 Th' unuttered wealth and glory of his soul !
 And all the music ringing round his life,
 And poems stirring in his dying brain !
 O ! blessings on him for the songs he sang —

Which yearn'd about the world till then for birth !
How like a bonny bird of God he came,
And pour'd his heart in music for the Poor ,
Who sit in gloom while sunshine floods the land,
And feel, through darkness, for the hand of Help !
And trampled Manhood heard, and claimed his
crown,

And trampled Womanhood sprang up ennobled !
The human soul lookt radiantly through rags !
And there was melting of cold hearts, as when
The ripening sunlight fingers frozen flowers.
O ! blessings on him for the songs he sang !
When all the stars of happy thought had set
In many a mind, his spirit walkt the gloom
Clothed on with beauty, as the regal Moon
Walks her night-kingdom, turning clouds to light.
Our Champion ! with his heart too big to beat
In bonds, — our Poet in his pride of power !
Ay, we'll remember him who fought our fight,
And chose the Martyr's robe of flame, and spurn'd
The gold and purple of the glistering slave.
His Mausoleum is the People's heart,
There he lies crown'd and glorified, — our King
In state, with singing robe wrapt richly round.
But 'tis not meet, my England, his dear dust
Should lie where splendid flatteries flaunt on tombs,
As treachery serves to brighten wanton tears —
With not a line of letter'd love to tell
What mighty heart lies quencht and broken there.
So let us build our Poet's monument !
With passionate hearts of love for corner-stones,
And tears that temper for immortal fame.
And it were well, my England, should'st thou come
To weep some honest drops above his grave.
Our Hood is worthier of eternal praise
And blessings, and dear heart-immunities,
'Than warrior Wellington, who rode to fame
On Death's white horse by Battle's crimson path,

THE SINGER.

UP out of the Corn the Lark caroll'd in light,
 Like a new splendor sprung from the dark husk of
 Night,
 Green light shimmer'd laughing o'er forest and sod ;
 The rich sky was full of the presence of God,
 As with brave careless rapture he lavisht around
 Rare violet fancies and rose-leaves of sound :
 All thro' the Morn's sun-city sea-like his psalm
 With melodious waves dasht the bright world of
 calm :

BUT HEAVILY HUNG THE DROOPT EARS OF THE CORN :
 THEY WERE GATHERING GOLD IN THE DEWY MORN.

And he sang, as on heaven's fire-grains he had fed,
 Till his heart's merry wine had made drunken his
 head.

How he sang ! as his honey in Life's cells ne'er
 dwindled,
 And beale-fires of Joy on all Life's hills were
 kindled :

O ! he sang, as he felt that to singing was given
 The magic to build rainbow-stairways to heaven !
 And he could not have sung with more lusty cheer,
 Had all the world listened a-tiptoe to hear !

ALL THE WHILE HEAVILY HUNG THE CORN,
 AND ITS DROWSY EARS HEARD NOT THE SWEETHEART
 OF MORN.

ICHABOD.

SEVEN Summers' Suns have set! and earth is once
 more sweetly flooded
 With fragrance, for the virgin-leaves, and violet-
 banks have budded:
 Heaven claspeth Earth, as round the heart first
 broodeth Love's rich glow;
 A blush of Flowers is mantling where the lush
 green grasses grow!
 All things feel summering sunward, golden tides
 flood down the air,
 Which burns, as Angel-visitants had left a glory
 there!
 But darkness on my aching spirit shrouds the
 merry shine, —
 I long to feel a gush of Spring in this poor heart of
 mine.

Morn opes Heaven's opal portal, back the golden
 gates are drawn,
 And all the fields of glory blossom with the crimson
 Dawn:
 But never comes thy clasping hand, or carol of thy
 lips,
 That made my heart sing like a God, when burst-
 ing Death's eclipse.
 Sweet voice! it came like saintly music, quiring
 angels make,
 When pain sat heavy on my brow, and heart was
 like to break:
 Methought such love gave wings to climb some
 starry throne to win;
 Thou didst so lift my life's horizon — letting heaven
 in.
 I'm thinking, darling, of the days when life was
 all divine,

And love was aye the silver chord that bound my
 heart to thine ;
 When life bloom'd at thy coming, as the green
 earth greets the sun,
 And, like two dew-drops in a kiss, our twin souls
 wed in one.
 Ah ! still I feel ye at my heart ! and, 'mid the stir
 and strife,
 Ye sometimes lead my feet to walk the angel-side
 of Life !
 The magic music yearns within, as unto thee I turn,
 And those brave eyes, a-blaze with soul, thro' all
 my being burn.

Come back, — come back ; I long to clasp thee in
 these arms, mine own ;
 Lavish my heart upon thy lips, and make my love
 the Crown
 And Arc of Triumph to thy life. Why tarry ?
 Time hath cast
 Strange shadows on my spirit since we met and
 mingled last !
 Yet there be joys to crown thee with, the sunshine
 and the sweet
 Are hived, like honey, in my heart, to share them
 when we meet :
 How I have hoarded up my life ! how tenderly I
 strove
 To make my heart fit home for thee, its nestling
 Bird of love !

God bless thee ! once the radiant world thy beauty
 crown-like wore,
 But life hath lost a tender grace that cometh never
 more !
 The flowers will bud again in Spring, and happy
 birds make love,
 With melting hearts, a-brooding o'er their passion
 in the grove.

But thou wilt never more come back, to clothe my
 heart with Spring ;
 Dear God ! Love's sweetest chord is turn'd to Pain's
 most jarring string !
 The Glory hath departed ! and my spirit pants
 to go
 Where 'mid Life's troubled waters, 'twill not see
 the wreck below.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

ONE of God's own Darlings was my bosom's nest-
 ling Dove,
 With her looks of love and sunshine, and her
 voice so rich and low :
 How it trembled through my life, like an Immor-
 tal's kiss of love !
 How its music yearns thro' all my memory
 now !

Oh ! her beauty rainbows round me, and her sweet
 smile, silverly
 As a song, fills all the silence of the Midnight's
 charmed hours ;
 And I know from out her grave she'll send her
 love in death to me,
 By the Spring in smiling utterance of Flowers.

O ! my Love, too good for Earth, has gone into the
 world of light ;
 It was hard, she said, to leave me, but the Lord
 had need of her ;
 And she walks the heavens in glory, like a Star i'
 the crown of Night,
 With the Beautiful and Blessed mingling there.

Gone before me, to be clothéd on with bridal robe
of white,
Where Love's blossom flowers to fruit of Knowl-
edge, — Suffering's glorified !
And my love shall make me meet and worthy of
her presence bright,
That in heaven I may claim her as my Bride.

THE CHIVALRY OF LABOR.

UPROUSE ye now, brave brother-band,
With honest heart, and working hand :
We are but few, toil-tried, and true,
Yet hearts beat high to dare and do :
And who would not a Champion be
In Labor's lordlier Chivalry ?

We fight ! but bear no bloody brand,
We fight to free our Fatherland :
We fight that smiles of love may glow
On lips where curses quiver now !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! true Knights are we
In Labor's lordlier Chivalry.

O ! there be hearts that ache to see
The day-dawn of our victory :
Eyes full of heart-break with us plead,
And Watchers weep, and Martyrs bleed :
O ! who would not a Champion be
In Labor's lordlier Chivalry ?

Work, Brothers mine ; work, hand and brain ;
We'll win the Golden Age again :
And Love's Millennial morn shall rise
In happy hearts, and blessed eyes.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! true Knights are we
In Labor's lordlier Chivalry.

THE CHIVALRY OF LABOR EXHIORTED
TO THE WORSHIP OF BEAUTY.

OUR world oft turns in gloom, and Life hath many
a perilous way,
Yet there's no path so desolate and thorny, cold
and gray,
But Beauty like a Beacon burns above the dark of
strife,
And like an Alchemist aye turns all things to
golden life.
On human hearts her presence droppeth precious
manna down,
On human brows her glory gathers like a coming
crown :
Her smile lights up Life's troubled stream, and
Love, the swimmer ! lives ;
And O 'tis brave to battle for the guerdon that she
gives !
Then let us worship Beauty with the knightly faith
of old,
O Chivalry of Labor toiling for the Age of Gold !

The first-fruits of the Past at Beauty's shrine are
offer'd up,
From which a vintage meet for Gods she crusheth
in her cup :
And from the living Present doth she press the rare
new wine,
To glad the hearts of all her lovers with a draught
divine.
Earth's crowning miracle ! she comes ! with bless-
ing lips, that part
Like mid-May's rose flusht open with the fragrance
of her heart :

And life turns to her color — kindles with her light
— like flowers
That garner up the golden fire, and suck the mel-
low showers.
Come let us worship Beauty with the knightly faith
of old,
O Chivalry of Labor toiling for the Age of Gold !

Come let us worship Beauty where the budding
Spring doth flower,
And lush green leaves and grasses flush out sweeter
every hour ;
Or Summer's tide of splendor floods the lap o' the
World once more,
With riches like a sea that surges jewels on its shore.
Come feel her ripening influence when Morning
feasts our eyes —
Thro' open gates of glory — with a glimpse of
Paradise :
Or queenly Night sits crowned, smiling down the
purple gloom,
And Stars, like Heaven's fruitage, melt i' the glory
of their bloom.
Come let us worship Beauty with the knightly faith
of old,
O Chivalry of Labor toiling for the Age of Gold !

Come from the den of darkness and the city's soil
of sin,
Put on your radiant Manhood, and the Angel's
blessing win !
Where wealthier sunlight comes from Heaven, like
welcome-smiles of God,
And Earth's blind yearnings leap to life in flowers,
from out the sod :
Come worship Beauty in the forest-temple, dim
and hush,
Where stands Magnificence dreaming ! and God
burneth in the bush :

Or where the old hills worship with their silence
 for a psalm,
 Or ocean's weary heart doth keep the sabbath of
 its calm.
 Come let us worship Beauty with the knightly faith
 of old,
 O Chivalry of Labor toiling for the Age of Gold !

Come let us worship Beauty : she hath subtle
 power to start
 Heroic word and deed out-flashing from the hum-
 blest heart :
 Great feelings will gush unawares, and freshly as
 the first
 Rich Rainbow that up startled Heaven in tearful
 splendor burst.
 O blessed are her lineaments, and wondrous are
 her ways
 To repicture God's worn likeness in the suffering
 human face !
 Our bliss shall richly overbrim like sunset in the
 west,
 And we shall dream immortal dreams and banquet
 with the Blest.
 Then let us worship Beauty with the knightly faith
 of old,
 O Chivalry of Labor toiling for the Age of Gold !

WHEN I COME HOME.

AROUND me Life's hell of fierce Ardors burns,
 When I come home, when I come home ;
 Over me Heaven with her starry heart yearns,
 When I come home, when I come home.
 For the feast of Gods garnisht, the palace of Night
 At a thousand star-windows is throbbing with light.

London makes mirth ! but I know God hears
 The sobs i' the dark, and the dropping of tears ;
 For I feel that he listens down Night's great dome—
 When I come home, when I come home,
 Home, home, when I come home,
 Far i' the night when I come home.

I walk under Night's triumphal arch,
 When I come home, when I come home,
 Exulting with life like a Conqueror's march,
 When I come home, when I come home.
 I pass by the rich-chamber'd mansions that shine,
 Overflowing with splendor like goblets with wine :
 I have fought, I have vanquisht, the dragon of
 Toil,
 And before me my golden Hesperides smile !
 And O but Love's flowers make rich the gloom,
 When I come home, when I come home !
 Home, home, when I come home,
 Far i' the night when I come home.

O the sweet, merry mouths up-turn'd to be kist,
 When I come home, when I come home !
 How the younglings yearn from the hungry nest,
 When I come home, when I come home !
 My weary, worn heart into sweetness is stirr'd,
 And it dances and sings like a singing Bird,
 On the branch nighest heaven, — a-top of my life :
 As I clasp thee, my winsome, wooing Wife !
 And thy pale cheek with rich, tender passion doth
 bloom
 When I come home, when I come home,
 Home, home, when I come home,
 Far i' the night when I come home.

Clouds furl off the shining face of my life,
 When I come home, when I come home,
 And leave heaven bare on thy bosom, sweet Wife !
 When I come home, when I come home.

With her smiling Energies, — Faith warm and
 bright, —
 With Love glory-crown'd and serenely alight —
 With her womanly beauty and queenly calm,
 She steals to my heart with her blessing of balm ;
 And O but the wine of love sparkles with foam,
 When I come home, when I come home !
 Home, home, when I come home !
 Far i' the night when I come home.

THE THREE SPIRITS.

THEY were three Spirits fresh from God's own hand,
 And beautifuller ne'er took mortal mould,
 They had worn vestures of the undefiled,
 At spirit-spousals sang the nuptial song,
 Sat down with Gods and Heroes, held high converse
 With Milton and the mighty men of old,
 Divine old Socrates and deathless sages,
 The martyr'd Prophets and the warrior-saints,
 Who fought as we do now, and wrestled down
 Doubt's grim despairs, with pangs and quenchless
 faith.

Glory tiara'd their immortal brows,
 Their lips were yet alive with seraph-fire,
 And locks bedropt rich dews of Paradise :
 They lookt a fore-taste and fore-feel of heaven.
 Christ-like they came to wear old Earth's life-
 harness,
 And yoke their fiery sun-steeds in her furrows.
 They came to battle, toil in tears, and pray,
 " Our father," with the family of Men.
 'Twas midnight in the husht and moonlit land,
 The heavens had on their silver robe of stars,
 And earth had on her silver robe of dew,
 When they first lookt like smiles of God, through
 eyes

Where struggling heaven-light shone half-drown'd
in tears,

As rainy sunbeams strike a watery world.

They grew sweet babes, where fond hearts set
Love's throne,

Heaven breathed about them, Angels sang to them,
And joy was with them in their innocence.

Their dawn of being broaden'd into day,
And they had sprung to Manhood unawares.

The lusty blood ran brave fire in their veins,
Life's surging waves, with them, were at mad-
plunge,

And plough'd the passionate heart with tempest-
beat.

Then high thoughts burst like battle on their souls,
Rousing and stern as in the noon of night

The clarion's clangor smites a sleeping host!

And gorgeous Visions, glory-clad, swept by.

Sinew and thew were strung to win at least

The table-land that girds the mount of Fame.

And one went down to moil in Mammon's mine,

For love of Gold; thenceforth in his warpt heart,

The Devil at death-grips set himself to God,

And day by day worm'd out some trace divine!

Day unto day, Gold rotted out the soul.

Still he toil'd on for Gold, sweet! damning Gold!

The poor man's sweat, and tears, and blood,
congeal'd;

And he waxt wealthy! all around him rose

The hoarded heaps, like trophies after battle,

Or tribute-treasure flung at Monarchs' feet.

He turn'd to what he fed on. dust to dust;

The angel-plumes once moulted, grew no more!

The God dwarf'd in him, and his heart was hoary

Before Time's silver mark had blancht his brow.

And one up-reared a fame which stood apart

In the world's gaze, as 'mid old Tadmor's ruins

Some column loometh in the eye of sunset.

He crown'd with a beacon-fire the reef which
wreckt

The mighty of all time. His marvellous name
 Moved men's tongues regally as Euroclydon,
 The storm-wind! wakes the voices of old ocean.
 Leviathan of blood! what crimson seas
 He spilt to revel in; his path to empire
 Was wasted hearts and desolated lands.
 The other trode the world's face poor as Christ,
 Drank gall and wormwood; lived Gethsemane,
 In many a midnight solitude of heart!
 Loved, hoped, and nurst large faith in human-kind,
 Wept glorious tears that telescope the soul,
 And bring heaven nearer to the eyes of Faith!
 The hounds of hell bay'd at him, hoary Evil
 Breathed blighting influences on his heart,
 To turn it to a Upas-tree, and kill
 All nestling birds of love. With tears and travail
 He walkt the furnace, trode Earth's stony ways,
 And beat his rugged path with bleeding feet.
 Yet nought bore down his heart, or blencht his
 faith,
 And many a cloud-rift radiantly rent,
 Dropt blessing dear as parted lips of love.
 From suffering he won strength to throw the world;
 And when the fight ran sorest, his roused spirit
 Went forth a Conqueror! wrapt in robes of victory.
 Amid the mirk and mire, he kept his heart
 A temple for the Beautiful! all warm
 And bright, with blessed light of Love, that win-
 dow
 Of our dim life, which ever opes on God!
 He trimmed Love's lamp in poor men's hearts and
 homes,
 And in the world's waste places his life blossom'd.
 So each built up a life. Time's scaffolding
 Fell from them, and they stood in God's eye bare!
 Into the silent land, they pass'd the Grave,
 Which Spring had made a beautiful gate of flowers;
 On wings of wonder won the starry threshold
 Of God, where like to like is gauged and garnered.

They stood where Paradise uprear'd its portals,
 And shook down splendors, palpitated bliss —
 Like a town full of triumph, — heart of love.
 O in that hour how shook the rich man's soul!
 He stood there beggar'd, poorest of the poor!
 Gold would not purchase heaven; and if it might,
 Eternity ran 'twixt him and his riches:
 And he went wailing with his world of woe.
 The other had gambled for a life, and lost,
 Let slip his chance for an eternity!
 For fame, had barter'd an immortal birthright;
 For name on earth had sold Heaven's heritage;
 And there the gates of glory on him closed.
 The poor man came, and his meek tearful eyes
 Grew luminous, as lit with sudden sun.
 Divinity leapt up full-statured, when
 His life burst its worn manacle of clay,
 And wore God's splendor round it like a raiment.
 Throbbing with glory like a midnight star,
 All Heaven was hush'd to hear the Lord's "Well
 done."
 Then shining hosts and quiring orbs sang "Wel-
 come,"
 And angels crown'd him in their Capitol.
 For in his heart he kept God's image bright.
 Love was his life-blood. Thro' the long work-
 day —
 The dark and terrible night-time — aye, to death,
 He nurs'd his love: and God himself is love.
 And there be none of all the poorest poor
 That walk the world, worn heart-bare, none so
 poor
 But they may bring a little human love
 To mend the world. And God himself is love.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

HIGH hopes that burn'd like Stars sublime,
 Go down i' the Heavens of Freedom ;
 And true hearts perish in the time
 We bitterliest need 'em !
 But never sit we down and say
 There's nothing left but sorrow :
 We walk the Wilderness To-day,
 The Promised Land To-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,
 There are no flowers blooming !
 Yet life beats in the frozen bough,
 And Freedom's Spring is coming !
 And Freedom's tide comes up alway,
 Tho' we may strand in sorrow :
 And our good Bark, a-ground To-day,
 Shall float again To-morrow.

Thro' all the long, dark night of years
 The People's cry ascendeth,
 And Earth is wet with blood and tears :
 But our meek sufferance endeth !
 The Few shall not for ever sway,
 The Many moil in sorrow :
 The Powers of Hell are strong To-day,
 But Christ shall rise To-morrow.

Tho' hearts brood o'er the Past, our eyes
 With smiling Futures glisten !
 For, lo ! our day bursts up the skies :
 Lean out your souls and listen !
 The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
 And ripens with her sorrow :
 Keep heart ! who bear the Cross To-day,
 Shall wear the Crown To-morrow.

O Youth! flame-earnest, still aspire,
 With energies immortal!
 To many a heaven of Desire,
 Our yearning opes a portal!
 And tho' Age wearies by the way,
 And hearts break in the furrow,
 We'll sow the golden grain To-day, —
 The Harvest comes To-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
 Be like a sheathen sabre,
 Ready to flash out at God's call,
 O Chivalry of Labor!
 Triumph and Toil are twins: and aye
 Joy suns the cloud of Sorrow;
 And 'tis the martyrdom To-day,
 Brings victory To-morrow.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

O, PROUDLY I stood in the rare Sunrise,
 As the dawn of your beauty brake;
 But I fear'd for the storm, as I lookt at the skies,
 And trembled for your sweet sake!
 And O, may the evil days come not, I said,
 As I yearn'd o'er my tender blossom!
 Strong arm of love! shelter the dear one's head:
 And I nestled you in my bosom.
 May the tears never dim the love-light of her eye,—
 May her Life be all Spring-weather! —
 Was the prayer of my heart, ere you, Love, and I,
 Were Husband and Wife together.

But the suns will shine, and the rains will fall,
 On the loftiest, lowliest spot!
 And there's mourning and merriment mingled for all
 That inherit the human lot.

So we've suffer'd and sorrow'd and grown more
 strong,
 Heart-to-heart, side-by-side, we have striven,
 With the love that makes summer-tide all the year
 long,
 And the heart that is its own heaven !
 We clung the more close as the storm swept by,
 And kept the nest warm in cold weather :
 And seldom we've falter'd since you, Love, and I,
 Have been Husband and Wife together !

Like the sweet wild flowers of the wilderness,
 You have dwelt life to life with Nature ;
 And caught the wild beauty and grace of her ways,
 And grown to her heavenlier stature !
 In golden calm, and in quickening strife,
 Hath your womanly worth unfolden :
 And sunshine and show'r have enrich'd your life,
 And ripen'd its harvest golden.
 There is good in the grimmest cloud o' the sky,
 There are blessings in wintry weather :
 Even grief hath its glory, since you, Love, and I,
 Have been husband and Wife together.

O, Life is not perfect with Love's first kiss :
 Who would win the blessing must wrestle ;
 And the deeper the sorrow, the dearer the bliss,
 That in its rich core may nestle !
 Our Angels oft greet us in tearful guise,
 And our saviours come in sorrow :
 While the murkiest midnight that frowns from the
 skies,
 Is at heart a radiant Morrow !
 We laugh and we cry, we sing and we sigh,
 And Life will have wintry weather !
 So we'll hope, and love on, since you, Love, and I,
 Are husband and Wife together.

NO JEWELLED BEAUTY IS MY LOVE.

No jewelled Beauty is my Love,
Yet in her earnest face
There's such a world of tenderness,
She needs no other grace.
Her smiles, and voice, around my life
In light and music twine,
And dear, O very dear to me,
Is this sweet Love of mine.

O joy! to know there's one fond heart,
Beats ever true to me:
It sets mine leaping like a lyre,
In sweetest melody:
My soul up-springs, a Deity!
To hear her voice divine,
And dear, O very dear to me,
Is this sweet Love of mine.

If ever I have sigh'd for wealth,
'Twas all for her, I trow;
And if I win Fame's victor-wreath,
I'll twine it on her brow.
There may be forms more beautiful,
And souls of sunnier shine,
But none, O none, so dear to me,
As this sweet Love of mine.

THE KINGLIEST KINGS.

Ho! ye who in a noble work
 Win scorn, as flames draw air,
 And in the way where Lions lurk,
 God's image bravely bear;
 Tho' trouble-tried, and torture-torn,
 The kingliest Kings are crown'd with thorn.

Life's glory, like the bow in heaven,
 Still springeth from the cloud;
 And soul ne'er soar'd the starry Seven,
 But Pain's fire-chariot rode.
 They've battled best who've boldliest borne,
 The kingliest Kings are crown'd with thorn.

The Martyr's fire-crown on the brow
 Doth into glory burn:
 And tears that from Love's torn heart flow,
 To pearls of spirit turn.
 Our dearest hopes in pangs are born,
 The kingliest Kings are crown'd with thorn.

As beauty in Death's cerement shrouds,
 And Stars bejewel Night,
 God-splendors live in dim heart-clouds,
 And suffering worketh might.
 The mirkiest hour is mother o' Morn,
 The kingliest Kings are crown'd with thorn.

MARTYRS FOR HUNGARY AND ROME.

1850.

THEY are gone!
 When on earthquake-edge they slumbered,
 Who have man accurst;
 And Hope's blossoms, many-numbered,
 Into flower burst;
 When our hearts like throbbing drums,
 Beat for Freedom; sang, She comes!
 God! they stumbled among tombs.

They are gone!
 Freedom's strong ones, young and hoary,
 Beautiful in faith!
 And her first dawn-blush of glory
 Gilds their camp of death!
 There they lie in shrouds of blood;
 Murder'd, where for right they stood—
 Murder'd, Christ-like, doing good.

They are gone!
 And 'tis good to die up-giving
 Valor's vengeful breath,
 To make Heroes of the living,—
 Thus divine is death.
 One by one, dear hearts! they've left us,
 Yet Hope hath not all bereft us:
 Still we man the breach they cleft us.

They are here!
 Here, where life ran ruddy rain,
 When power from God seem'd wrencht:
 Here, where tears fall—molten brain!
 And hands are agony-clencht!

Look, Love lifts the veil ; ah ! now
 There's a glory, where the glow
 Of Pain's fire-crown seam'd each brow.

They are here !
 In the Etna of each heart,
 Where Vengeance laughs hell-mirth,
 In the silent tears that start
 O'er their glorious worth !
 Tears ? ay, tears of fire, proud Weepers !
 For these soul-sepultured sleepers :
 Fire ! to smite Death's blood-seed reapers.

They are here !
 With us in the march of time,
 Beating at our side !
 Let us live their lives sublime,
 Die as they have died !
 Wait : these Martyrs yet shall come,
 Myriad-fold, from their heart tomb !
 In the Tyrant's day of doom.

LOVE ME.

“ ALL dear as the feeling when first-flowers start,
 Thou cam'st in thy musical lightness :
 And the cloud wept itself in rich rain on my heart,
 That had hidden thy beauty and brightness
 'Twas as Life's topmost window oped suddenly,
 bright
 With the glittering face of an Angel,
 The sweet secret out-flasht on thy forehead of light,
 And I knew thee, my own love-Evangel !
 O how shall I crown thee, Love, on my heart's
 throne,
 Thou art so far, far above me ? ”

And aye as her dear eyes lookt love in mine own,
The Maiden answered, " Love me."

" My Beloved is fair as some beautiful star
That walks in an air of glory ;
And her large-hearted looks and her lineaments are
As some Queen's of the old Greek story !
There's never night now, since those dear eyes of
thine
Smiled on me their soft sweet splendor,
And I drank of the wine of thy kisses divine :
O what for such love shall I render ?"
And aye, as I knelt at my true Love's shrine,
She bent in her beauty above me :
And aye, as her sweet eyes lookt love into mine,
The Maiden answered, " Love me."

" O could my heart, mountain-region'd in bliss,
Thy life with Love's affluence dower,
Thou should'st have heaven in a world e'en like this,
And the joy of a life in each hour !
Thou should'st go forth like a conquering queen,
Reaping rich heartfuls of treasure,
Nor strive where the worn of heart wearily glean
But handfuls, in harvesting pleasure."
And aye, as I knelt at my true Love's shrine,
She bent in her beauty above me :
And aye, as her sweet eyes lookt love into mine,
The Maiden answered, " Love me."

LOVE'S FAIRY RING.

WHILE Titans war with social Jove,
My own sweet wife and I
We make Elysium in our love,
And let the world go by !

Like Hero on her watch-tower with her torch,
 Lighting her lover through the shadow of death, —
 Men who had broken Battle's burning lines,
 Dealing life with their looks, death with their
 hands,

And strode like Salamanders through War's flame ;
 And in the last stern charge of desperate valor,
 On Death's scythe dasht with force that turn'd its
 edge.

Some were but youths, yet with such manhood
 flusht,

By eager leaps to catch at lordlier life,
 They had attained the old heroic stature.
 Some had grown gray with battle, some with years,
 And there were ancient Sorrows grand as kings,
 Of an old peerless line. Such silent Griefs
 And Sufferings crown'd for immortality.

Earnest as fire they sate, and reverent
 As though a God were present in their midst :
 Stern, but serene and hopeful, prayerful, brave,
 As Cromwell's Ironsides on an eve of battle ;
 Each individual life as clencht and knit,
 As though beneath their robes their fingers clutcht
 The weapon sworn to strike a Tyrant down.
 Such proud Belief did lift their kindling brows,
 Such glowing purpose hunger'd in their eyes,
 With fire enough to set a world in flames.

No servile souls, that at your fixéd look,
 Like meek worms, writhe into their darkening
 holes.

And One up-rose to word the Thought that ran
 Hot to their hearts and glittering to their brows ;
 An old man, with the mournfull'st, thin, gray hair ;
 The lines of suffering in his face seem'd drawn
 Tight with the mortal tug of Agony ;
 But with sad majesty he smiled, and splendor
 Broke sweetly from the furrows of his face,
 As wrinkles on the waters laugh with light.
 Dilating as a Prophet's wings of flame

Flutter'd within him — all his aspect burn'd
 With an unearthly fire. He was caught up
 The mount Transfiguration, with eyes fixt
 On air, as though he talkt with one beyond.
 He stood there looking down the unseen time,
 Like some hoar Hill that lifts its solemn peak
 To catch the unrisen Morn, while all the plains
 Are drowsed and darkling. He already sunn'd
 Him in the glory of the coming Day ;
 And his words swept their yielding, springing
 hearts,

As strong winds take a field of billowing corn.
 “ The merry Bells are jubilant To-night
 Through all the land of Exile ; blithe wine laughs
 Its bubbling laughter, — winking gem-like eyes,
 And leaps up in the beaker like red lips
 Whose kisses storm the inner gates of bliss.
 But not with mirth, and song, and dainty feast,
 We meet to hold our solemn festival.
 We wait the wine of Freedom : when it runs
 We shall wax merry, too, — perchance grow
 drunken —

They keep it ripening to such mellow age !
 And we shall banquet like Immortals fed
 By Hebe's hand at the Ambrosial feasts.
 The New Year flashes on us sadly grand,
 Leaps in our midst with ringing armor on,
 Strikes a mail'd hand in ours, and bids us arm
 Ere the first trumpet sound the hour of onset.
 Dense darkness lies on Europe's winter-world.
 Stealthy and grim the Bear comes creeping on,
 Out of the North, and all the Peoples sleep
 By Freedom's smouldering watch-fire : there is none
 To snatch the brand, and dash it in his face.
 Old England sleeps, and still the Bear creeps on,
 Ah ! she forgetteth how, in the old years,
 The great hearts of her glorious Commonwealth
 Sent thunder-throbbings through the lands, and
 gave them

Such a new pulse of nobler life: and when
 Their sunless Venture wreckt, and o'er them roll'd
 The wormwood waters of defeat and death,
 How in their pleading hands they held the Babe
 And Orphan Liberty, and bade her rear it
 For love of them, and for its own sweet sake.
 And England slinks behind the nations now.
 Dim is her Beacon Despots paled to see
 Burn on them through the dark, like God's stern
 eye.

Her battle-armor rusteth in her halls,
 And the old mighty arm that struck such blows
 For Right and Freedom, hangeth listless now.
 A dry-rot eats her life: her God is Mammon!
 God Mars no longer leaps into her heart,
 As in a chariot driving down to battle.
 Her ancient fame and valor have become
 A tale that's told us of forgotten times —
 Some fabled Kraken slumbering in its sea!
 O! for the voice of Milton once again,
 To make the lion-eyes lighten, and her heart
 As tremblingly alive as is a Star,
 Till in her naked strength majestical
 She walkt the sun-road of her glorious way.
 But England sleeps — the Ruin still rolls on.
 Earth crouches 'neath the shuddering wings of
 Fear.

Silent, and very calm, Freedom lies husht,
 And listens like a panting thing pursued,
 Harkening, heart-stifled, for the stealthiest tread
 Of One that hunts like Tarquin for Lucrece.
 'Tis midnight now, and all the creeping things,
 And Birds of Darkness, ply their ghastly work.
 Life gropes and stumbles among gaping graves,
 And Freedom's worshippers fall headless, while
 They bend to give their hearts up at her shrine!
 But God's in heaven, and yet the Day shall
 dawn —
 Break from the dark upon her golden wings,

Her quick, ripe splendors rend and burn the gloom,
 Her living tides of glory burst, and foam,
 And hurry along the darken'd streets of night.
 Cloud after cloud shall light a rainbow-roof,
 And build a Triumph-Arch for conquering Day
 To flash her beauty — trail her grandeurs through,
 And take the World in her white arms of light.
 And Earth shall fling aside her mask of gloom,
 And lift her tearful face. O there will be
 Blood on it thick as dews! The children's blood
 Splasht in the Mother's face! And there must be
 A red sunrise of retribution yet!
 A mighty future is about to break
 The hush o' the world — the waiting gloom in
 heaven.

The New Year cometh with a magic key,
 To ope some radiant chamber in Time's palace.
 Our Martyrs have not sown such seed in vain!
 Beneath old Winter's snows a world of hope
 Lies ripening, and shall richly run to flowers,
 When Spring comes dancing like a jubilant Psal-
 tress,

And free earth kindles as a countenance
 Alive with love, and all the soul alight!
 O come, thou Spring of God, and at thy voice
 The balmy blood shall beat in bud and leaf!
 And come, thou mellow rain, fall on it warm,
 And fondle it with kisses, drop rich tears;
 And blow, thou sweet Spring-wind, and set it
 stirring

With secret rapture — budding tenderly,
 With all the glory of its folded bloom,
 And all its fragrance striving for the light.
 God, what a Spring and Harvest yet shall crown
 The dark, dern Deluge of Calamity!
 Then come, thou grand New Year, in silence come
 Across the white snows, and the winter-land.
 Come, great Deliverer, call the peoples up, —
 Up from the Egypt of their slavery!

Ring out the death-knell of old Tyranny —
 'Tis rotten ripe, and the heart of half the world
 Doth beat and burst to hurry it into hell.
 Stride o'er the Present, grand as some huge wave
 Should rush across Panama at a leap,
 And make two Seas one perfect world of waters.
 So link our great Past to a nobler Future,
 And set our new world singing on its way,
 With sunshine freighted, like a heart of bliss,
 Her Life's rich tide at Glory's high flood-mark.
 A little while, and we shall yet return
 Each to the Fatherland, like kings to conquest.
 Light breaks there! in the East: it grows, and
 soon

Shall Freedom's sun roll up the Heaven of Life.
 We may not see God's face, yet at our side
 He combats for us, with his vizor down.
 But no more words — like weeds they sap the soul
 Of richness that should fill the fruit of deeds.
 Henceforth let lips be dumb, as Bravery —
 Her parley done — had shut her gates, to ope not
 Save for the shouts that chariot Victory forth.
 We are all ready! We have waited long!
 God strike the hour, Ho! let the trumpets ring! "
 He ceased. One shout ran thro' the night, and
 struck

Heaven's boss of stars, and like a ship went down
 In the lone sea of silence flowing round.
 In touching majesty the Stars lookt down,
 As tho' they yearn'd to them with answering pulse,
 And with invisible speed the world roll'd on.

SONG.

LIKE leaves from Autumn's bough, Old Friend,
 Our ripest hopes depart ;
 And there's little left us now, Old Friend,
 To cheer the Patriot's heart.
 The Altars where we knelt, Old Friend,
 Grow desolate and cold,
 And faint is the faith we felt, Old Friend,
 I' the valiant days of old.

In bloody shrouds they sleep, Old Friend,
 Who could not live as slaves :
 And the living only weep, Old Friend,
 Above their Martyrs' graves !
 Freedom hath many a wound, Old Friend,
 And, ring'd by hounds of hell,
 She wraps her purple round, Old Friend,
 To fall as Cæsar fell.

The men of blood prevail, Old Friend,
 And, stricken in the night,
 The people's weeping wail, Old Friend,
 Goes praying for the light.
 And yet their day shall come, Old Friend,
 Though we may never hear
 The shouts of Harvest-home, Old Friend,
 Nor see the golden year.

O THE white snow crowns the Hills, and the arms
 of Ether fills,
 In the glory of its loveliness — a presence as of
 light,

And it looks up in Heaven's face with all a Virgin's
trusting grace :

So the Maiden walkt on Purity's white height.
But the Snow will blush for bliss, at the red Dawn's
fervent kiss ;

And fall from its high throne, and lose the
brightness from its brow ;
And be trodden on the highways, and be trampled
in the byways :

So the Maiden's life is stain'd and trampled now.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT.

PEOPLE of England, rouse ye from your dreaming !
Sinew your souls for Freedom's glorious leap :
Look to the Future, where our day-spring's gleam-
ing :

Lo ! a pulse stirs that never more shall sleep
In the world's heart. Men's eyes flash wide with
wonder !

The Robbers tremble in their mightiest tower,
Strange words roll o'er their souls with wheels of
thunder,

The leaves from Royalty's tree fall hour by
hour, —

Earthquakes leap in our Temples, crumbling
Throne and Power.

Vampyres have drain'd the human heart's best
blood,

Kings robb'd, and Priests have curst us in God's
name :

Out in the midnight of the Past we've stood —

While fiends of darkness plied their hellish game.

We have been worshipping a gilded crown,
 Which drew heaven's lightning-laughter on our
 head ;
 Chains fell on us as we were bowing down ;
 We deem'd our Gods divine, but lo ! instead —
 They are but painted clay, — with morn the
 charm has fled !

And this is merry England, — cradling-place
 Of souls self-deified and glory-crown'd !
 Where smiles made splendor in the Peasant's face,
 And Justice reign'd — Her awful eyes close-
 bound !
 Where Toil with open brow went on light-hearted,
 And twain in love Law never thrust apart ?
 How is the glory of our life departed
 From us, who sit and nurse our bleeding smart ;
 And slink, afraid to break the laws that break
 the heart !

Husht be the Herald on the walls of fame,
 Trumping this People as their Country's pride ;
 Weep rather, with your souls on fire with shame :
 See ye not how the palaced knaves deride
 Us flatter'd fools ? how priestcraft, strong and
 stealthy,
 Stabs at our freedom through its veil of night,
 And grinds the poor to flush its coffers wealthy ?
 Hear how the land groans in the grip of Might,
 Then quaff your cup of Wrongs, and laud a
 Briton's " Right."

There's not a spot in all this flowery land,
 Where Tyranny's cursed brand-mark has not
 been :
 O ! were it not for its all-blasting hand,
 Dear Christ. what a sweet heaven this might
 have been !

Has it not hunted forth our spirits brave, —
 Kill'd the red rose of health which crown'd our
 daughters,
 Wedded our living hopes unto the grave, —
 Filled happy homes with strife, the world with
 slaughters,
 And turn'd our thoughts to blood — to gall, the
 heart's sweet waters?

Where is the spirit of our ancient Sires?
 Who, bleeding, wrung their Rights from tyrannies
 olden,
 God-spirits have been here, for Freedom fires
 From out their ashes, to earth's heart enfolden;
 The mighty dead lie slumbering around, —
 Whose names thrill thro' us as Gods were in the
 air;
 Life leaps from where their dust makes holy ground:
 Their deeds spring forth in glory, — live all-
 where, —
 But we are traitors to the trust they bade us bear.

Go forth, when Night is husht, and heaven is clothéd
 With smiling stars that in God's presence roll,
 Feel the stirr'd spirit leap to them betrothéd,
 As Angel-wings were fanning in the soul;
 Feel the hot tears flood in the eyes upturning,
 The tide of goodness heave its brightest waves, —
 Then suddenly crush the grand and Godward
 yearning
 With the mad thought that ye are bounden
 slaves!
 O! how long will ye make your hearts its living
 graves?

Immortal Liberty! we see thee stand
 Like Morn just stept from heaven upon a mountain
 With beautiful feet, and blessing-laden hand,
 And heart that welletth Love's most living foun-
 tain!

O! when wilt thou string on the People's lyre
 Joy's broken chord? And on the People's brow
 Set Empire's crown? Light up thy beacon-fire
 Within their hearts, with an undying glow;
 Nor give us blood for milk, as men are drunk
 with now?

Curst, curst be war, the World's most fatal glory!
 Ye wakening nations, burst its guilty thrall!
 Time waits with out-stretcht hand to shroud the
 gory
 Grim glaive of strife behind Oblivion's pall.
 The Tyrant laughs at swords, the cannon's rattle
 Thunders no terror on his murderous soul.
 Thought, Mind, must conquer Might, and in this
 battle
 The Warrior's cuirass, or the Sophist's stole,
 Shall blunt no lance of light, no onset backward
 roll.

Old Poets tell us of a golden age,
 When earth was guiltless, — Gods the guests of
 men,
 Ere sin had dimm'd the heart's illumined page, —
 And Sinai-voices say 'twill come again.
 O! happy age! when Love shall rule the heart,
 And time to live shall be the poor man's dower,
 When Martyrs bleed no more, nor exiles smart —
 Mind is the only diadem of power —
 People, it ripens now! awake! and strike the
 hour.

Hearts, high and mighty, gather in our cause.
 Bless, bless, O God, and crown their earnest labor,
 Who dauntless fight to win us equal laws,
 With mental armor, and with spirit-sabre!
 Bless, bless, O God! the proud intelligence,
 That like a sun dawns on the People's forehead, —
 Humanity springs from them like incense,

The future bursts upon them, boundless — star-
ried, —
They weep repentant tears, that they so long
have tarried.

THE PATRIOT.

AY, Tyrants, build your Babels! forge your fet-
ters! link your chains!
As brims your guilt-cup fuller, ours of grief ebbs
to the drains;
Still, as on Christ's brow, crowns of thorn for
Freedom's Martyrs twine;
Still batten on live hearts, and madden, o'er the
hot blood-wine.
Murder men sleeping, or awake, — torture them
dumb with pain,
And tear, with hands all bloody red, Mind's
jewels from the brain!
Your feet are on us, Tyrants — strike! and hush
Earth's wail of sorrow:
Your sword of power, so red to-day, shall kiss the
dust to-morrow.
O! but 'twill be a merry day, the world shall set
apart,
When Strife's last band is broken in the last
crown'd Tyrant's heart!
And it shall come, — despite of Rifle, Rope, and
Rack, and Scaffold,
Once more we lift the earnest brow, and battle on
unbaffled.

Our hopes ran mountains high, we sang at heart,
wept tears of gladness,
When France, the bravely beautiful, dasht down
her sceptred madness;

And Hungary her one-hearted race of mighty heroes
hurl'd
In the death-gap of the nations, as a bulwark for
the world.
O Hungary! gallant Hungary! grand and glorious
thou wert,
The World's soul feeding, like a river, gushing
from God's heart;
And Rome, — who, while her Heroes bled, felt her
old breast heave higher,
How her eyes redden'd with the flash of all their
Roman fire!
Mothers of children, who shall live the Gods of fu-
ture story!
Your blood shall blossom from the dust, and crown
the world with glory.
Ye'll tread them down yet! curse and crown, Czar,
Kaiser, King, and slave,
And Freedom shall be sovran in the courts of fool
and knave.

Wail for the hopes that have gone down! the
young life vainly spilt!
Th' Eternal Murder still sits crown'd, and throned
in damning guilt:
Still in God's golden sun the Tyrant's bloody ban-
ners burn,
And Priests, — Hell's midnight Thugs! — to their
soul-strangling work return!
See how the oppressors of the poor with serpents
hunt our blood;
Hear from the dark, the groan and curse go mad-
dening up to God.
They kill and trample us poor worms, till earth is
dead men's dust;
Death's red tooth daily drains our hearts, but end,
ay, end it must.
The herald of our coming Christ leaps in the womb
of Time;

The poor's grand army treads the Age's march with
 step sublime.
 Ours is the mighty future! and what marvel,
 brother men,
 If the devoured of ages should turn devourers then?

 O! brothers of the bounding heart, I look thro'
 tears and smile,
 Our land is rife with sounds of fetters snapping
 'neath the file;
 I lay my hand on England's heart, and in each
 life-throb mark,
 The pealing thought of Freedom ring its Tocsin in
 the dark.
 I see the Toiler hath become a glorious Christ-like
 preacher,
 And, as he wins a crust, stands proudly forth, the
 great world-teacher;
 He still toils on, but, Tyrants, 'tis a mighty thing
 when slaves,
 Who delve their lives into their work, know that
 they delve your graves.
 Anarchs! your doom comes swiftly! brave and
 eagle spirits climb,
 To ring Oppression's death-knell from the old
 watch-towers of time;
 A spirit of Cromwellian might is stirring at this
 hour,
 And thought is burning in men's eyes with more
 than speechful power.

Old England, cease the mummer's part! wake,
 Starveling; Serf, and Slave!
 Rouse in the majesty of wrong, great kindred of the
 brave!
 Speak, and the world shall answer, with her voices
 myriad-fold,
 And men, like Gods, shall grapple with the giant-
 wrongs of old.

Now, Mothers of the people, give your babes heroic
 milk ;
 Sires, soul your sons to daring deeds, no more soft
 words of silk ;
 Great spirits of the mighty dead take shape, and
 walk our mind,
 Their glory smites our upward look, we seem no
 longer blind ;
 They tell us how they broke their bonds, and whis-
 per, " So may ye,"
 One sharp, stern struggle, and the slaves of cen-
 turies are free !
 The people's heart, with pulse like cannon, panteth
 for the fray,
 And, brothers, gallant brothers, we'll be with you
 in that day.

A LOVER'S FANCY.

SWEET Heaven ! I do love a maiden,
 Radiant, rare, and beauty-laden :
 When she's near me, heaven is round me,
 Her dear presence doth so bound me !
 I could wring my heart of gladness,
 Might it free her lot of sadness !
 Give the world, and all that's in it,
 Just to press her hand a minute !
 Yet she weeteth not I love her ;
 Never dare I tell the sweet
 Tale, but to the stars above her,
 And the flowers that kiss her feet.

O ! to live and linger near her,
 And in tearful moments cheer her !
 I could be a bird to lighten
 Her dear heart, — her sweet eyes brighten :

Or in fragrance, like a blossom,
 Give my life up on her bosom !
 For my love's withouten measure,
 All its pangs are sweetest pleasure ;
 Yet she weeteth not I love her ;
 Never dare I tell the sweet
 Tale, but to the stars above her,
 And the flowers that kiss her feet.

SONG.

ALL glorious as a Rainbow's birth,
 She came in Spring-tide's golden hours ;
 When Heaven went hand-in-hand with Earth,
 And May was crown'd with buds and flowers !
 The mounting devil at my heart
 Clomb faintlier, as my life did win
 The charmed heaven, she wrought apart,
 To wake its slumbering Angel in !
 With radiant mien she trode serene,
 And past me smiling by !
 O ! who that lookt could chance but love ?
 Not I, sweet soul, not I.

Her budding breasts, like fragrant fruit,
 Peer'd out, a-yearning to be prest :
 Her voice shook all my heart's red root !
 Yet might not break a babe's soft rest !
 Her being mingled into mine,
 As breath of flowers doth mix and melt,
 And on her lips the honey-wine
 Was royal-rich as spikenard spilt ;
 With love a-gush, like water-brooks,
 Her heart smiled in her eye ;
 O ! who that lookt could chance but love ?
 Not I, sweet soul, not I.

The dewy eyelids of the Dawn
 Ne'er oped such heaven as hers can show :
 O Love ! such eyes have surely shone
 As jewels in some starry brow !
 Her brow flasht glory like a shrine,
 Or lily-bell with sunburst bright ;
 Where came and went love-thoughts divine,
 As low winds walk the leaves in light :
 She wore her beauty with the grace
 Of Summer's star-clad sky ;
 O ! who that lookt could chance but love ?
 Not I, sweet soul, not I.

IT WILL END IN THE RIGHT.

NEVER despair ! O, my Brother in sorrow !
 I know that our mourning is ended not. Yet,
 Shall the vanquisht to-day be the victors to-mor-
 row,
 Our Star shall shine on when the Tyrant's sun's
 set.
 Hold on ! tho' they spurn thee, for whom thou art
 living
 A life only cheer'd by the lamp of its love :
 Hold on ! Freedom's hope to the bounden ones giv-
 ing :
 Green spots in the waste wait the worn spirit-
 dove ;
 Hold on, — still hold on, — in the world's despite,
 Nurse the faith in thy heart, keep the lamp of God
 bright,
 And, my life for thine ! it shall end in the Right.

What, tho' the Martyrs and Prophets have perisht ?
 The Angel of Life rolls the stone from their
 graves :

Immortal's the love, and the freedom they cherish,
 Their Faith's Triumph-cry stirs the spirits of
 slaves!

They are gone, — but a Glory is left in our life,
 Like the day-god's last kiss on the darkness of
 Even —

Gone down on the desolate seas of their strife,
 To climb as star-beacons up Liberty's heaven.
 Hold on, — still hold on, — in the world's despite,
 Nurse the faith in thy heart, keep the lamp of God
 bright,
 And, my life for thine! it shall end in the Right.

Think of the Wrongs that have ground us for ages,
 Think of the Wrongs we have still to endure!

Think of our blood, red on History's pages;
 Then work, that our reek'ning bespeedy and sure.
 Slaves, cry unto God! but be our God reveal'd

In our lives, in our works, in our warfare for man;
 And bearing — or borne upon — Victory's shield,

Let us fight battle-harness'd, and fall in the van.
 Hold on, — still hold on, — in the world's despite,
 Nurse the faith in thy heart, keep the lamp of God
 bright,

And, my life for thine! it shall end in the Right.

GOD'S WORLD IS WORTHY BETTER MEN.

BENOLD! an idle tale they tell,
 And who shall blame their telling it?
 The rogues have got their cant to sell,
 The world pays well for selling it!
 They say the world's a desert drear, —
 Still plagued with Egypt's blindness!
 That we were sent to suffer here, —
 What! by a God of kindness?

That since the world has gone astray,
It must be so for ever,
And we should stand still, and obey
Its Desolators. Never!
We'll labor for the better time,
With all our might of Press and Pen;
Believe me, 'tis a truth sublime,
God's world is worthy better men.

With Paradise the world began,
A world of love and gladness:
Its beauty may be marr'd by man
With all his crime and madness.
Yet 'tis a brave world still. Love brings
A sunshine for the dreary:
With all our strife, sweet Rest hath wings
To fold o'er hearts a-weary.
The Sun in glory, like a God,
To-day climbs up heaven's bosom,
The flowers upon the jewell'd sod
In sweet love-lessons blossom,
As radiant of immortal youth
And beauty, as in Eden; then
Believe me, 'tis a noble truth,
God's world is worthy better men.

O! they are bold, knaves over-bold,
Who say we are doom'd to anguish:
That men in God's own image soul'd,
Like hell-bound slaves, must languish.
Probe Nature's heart to its red core,
There's more of good than evil;
And man, down-trampled man, is more
Of Angel than of Devil.
Prepare to die? *Prepare to live!*
We know not what is living:
And let us for the world's good give,
As God is ever giving.

Give Action, Thought, Love, Wealth and Time,
 To win the primal age again ;
 Believe me, 'tis a truth sublime,
 God's world is worthy better men.

OLD ENGLAND.

THERE she sits in her Island-home,
 Peerless among her Peers !
 And Humanity oft to her arms doth come,
 To ease its poor heart of tears.
 Old England still throbs with the muffled fire
 Of a Past she can never forget :
 And again shall she banner the World up higher ;
 For there's life in the Old Land yet.

They would mock at her now, who of old lookt
 forth
 In their fear, as they heard her afar ;
 But loud will your wail be, O kings of the Earth !
 When the Old Land goes down to the war.
 The Avalanche trembles, half-launched, and half-
 riven,
 Her voice will in motion set :
 O ring out the tidings, ye Winds of heaven !
 There's life in the Old Land yet.

The old nursing Mother's not hoary yet,
 There is sap in her Saxon tree ; —
 Lo ! she lifteth a bosom of glory yet,
 Thro' her mists, to the Sun and the Sea.
 Fair as the Queen of Love, fresh from the foam,
 Or a Star in a dark cloud set ;
 Ye may blazen her shame, — ye may leap at her
 name, —
 But there's life in the Old Land yet.

Let the storm burst, it will find the Old Land
 Ready-ripe for a rough, red fray !
 She will fight as she fought when she took her stand,
 For the Right in the olden day.
 Ay, rouse the old royal soul, Europe's best hope
 Is her sword-edge by Victory set !
 She shall dash Freedom's foes adown Death's bloody
 slope ;
 For there's life in the Old Land yet

A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

HER dainty hand nestled in mine, rich and white,
 And timid as trembling dove ;
 And it twinkled about me, a jewel of light,
 As she garnisht our feast of love :
 'Twas the queenliest hand in all lady-land,
 And she was a poor Man's wife !
 O ! but little ye'd think how that wee, white hand
 Could dare in the battle of Life.

Her heart it was lowly as maiden's might be,
 But hath climb'd to heroic height,
 And burn'd like a shield in defence of me,
 On the sorest field of fight !
 And startling as fire, it hath often flasht up
 In her eyes, the good heart and rare !
 As she drank down her half of our bitterest cup,
 And taught me how to bear.

Her sweet eyes that seem'd with their smile sublime,
 Made to look me and light me to heaven,
 They have triumph'd thro' bitter tears many a time,
 Since their love to my life was given :
 And the maiden-meek voice of the womanly Wife
 Still bringeth the heavens nigher ;
 For it rings like the voice of God over my life,
 Aye bidding me climb up higher.

I hardly dared think it was human, when
 I first lookt in her yearning face ;
 For it shone as the heavens had open'd then,
 And clad it with glory and grace !
 But dearer its light of healing grew
 In our dark and desolate day,
 As the Rainbow, when heav'n hath no break of
 blue,
 Smileth the storm away.
 O ! her shape was the lithest Loveliness, —
 Just an armful of heav'n to enfold ?
 But the form that bends flower-like in love's caress,
 With the Victor's strength is soul'd !
 In her worshipful presence transfigur'd I stand,
 And the poor Man's English home
 She lights with the Beauty of Greece the grand,
 And the glory of regallest Rome.

LINES INSCRIBED TO THE REV. F. D.
 MAURICE.

God bless you, Brave One, in our dearth,
 Your life shall leave a trailing glory ;
 And round the poor Man's homely hearth
 We proudly tell your suffering's story.

All Saviour-souls have sacrificed,
 With nought but noble faith for guerdon ;
 And ere the world hath crown'd the Christ,
 The man to death hath borne the burden !

The Savage broke the glass that brought
 The heavens nearer, saith the legend !
 Even so the Bigots welcome aught
 That makes our vision starrier-region'd !

They lay their Corner-stones in dark
 Deep waters, who up-build in beauty,
 On Earth's old heart, their Triumph-Arc
 That crowns with glory lives of duty.

And meekly still the Martyrs go
 To keep with Pain their solemn bridal !
 And still they walk the fire who bow
 Not down to worship Custom's idol.

In fieriest forge of martyrdom,
 Their swords of soul must weld and brighten :
 Tear-bathed, from fiercest furnace, come
 Their lives, heroic-tempered — Titan !

And heart-strings sweetest music make
 When swept by Suffering's fiery fingers !
 And thro' soul-shadows starriest break
 The glories on God's brave light-bringers.

Take heart ! tho' sown in tears and blood,
 No seed that's quick with love, hath perisht,
 Tho' dropt in barren byeways — God
 Some glorious flower of life hath cherisht.

Take heart ; the rude dust dark To-day,
 Soars a new-lighted sphere To-morrow !
 And wings of splendor burst the clay
 That clasps us in Death's fruitful furrow.

LOVE.

O LOVE ! Love ! Love !
 Its glory smites our gloom,
 And flower-like flusht with life, the heart
 Doth burgeon into bloom !

Sweet as the sunshine's golden kiss,
 That crowns the world anew :
 Sweet as in Roses' hearts of bliss,
 Soft, summer-dark, drops dew.

O Love ! Love ! Love !
 May make the brave heart ache ;
 Pulse out its lavish life, and leave
 It, mournfully to break !
 But O how exquisite it starts
 The thoughts that bee-like cling,
 To drain the honey from your hearts,
 And leave a bleeding sting !

O Love ! Love ! Love !
 Its very pain endears !
 And every wail and weeping brings
 Some blessing on our tears !
 Love makes our darkest days, sweet dove !
 In golden Suns go down,
 And still we'll clothe our hearts with love,
 And crown us with Love's crown.

A SONG IN THE CITY.

COINING the heart, brain, and sinew, to gold,
 Till we sink in the dark, on the pauper's dole,
 Feeling for ever the flowerless mould,
 Growing about the uncrowned soul !
 O, God ! O, God ! must this evermore be
 The lot of the Children of Poverty ?
 The Spring is calling from brae and bower,
 In the twinkling sheen of the sunny hour,
 Earth smiles in her golden green ;

Glad as the bird in the tree-top chanting
 Its anthem of Liberty ;
 With its heart in its musical gratitude panting,
 And O, 'tis a bliss to be !
 Once more to drink in the life-breathing air,
 Lapt in luxurious flowers —
 To recall again the pleasures that were
 In Infancy's innocent hours —
 To wash the earth-stains and the dust from my soul,
 In nature's reviving tears, once more ;
 To feast at her banquet, and drink from her bowl
 Rich dew, for the heart's hot core.
 Ah me ! ah me ! it is heavenly then,
 And hints of the spirit-world, near alway,
 Are stirring, and stirred, at my heart again,
 Like leaves to the kiss of May :
 It is but a dream, yet 'tis passing sweet,
 And when from it spells my spirit is waking,
 Dark is my heart, and the wild tears start ;
 FOR I WAS NOT MADE MERELY FOR MONEY-MAKING.

My soul leaneth out, to the whisperings
 Of the mighty, the marvellous spirits of old ;
 And heavenward soareth to strengthen her wings,
 When Labor relapseth its earthly hold ;
 And breathless with awfulest beauty — it listens,
 To catch the Night's deep, starry mystery ;
 Or in mine eyes, dissolved, glistens,
 Big, for the moan of Humanity.
 Much that is written within its chamber,
 Much that is shrined in the mind's living amber,
 Much of this thought of mine, —
 There's music below, in the glistening leaves,
 There's music above, and heaven's blue bosom
 heaves
 The silvery clouds between ;
 The boughs of the woodland are nodding in play,
 And wooingly beckon my spirit away —

I hear the dreamy hum
 Of bees in the lime-tree, and birds on the spray ;
 And they, too, are calling my thinking away ;
 But I cannot — cannot come.
 Visions of verdant and heart-cooling places
 Will steal on my soul like a golden spring-rain ;
 Bringing the lost light of brave, vanished faces,
 Till all my life blossoms with beauty again.
 But O, for a glimpse of the flower-laden Morning,
 That makes the heart leap up, and knock at
 heaven's door !
 O for the green lane, the green field, the green
 wood,
 To take in, by heartfuls, their greenness once
 more !
 How I yearn to lie down in the lush-flower'd mea-
 dows,
 And nestle in leaves, and the sleep of the shadows,
 Where violets in the cool gloom are awaking,
 There, let my soul burst from its cavern of clay,
 To float down the warm spring, away and away !
 FOR I WAS NOT MADE MERELY FOR MONEY-MAKING.

At my wearisome task I oftentimes turn,
 From my bride, and my mistress, Duty,
 Forgetting the strife, and the wrestle of life,
 To talk with the spirit of beauty.
 The multitude's hum, and the chinking of gold,
 Grow hush as the dying of day,
 For on wings, pulsing music, with joy untold,
 My heart is up and away !
 I fain would struggle and give to birth ;
 For I would not pass away from earth,
 And make no sign !
 I yearn to utter, what might live on,
 In the world's heart, when I am gone.
 I would not plod on, like these slaves of gold,
 Who shut up their souls in a dusky cave :
 I would see the world better, and nobler-soul'd,
 Ere I dream of heaven in my green turf-grave.

I may toil till my life is filled with dreariness,
 Toil till my heart is a wreck in its weariness,
 Toil for ever, for tear-steeped bread,
 Till I go down to the silent dead.
 But, by this yearning, this hoping, this aching,
 I WAS NOT MADE MERELY FOR MONEY-MAKING.

A WELCOME TO LOUIS KOSSUTH.

Ho! Patriots of old England, wake!
 And join ye heart and hand,
 To welcome him for Freedom's sake
 Within our fatherland!
 He needs no proud triumphal arch,
 Nor banners on the wind:
 In hearts that beat his triumph-march,
 Our Kossuth's fitly shrined!
 We meet him here, we greet him here —
 With Love's wide arms caress him!
 And Kings have no such welcome dear,
 As Kossuth hath: *God bless him.*

He rose like Freedom's morning star,
 Where all was darkling, dim —
 We saw his glory from afar,
 And fought in soul for him!
 Brave Victor! how his radiant brow
 King'd Freedom's host like Saul!
 And in his crown of sorrow now
 He's royallest heart of all.
 We meet him here, we greet him here —
 With Love's wide arms caress him!
 And Kings have no such welcome dear,
 As Kossuth hath: *God bless him.*

Ay, English hearts thro' proud tears gush
 With glory at his name —
 Whose brave deeds made the roused blood rush,
 Along our veins like flame :
 We cheer'd him thro' his hero-strife —
 And, in his presence met,
 We'll show the world that noble life
 Lives in Old England yet !
 We meet him here, we greet him here —
 With Love's wide arms caress him !
 And Kings have no such welcome dear,
 As Kossuth hath : *God bless him.*

He cometh dim with glorious dust,
 From out his wrestling ring :
 But, blessings — praises — deathless trust —
 Like armies round him cling !
 And Freedom runs her radiant round,
 Tho' clouds shut out the sky ;
 And soon the World's great heart shall bound,
 To Kossuth's conquering cry.
 We meet him here, we greet him here —
 With Love's wide arms caress him !
 And Kings have no such welcome dear,
 As Kossuth hath : *God bless him.*

His Hungary billows o'er with graves
 Of Martyr's not in vain :
 See what a ripening harvest waves
 Its fruit of that red rain !
 Again his flaming sword shall glare
 The Despots' splendor dim :
 And palsy strike the arm that dare
 Not strike a blow for him !
 We meet him here, we greet him here —
 With Love's wide arms caress him !
 And Kings have no such welcome dear,
 As Kossuth hath : *God bless him.*

Ring out, exult, and clap your hands,
 Free Men and Women brave —
 Shout, Britain ! shake the startled lands,
 And free the bounden Slave !
 Come forth, make merry in the sun,
 And give him welcome due ;
 Heroic hearts have crown'd him one
 Of Earth's Immortal few !
 We meet him here, we greet him here —
 With Love's wide arms caress him !
 And Kings have no such welcome dear,
 As Kossuth hath : *God bless him.*

ONWARD AND SUNWARD.

TELL me the song of the beautiful Stars,
 As grandly they glide on their blue way above
 us,
 Looking, despite of our spirit's sin-scars,
 Down on us tenderly, yearning to love us !
 This is the song in their work-worship sung,
 Down thro' the world-jewelled universe rung :
 " Onward for ever, for evermore onward,"
 And ever they open their loving eyes Sunward.

" Onward," shouts Earth, with her myriad voices
 Of music, aye answering the song of the
 Seven,
 As like a wing'd child of God's love she rejoices,
 Swinging her censer of glory in heaven.
 And lo, it is writ by the finger of God,
 In sunbeams and flowers on the live-green sod :
 Onward for ever, for evermore onward,
 And ever she turneth all trustfully Sunward.

The mightiest souls of all time hover o'er us,
 Who labor'd like Gods among men, and have
 gone
 Like great bursts of sun on the dark way before us :
 They're with us, still with us, our battle fight
 on,
 Looking down victor-brow'd, from the glory-
 crown'd hill
 They beckon, and beacon us, on, onward still :
 And the true heart's aspirings are onward, still on-
 ward ;
 It turns to the Future, as earth turneth Sunward.

A MAIDEN'S SONG.

I LOVE! and Love hath given me
 Sweet thoughts to God akin :
 And oped a living Paradise
 My heart of hearts within :
 O from this Eden of my life
 God keep the Serpent Sin !

I love ! and into angel-land
 With starry glimpses peer !
 I drink in beauty like heaven-wine,
 When One is smiling near !
 And there's a Rainbow round my soul
 For every falling tear.

Dear God in heaven ! keep without stain
 My bosom's brooding Dove :
 O clothe it meet for angel arms,
 And give it place above !
 For there is nothing from the world
 I yearn to take, but Love.

THERE'S NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS.

THERE'S no dearth of kindness
 In this world of ours ;
 Only in our blindness
 We gather thorns for flowers !
 Outward, we are spurning —
 Trampling one another !
 While we are inly yearning
 At the name of " Brother ! "

There's no dearth of kindness
 Or love among mankind,
 But in darkling loneness
 Hooded hearts grow blind !
 Full of kindness tingling,
 Soul is shut from soul,
 When they might be mingling
 In one kindred whole !

There's no dearth of kindness,
 Tho' it be unspoken,
 From the heart it buildeth
 Rainbow-smiles in token —
 That there be none so lowly,
 But have some angel-touch :
 Yet, nursing loves unholy,
 We live for self too much !

As the wild-rose bloweth,
 As runs the happy river,
 Kindness freely floweth
 In the heart for ever.
 But if men will hanker
 Ever for golden dust,
 Kingliest hearts will canker,
 Brightest spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness
 In this world of ours ;
 Only in our blindness
 We gather thorns for flowers !
 O cherish God's best giving,
 Falling from above !
 Life were not worth living,
 Were it not for Love.

A LYRIC OF LOVE.

THE Lark that nestles nearest earth,
 To Heaven's gate nighest sings ;
 And loving thee, my lowly life
 Doth mount on Lark-like wings !
 Thine eyes are starry promises :
 And affluent above
 All measure in its blessing, is
 The largess of thy love.

Merry as laughter 'mong the hills,
 Spring dances at my heart !
 And at my wooing, Nature's soul
 Into her face will start !
 The Queen-moon, in her starry bower,
 Looks happier for our love ;
 A dewier splendor fills the flower,
 And mellower coos the Dove.

My heart may sometimes blind mine eyes
 With utterance of tears,
 But feels no pang for thee, Belov'd !
 But all the more endears :
 And if life comes with cross and care
 Unknown in years of yore,
 I know thou'lt half the burthen bear,
 And I am strong once more.

Ah ! now I see my life was shorn,
 That, like the forest-brook
 When leaves are shed, my darkling soul
 Up in heaven's face might look !
 And blessings on the storm that gave
 Me haven on thy breast,
 Where life hath climaxt like a wave
 That breaks in perfect rest.

THE FAMINE-SMITTEN.

IN the tears of the Morning —
 The smiles of the sun,
 The green Earth's adorning
 Told spring had begun !
 Warm woods donn'd their beauty, wrought
 Through long still nights,
 And musical breezes brought
 Flowery delights :
 The humming leaves flasht
 Rich in light, with sweet sound,
 And the glad waters dasht
 Their starry spray round !
 The woodbines up-climbing,
 Laught out, pink-and-golden,
 And bees made sweet chiming
 In roses half-folden.
 But where was that infant-band,
 Wont in spring weather
 To wander forth, hand-in-hand,
 Violets to gather ?
 Ah misery ! they slept,
 The dear blossoms of love !
 Where the green branches wept,
 And the grass crept above ;

Melodious gladness
Throbb'd thro' the rich air,
But the anguish of madness
Rent Poverty's lair ;
For Famine had smitten
Its pride of life low,
And agony written
On heart and on brow.
Sweet from the boughs the birds
Sang in their mirth,
The lark messaged heavenwards,
Blessings from earth —
But I turn'd where our gentle Lord's
Loves lay in dearth.
They heard not, nor heeded,
The sounds of life o'er them !
They felt not, nor needed,
The hot tears swept for them !
But earth-flowers were springing
O'er human flowers' grave,
And, O God ! what heart-wringing
Their tender looks gave !
They died ! died of hunger —
By bitter want blasted !
While wealth for the Wronger
Ran over untasted —
While Pomp, in joy's rosy bow'rs,
Wasted life's measure,
Chiding the lagging hours,
Wearied of pleasure !
They died ! while men hoarded
The free gifts of God :
They died ! 'tis recorded
In letters of blood.
Yet the corn on the hills
Waves its showery-gold crown ;
Still Nature's lap fills
With the good heaven drops down.

O! this world might be lighted
 With Eden's first smile —
 Angel-haunted — unblighted,
 With freedom for Toil:
 But they wring out our blood
 For their banquet of gold!
 They annul laws of God,
 Soul and body are sold!
 Hark now! hall and palace,
 Ring out, dome and rafter!
 Ay, laugh on, ye callous!
 In Hell there'll be laughter:
 But tremble, hell-makers;
 The shorn among men —
 The world's image-breakers
 Grow mighty again;
 There be stern times a-coming,
 The dark days of reck'ning,
 The storms are up-looming —
 The Nemesis wak'ning!
 On heaven, blood shall call,
 Earth quake with pent thunder,
 And shackle and thrall
 Shall be riven asunder.
 It will come, it shall come,
 Impede it what may:
 Up, People! and welcome
 Your glorious day.

OUR FATHERS ARE PRAYING FOR
PAUPER-PAY.

SMITTEN stones will talk with fiery tongues,
 And the worm, when trodden, will turn;
 But, Cowards, ye cringe to the cruellest wrongs,
 And answer with never a spurn.

Then torture, O Tyrants, the spiritless drove,
 Old England's Helots will bear :
 There's no hell in their hatred, no God in their
 love,
 Nor shame in their dearth's despair.
 For our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,
 Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white ;
 Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,
 And our Daughters his Slaves by night.

The Tearless are drunk with our tears : have they
 driven

The God of the poor man mad ?
 For we weary of waiting the help of Heaven,
 And the battle goes still with the bad.
 O but death for death, and life for life,
 It were better to take and give,
 With hand to throat, and knife to knife,
 Than die out as thousands live !
 For our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,
 Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white ;
 Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,
 And our Daughters his Slaves by night.

Fearless and few were the Heroes of old,
 Who play'd the peerless part :
 We are fifty-fold, but the gangrene Gold
 Hath eaten out Hampden's heart.
 With their faces to danger, like free-men they
 fought,
 With their daring, all heart and hand :
 And the thunder-deed follow'd the lightning-
 thought,
 When they stood for their own good land.
 Our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,
 Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white ;
 Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,
 And our Daughters his Slaves by night.

When the heart of one half the world doth beat
 Akin to the brave and the true,
 And the tramp of Democracy's earthquake feet
 Goes thrilling the wide world through, —
 We should not be living in darkness and dust,
 And dying like slaves in the night ;
 But, big with the might of the inward " *must,*"
 We should battle for Freedom and Right !
 For our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,
 Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white ;
 Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,
 And our Daughters his Slaves by night.

A CRY OF THE PEOPLES.

LIKE a strong man in torture, the weary world
 turneth,
 To clutch Freedom's robe round her slavery's
 starkness :
 With shame and with shudder, poor Mother ! she
 yearneth
 O'er wrongs that are done in her dearth and her
 darkness.
 O gather thy strength up, and crush the Abhorred,
 Who murder thy poor heart, and drain thy life-
 springs, —
 And are crownéd to hide the Cain-brand on their
 forehead :
 O let them be last of the Queens and the Kings !
 By the lovers and friends we have tenderly cherisht,
 Who made the Cause soar up like flame at their
 breath,
 Who struggled like Gods met in fight, and have
 perisht
 In poverty's battle with grim daily death :

O, by all dear ones that bitterly plead for us —
 Life-flowers tied up in the heart's breaking
 strings —
 Sisters that weep for us — mothers that bleed for
 us —
 Let these be last of the Queens and the Kings!

Sun and Rain kindle greenly the graves of our
 Martyrs,
 Ye might not tell where the brave blood ran like
 rain!
 But there it burns ever! and heaven's weeping
 waters
 And branding suns never shall whiten the stain!
 Remember the hurtling the Tyrants have wrought
 us,
 And smite till each helm bravely flashes and
 rings!
 Life for life, blood for blood, is the lesson they've
 taught us,
 And be these the last of the Queens and the Kings!

Ho! weary Nightwatch, is there light on the sum-
 mit?
 Yearner up through the Night, say, is there
 hope?
 For deeper in darkness than fathom of plummet,
 Our Bark thro' the tempest doth stagger and
 grope!
 "To God's unforgiven, to caitiff and craven —
 To Crown and to Sceptre, a cleaving curse clings:
 Ye must fling them from deck, would ye steer into
 haven,
 For Death tracks the last of the Queens and the
 Kings!"

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

HOPE on, hope ever ! though to-day be dark,
 The sweet sunburst may smile on thee to-morrow :
 Tho' thou art lonely, there's an eye will mark
 Thy loneliness, and guerdon all thy sorrow !
 Tho' thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid men,
 With none to echo back thy thought, or love
 thee,
 Cheer up, poor heart, thou dost not beat in vain,
 For God is over all, and heaven above thee —
 Hope on, hope ever.

The iron may enter in and pierce thy soul,
 But cannot kill the love within thee burning :
 The tears of misery, thy bitter dole,
 Can never quench thy true heart's seraph yearning
 For better things : nor crush thy ardor's trust,
 That Error from the mind shall be uprooted,
 That Truths shall dawn as flowers spring from the
 dust,
 And Love be cherisht where Hate was embruted !
 Hope on, hope ever.

I know 'tis hard to bear the sneer and taunt, —
 With the heart's honest pride at midnight
 wrestle,
 To feel the killing canker-worm of Want,
 While rich rogues in their stolen luxury nestle ;
 For I have felt it. Yet from Earth's cold Real
 My soul looks out on coming things, and cheerful
 The warm Sunrise floods all the land Ideal,
 And still it whispers to the worn and tearful,
 Hope on, hope ever.

Hope on, hope ever ! after darkest night,
 Comes, full of loving life, the laughing Morning ;
 Hope on, hope ever ! Spring-tide, flusht with light,
 Aye crowns old Winter with her rich adorning.
 Hope on, hope ever, yet the time shall come,
 When man to man shall be a friend and brother ;
 And this old world shall be a happy home,
 And all earth's family love one another !
 Hope on, hope ever.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT.

'Tis coming up the steep of Time,
 And this old world is growing brighter !
 We may not see its dawn sublime,
 Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
 We may be sleeping in the ground,
 When it awakes the world in wonder ;
 But we have felt it gathering round,
 And heard its voice of living thunder.
 'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming.

'Tis coming now, the glorious time,
 Foretold by Seers, and sung in story ;
 For which, when thinking was a crime,
 Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory !
 They pass'd, nor see the work they wrought,
 Now the crown'd hopes of centuries, blossom !
 But the live lightning of their thought
 And daring deeds, doth pulse Earth's bosom.
 'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming !

Creeds, Empires, Systems, rot with age,
 But the great People's ever youthful !
 And it shall write the Future's page,
 To our humanity more truthful !

The gnarliest heart hath tender chords,
 To waken at the name of "Brother;"
 And time comes when brain-scorpion words
 We shall not speak to sting each other.
 'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Out of the light, ye Priests, nor fling
 Your dark, cold shadows on us longer!
 Aside! thou world-wide curse, call'd King!
 The People's step is quicker, stronger.
 There's a Divinity within
 That makes men great, whene'er they will it:
 God works with all who dare to win,
 And the time cometh to reveal it.
 'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Freedom! the tyrants kill thy braves;
 Yet in our memories live the sleepers,
 And, tho' doom'd millions feed the graves,
 Dug by Death's fierce, red-handed reapers;
 The world shall not for ever bow
 To things which mock God's own endeavor;
 'Tis nearer than they wot of now,
 When flowers shall wreath the sword for ever.
 'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Fraternity! Love's other name!
 Dear, heaven-connecting link of Being!
 Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
 As souls, full-statured, grow far-seeing.
 Thou shalt unfold our better part,
 And in our Life-cup yield more honey;
 Light up with joy the poor man's heart,
 And Love's own world, with smiles more sunny.
 'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Ay, it must come! The tyrant's throne
 Is crumbling, with our hot tears rusted;

The Sword earth's mighty have leant on
 Is canker'd, with our heart's blood crusted.
 Room! for the men of Mind make way!
 Ye robber Rulers, pause no longer;
 Ye cannot stay the opening day:
 The world rolls on, the light grows stronger, —
 The People's Advent's coming!

KISSES.

ONE kiss more, Sweet!
 Soft as voluptuous wind of the west,
 Or silkenest surge of thy purple-vein'd breast,
 Ripe lips all ruddily melting apart,
 Drink up the honey and wine of my heart!

One kiss more, Sweet!
 Warm as a morning sunbeam's dewy gold
 Slips in a red Rose's fragrantest fold,
 Sets its green blood all a-blush, burning up
 At the fresh feel of life, in its crimson cup!

One kiss more, Sweet!
 Full as the flush of the sea-waves grand
 Flooding the sheeny fire out of the sand;
 On all the shores of my being let Bliss
 Break with its neap-tide sea in a kiss!

PEACE.

YES, Peace is beautiful; and I do yearn
 For her to clasp the World's poor tortured heart.
 As sweet spring warmth doth brood o'er coming
 flowers.

But peace with these Leviathans of blood —
 Who pirate crimson seas, devouring men?
 Give them the hand of brotherhood — whose fangs
 Are in our hearts with the grim blood-hound's grip?
 Would'st see Peace, idiot-like, with smirk and
 smile,
 A-planting flowers to coronal Truth's grave?
 Peace, merry-making round the funeral pyre,
 Where Freedom, fiery-curtained, weds with death?
 Peace, mirroring her form by pools of blood, —
 Crowning the Croat in Vienna's fosse.
 With all sweet influences of thankful eyes,
 For murder of the glorious Burschenschaft?
 Peace with Oppression, which doth tear dear friends
 And brothers from our side to-day, and comes
 To eat our hearts and drink our blood to-morrow?
 Out on't! it is the Tyrant's cunning cant,
 The robe of sheen flung o'er its deadly daggers,
 Which start to life, whene'er it hugs to death.
 I answer, War! — war with the cause of war, —
 War with our misery, want, and wretchedness, —
 War with curst Gold, which is an endless war
 On Love, and God, and our Humanity!
 Brothers, I bid ye forth to glorious war!
 Patch fig-leaves o'er the naked truth no more.
 The stream of Time runs red with our best blood!
 Time's seed-field we have sown with fratricide,
 And dragon's teeth have sprung, ay, in our hearts.
 O! we have fought and bled on land and sea,
 Heapt glory's car with myriads of the brave,
 Spilt blood by oceans — treasures by the million,
 At every Tyrant's beck. Had we but shed
 Such warm and eloquent blood for Freedom's faith,
 War's star in heaven had lost its name ere now.
 "Brothers!" I cried, — well, Brothers, brother
 slaves!
 O! but to give ye slaves THEIR valiant heart,
 Whose dumb, dead dust is worth your living
 souls —

Dear God ! 'twere sweet to kiss the scaffold-block !
 I'd proudly leap death's darkness, to let shine
 The Future's promise thro' your sorrow's tears !
 Sorrow ? ah, no ! ye feel not sense so holy :
 The worm of misery riots in your hearts —
 Ye hear your younglings in the drear midnight
 Make moan for bread, when ye have none to
 give ! —

Ye drain your life, warm, for the vulture's drink !
 The groaning land is choked with living death.
 O ! ye are mated to the things of scorn.
 And I have heard your miserable madness
 Belcht forth in drunken pæans to your tyrants,
 Pledging your murderers to the hell they've made !
 Ah, Christ ! was it for this, thou sudden sun,
 Did'st light these centuries with thy dying smile ? —
 Was it for this, so many and so many
 Have hackt their spirit-swords against our fetters
 And killing cords, that bleed our hearts to death —
 Wept griefs might turn the soul gray in an hour —
 Broke their great hearts for love, and, in despair,
 Dasht their immortal crowns to earth, and died ?
 Was it for this the countless Host of Martyrs,
 Becrown'd and robed in fiery martyrdom,
 Beat out a golden-aged Future from
 The angel-metal of their noble lives —
 Clomb the red scaffold — strain'd their weary eyes,
 Across the mists of ages, for one glimpse
 Of midnight burning into that bright Dawn
 Now bursting golden, up the skies of time ?
 When will ye put your human glory on ?
 How long will ye lie darkling desolate,
 With barren brain, blind life, and fallow heart ?
 The hollow yearning grave will kindly close,
 And flowers spring where the mould lay freshly
 dark !

The leaves will burst from out the naked'st boughs,
 Fire-ripen'd into glorious greenery,
 Waste Moor and Fen will kindle into spring :

How long will ye lie darkling, desolate?
 Lord God Almighty! what a spring of freedom
 Awaits to burst the winter of our world!
 O! if aught moving thrills a brother's love,
 Which pleads for utterance in blinding tears,
 Then let these words burn living in your souls,
 Snatch Fear's cold hand from off your palsied
 hearts,
 And send the intrepid shudder through your veins.
 Helots of Albion! Penury's nurslings! rise,
 And swear, in God's name, and in Heaven's or
 Hell's,
 Ye will bear witness at the birth of Freedom!
 Arise, and front the blessed light of Heaven,
 With tyrant-quailing manhood in your looks!
 Arise, go forth to glorious war for right,
 And justice, and mankind's high destiny!
 Arise, 'tis Freedom's bleeding fight, strike home
 Wherever tyrants lift the gorgon-head!
 There is a chasm in the coming years,
 A-gape for strife's Niagara of blood —
 Or to be bridged by brave hearts linkt in love.
 The world is stirring with its mighty purpose:
 No more be laggards in the march of men.
 The Vulture Despotism spreads its wide wings
 Right royally to give ye broader mark!
 And the hag Evil sickens unto death,
 With her sore travail o'er the birth of Good.
 And yet shall War's red-letter'd creed die out;
 Where blood is running, shall the wild-flowers
 blow;
 Where men are groaning, shall their children sing:
 And peace and love re-Genesis the world.

EDEN.

THERE is not a rift in the blue sky now,
 Where a million tempests tore it ;
 There is not a furrow on Ocean's brow,
 Tho' a million years have past o'er it.
 And for all the storms and the strifes that have
 roll'd .

Down the ages, grim and gory ;
 Earth weareth her pleasant face, as of old,
 And laughs in her morning glory.
 And Man — tho' he beareth the brand of Sin,
 And the flesh and the devil have bound him —
 Hath a spirit within, to old Eden akin,
 Only nurture up Eden around him.

O the cloud may have fall'n on the human face,
 And its lordliest beauty blighted ;
 For love hath gone out with a dark'ning trace,
 Where the inward glory lighted.
 Yet the old world of love liveth still in the heart,
 As we've many a sweet revealing ;
 And its rich fossil-jewels in tears will up-start
 With the warm flood of holier feeling.
 Ay, Man — tho' he beareth the brand of Sin,
 And the flesh and the devil have bound him —
 Hath a spirit within, to old Eden akin,
 Only nurture up Eden around him.

O the terrors, the tortures, the miseries dark —
 That have curst us, and crusht, and cankered !
 Yet, aye, from the Deluge, Humanity's Ark
 Hath on some serene Ararat anchored.
 O the golden chains that link heaven to earth,
 The rusts of all time cannot sever !
 Evil shall die in its own dark dearth,
 And the Good liveth on for ever.

Brave Men of Forty-eight !
 Hurrah !
 For the Men of Forty-eight.

O when the world wakes up to worst
 The Tyrants once again,
 And Freedom's summons-shout shall burst,
 Rare music ! on the brain, —
 With heart to heart, in many a land,
 Ye'll find them all elate —
 Brave remnant of that Spartan-band,
 The Men of Forty-eight ;
 Hurrah !
 For the Men of Forty-eight.

OUR LAND.

'Tis the Land that our stalwart fore-sires trode,
 Where the brave and heroic-soul'd
 Implanted our freedom with their best blood,
 In the martyr-days of old.
 The huts of the lowly gave Liberty birth,
 Their hearts were her cradle glorious,
 And wherever her foot-prints lettered the earth,
 Great spirits up-sprang victorious,
 In our rare old Land, our dear old Land,
 With its memories bright and brave,
 And sing hey for the hour its sons shall band
 To free it of Tyrant and Slave.

Alfred was of us, and Shakespeare's thought
 Bekings us, all crowns above !
 And Freedom's dear faith a fierce splendor caught
 From our grand old Milton's love !

And we should be marching on gallantly,
 And striding from glory to glory,
 For the Right with our might striking valiantly,
 On the track of the famous in story —
 For our rare old Land, our dear old Land,
 With its memories bright and brave,
 And sing hey for the hour its sons shall band
 To free it of Tyrant and Slave.

On Naseby-field of the fight sublime,
 Our old red rose doth blow !
 Would to God that the soul of that earlier time
 Might marshal us conquering now !
 On into the Future's fair clime the world sweeps,
 And the time trumpets true men to freedom :
 At the heart of our helots the mounting God leaps,
 But O for the Moses to lead 'em !
 For our rare old Land, our dear old Land,
 With its memories bright and brave !
 And sing hey for the hour its sons shall band
 To free it of Tyrant and Slave.

What do we lack, that the ruffian Wrong
 Should starve us, 'mid heaps of gold ?
 We have brains as broad, we have arms as strong,
 We have hearts as big and as bold !
 Will a thousand years more of meek suffering school
 Our lives to a sterner bravery ?
 No ! down and down with their robber rule,
 And up from the land of slavery !
 For our rare old Land, our dear old Land,
 With its memories bright and brave !
 And sing hey for the hour its sons shall band
 To free it of Tyrant and Slave.

SWEET SPIRIT OF MY LOVE.

SWEET Spirit of my love!
 Thro' all the world we walk apart:
 Thou may'st not in my bosom lie:
 I may not press thee to my heart,
 Nor see love-thinkings light thine eye:
 Yet art thou with me. All my life
 Orbs out in thy warm beauty's sphere;
 My bravest dreams of thee are rife,
 And color'd with thy presence dear.

Sweet Spirit of my love!
 I know how beautiful thou art,
 But never tell the starry thought:
 I only whisper to my heart,
 " She lights with heaven thy earthliest spot"
 And birds that night and day rejoice,
 And fragrant winds, give back to me
 A music ringing of thy voice,
 And serge my heart's love-tide to thee.

Sweet Spirit of my love!
 The Spring and Summer bloom-bedight,
 That garland Earth with rainbow-showers, —
 Morn's kissing breath, and eyes of light,
 That wake in smiles the winking flowers,
 The air with honey'd fragrance fed,
 The flashing waters, — soughing tree, —
 Noon's golden glory, — sundown red,
 Aye warble into songs of thee.

Sweet Spirit of my love!
 When Night's soft silence clothes the earth,
 And wakes the passionate bird of love;
 And Stars laugh out in golden mirth,
 And yearning souls divinelier move;

When God's breath hallows every spot,
 And, lapp'd in feeling's luxury,
 The heart's break-full of tender thought:
 Then art thou with me, still with me.

Sweet Spirit of my love!
 I listen for thy footfall, — feel
 Thy look is burning on me, such
 As reads my heart: I sometimes reel
 And throb, expectant for thy touch!
 For by the voice of woods and brooks,
 And flowers with virgin-fragrance wet,
 And earnest stars with yearning looks,
 I know that we shall mingle yet.

Sweet Spirit of my love!
 Strange places on me smile, as thou
 Hadst pass'd, and left thy beauty's tints:
 The wild-flowers even the secret know,
 And light and shade flash mystic hints:
 Meseems, like olden Gods, thou'lt come
 In cloud: but mine anointed eyes
 Shall see the glory burn thro' gloom,
 And clasp thee, Sweet! with large surprise.

THE BRIDAL.

SHE comes! the blushing Bridal Dawn,
 With her Auroral splendors on!
 And green Earth never lovelier shone:

She danceth on her golden way,
 In dainty dalliance with the May,
 Jubilant o'er the happy day!

Earth weareth heaven for bridal-ring,
And the best garland of glory, Spring
From out old Winter's world can bring.

The green blood redden in the rose :
And underneath white-budding boughs
The violets purple in rich rows.

High up in air the Chestnuts blow,
The live-green Apple-tree's flush bough
Floateth, a cloud of rosy snow !

Cloud-shadow-ships swim faerily
Over the greenery's sunny sea,
Whose warm tides ripple down the lea.

The Birds, a-brooding, strive to sing,
Feeling the life warm 'neath the wing :
Their love, too, burgeons with the Spring !

The winds that make the flowers blow,
Heavy with balm, breathe soft and low,
A budding warmth, an amorous glow !

They kiss like some endearing mouth,
More sweet than the Sabeian South,
And balm the splendor's drooping drouth :

Such a delicious feel doth flood
The eyes, as laves the burning bud
When June-rains feed ambrosial blood.

O, merrily Life doth revel and reign !
Light in heart, and blithe in brain ;
Running like wine in every vein.

Alive with eyes, the Village sees
The Bridal dawning from the trees,
And Housewives swarm i' the sun like Bees.

Silence sits i' the Belfry-Choir !
Up in the twinkling air the spire
Throbs, golden in the bickering fire.

The winking windows burn and blush
With colors rare as flow and flush
Thro' summer sunsets bloom'd and hush.

But, enter : lordlier splendors brim,
Such mists of gold and purple swim,
And the light falls so rich and dim.

Even so doth Love Life's doors unbar,
Where all the hidden glories are,
That from the windows shone afar.

Love's lovely to the passers-by,
But they who love are region'd high
On th' hills of Bliss, with heaven nigh.

Sumptuous as Iris, when she swims
With rainbow-robe on dainty limbs,
The Bride's rare loveliness o'erbrims !

The gazers drink rich overflows,
Her cheek a livelier damask glows,
And on his arm she leans more close.

A drunken joy reels in his blood,
He wanders an enchanted wood,
He ranges realms of perfect good.

Dear God ! that he alone hath grace
To light such splendor in her face,
And win the blessing of embrace !

She wears her maiden modesty
With tearful grace toucht tenderly,
Yet with a ripe Expectancy !

Her virgin veil reveals a form,
Flowering from the bud so warm,
It needs must break the Cestus-charm.

Last night, with weddable, white arms,
And thoughts that throng'd with quaint alarms,
She trembled o'er her mirror'd charms,

Like Eve first-glassing her new life ;
And the Maid startled at the Wife,
Heart-painéd with a sweet, warm strife.

The unknown sea moans on her shore
Of life : she hears the breakers roar ;
But, trusting Him, she'll fear no more ;

For, o'er the deep seas there is calm,
Full as the hush of all heaven's psalm :
Their golden goal, — the Victor's palm !

And at her heart Love sits and sings,
And broodeth warmth, begetting wings
Shall lift her life to higher things.

The Blessing given, the ring is on ;
And at God's Altar radiant run
The currents of two lives in one !

Husht with happiness, every sense
Is crowded at the heart intense ;
And silence hath such eloquence !

Down to his feet her meek eyes stoop,
As *there* her love should pour its cup ;
But, like a King, he lifts them up.

Her flashing face to heaven up-turns,
As for God's gracious kiss it yearns :
Through all her life Hope's sunrise burns !

And now she trembles to his breast,
To make it aye her happy nest,
And proudly crown his loving quest :

His arms her hyacinth head caress,
And fold her fragrant slenderness,
With all its touching tenderness.

Now, on heaven's coast of crystal, crown'd
Hesper lights life's outward-bound :
And Evening folds her purple round.

A palace rich with glorious shows
She maketh his life's narrow house
To-night : but there he keeps no rouse !

Alone they hold their marriage feast :
Fresh from the Chrism of the Priest,
He would not have the happiest jest

To storm her brows with a crimson fine ;
And, sooth, they need no wings of wine
To float them into Love's divine.

So Strength and Beauty, hand-in-hand,
Go forth into the honey'd land,
Lit by the love-moon golden-grand,

Where God hath built their Bridal-bower ;
And on the top of life they tower,
And taste of Eden's perfect hour.

No lewd eyes o'er my shoulder look !
They do but ope the blessed book
Of Marriage in their hallowed nook.

O, flowery be the paths they press,
And ruddiest human fruitage bless
Them, with a lavish loveliness !

Melodious move their wedded life
 Thro' shocks of time, and storms of strife, —
 Husband true, and perfect Wife !

A GLIMPSE OF AULD LANG-SYNE.

EARTH, garnisht Bride-like, bares her bosom to the
 nestling Night,
 Who hath come down in glory from the golden
 halls of light :

Ten thousand tender, starry eyes smile o'er the
 world at rest,
 The weary world — husht like an infant on its
 mother's breast !

The great old hills thrust up their foreheads in rich-
 sleeping light :
 How proudly-grand, and still they stand, worship-
 ping God to-night !

The flowers have hung their cups with gems of their
 own sweetness wrought,
 And muse upon their stems, in smiling ecstasy of
 thought :

They have banquetted on beauty, at the fragrant
 Eve's red lips,
 And fold in charmed rest, with crowns upon their
 velvet tips.

No green tide sweeps the sea of leaves, no wind-sigh
 stirs the sod,
 While Holiness broods dove-like on the soul, be-
 getting God.

Sweet hour! thou wak'st the feeling that we never
know by day,
For Angel eyes look down, and read the spirit
'neath the clay:

Even while I list, such music stealeth in upon my
soul,
As though adown heaven's stair of stars, the
seraph-harpings stole —

Or I could grasp the immortal part of life, and
soar, and soar,
Such strong wings take me, and my heart hath
found such hidden lore!

It flings aside the weight of years, and lovingly
goes back,
To that sweet time, the dear old time, that glistens
on its track!

Life's withered leaves grow green again, and fresh
with Childhood's spring,
As I am welcomed back once more, within its rain-
bow ring: —

The Past, with all its gather'd charms, betokens
me back in joy,
And loving hearts, and open arms, re-clasp me as
a boy.

The voices of the Loved and Lost are stirring at
my heart,
And Memory's miser'd treasures leap to life, with
sudden start, —

As through her darkened windows, warm and glad
sunlight creeps in,
And Lang-syne, glimps'd in glorious tears, my toil-
worn heart doth win.

Thou art looking, smiling on me, as thou hast
lookt and smiled, Mother,
And I am sitting by thy side, at heart a very child,
Mother !

I'm with thee now in soul, sweet Mother, much as
in those hours,
When all my wealth was in thy love, and in the
birds and flowers.

When the long summer days were short, for my
glad soul to live
The golden fulness of the bliss, each happy hour
could give.

When Heaven sang to my innocence, and every
leafy grove
And forest ach'd with music, as a young heart
aches with love.

When life oped like a flower, where clung my lips,
to quaff its honey,
And joys throng'd like a shower of gold king-cups
in meadows sunny.

I'll tell thee, Mother ! since we met, stern changes
have come o'er me :
Then life smiled like a paradise, the world was all
before me.

O ! I was full of trustful faith, and, in my glee and
gladness,
Deemed not that others had begun as bright, whose
end was madness.

I knew not smiles could light up eyes, like Sunset's
laughing glow
On some cold stream, which burns above, while all
runs dark below ;

That on Love's summer sea, great souls go down,
while some, grown cold,
Seal up affection's living spring, and sell their love
for gold ;

How they on whom we'd staked the heart forget
the early vow,
And they who swore to love through life would
pass all coldly now ;

How, in the soul's dark hour, Love's temple-veil is
rent in twain,
And the heart quivers thorn-crown'd on the cross
of fiery pain.

And shatter'd idols, broken dreams, come crowding
on my brain,
As speaks the spirit-voice of days that never come
again.

It tells of golden moments lost — heart seared —
blind Passion's thrall ;
Life's spring-tide blossoms run to waste, Love's
honey turn'd to gall.

It tells how many and often high resolve and pur-
pose strong,
Shaped on the anvil of my heart, have died upon
my tongue.

I left thee, Mother, in sweet May, the merry month
of flowers,
To toil away in dusky gloom the golden summer-
hours.

I left my world of love behind, with soul for life
a-thirsting ;
My burning eyelid dropt no tear, although my
heart was bursting.

For I had knit my soul to climb, with poverty its
burden ;
Give me but time, O give me time, and I would
win the guerdon.

Ah, Mother ! many a heart that all my aspiration
cherisht
Hath fallen in the trampling strife, and in the life-
march perisht.

We see the bleeding victims lie upon the world's
grim Altar,
And one by one young feelings die, and dark doubts
make us falter.

Mother, the world hath wreakt its part on me, with
seathing power,
Yet the best life that heaves my heart runs for thee
at this hour.

And by these holy yearnings, by these eyes with
sweet tears wet,
I know there wells a spring of love through all my
being yet.

SONG OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.

FLING out the red Banner ! its fiery front under,
Come, gather ye, gather ye, Champions of Right !
And roll round the world, with the voice of God's
thunder,
The Wrongs we've to reckon, oppressions to smite.
They deem that we strike no more like the old
Hero-band,
Victory's own battle-hearted and brave :
Blood of Christ ! brothers mine, it were sweet but
to see ye stand,
Triumph or Tomb welcome, Glory or Grave !

Fling out the red Banner in mountain and valley !

Let Earth feel the tread of the free once again ;
 Now soldiers of Freedom, for love of God, rally,
 Old Earth yearns to know that her children are
 Men.

We are nerved by a thousand wrongs, burning and
 bleeding ;
 Bold Thoughts leap to birth, but the bold Deeds
 must come ;

And wherever Humanity's yearning and pleading,
 One battle for Liberty strike we heart-home.

Fling out the red Banner ! achievements immortal
 Have yet to be won by the hands labor-brown ;
 And few, few may enter the proud promise-portal,
 Yet wear it in thought like a glorious Crown !
 And O joy of the onset ! sound trumpet, array
 us ;

True hearts would leap up were all hell in our
 path.

Up, up from the Slave-land ; who stirreth to stay
 us,

Shall fall, as of old, in the Red Sea of wrath.

Fling out the red Banner, O Sons of the morn-
 ing !

Young spirits abiding to burst into wings,—
 We stand shadow-crown'd, but sublime is the
 warning,

All heaven's grimly husht, and the Bird of Storm
 sings !

“ All's well,” saith the Sentry on Tyranny's
 tower,

While Hope by his watch-fire is gray and tear-
 blind ;

Ay, all's well ! Freedom's Altar burns, hour by
 hour,

Live brands for the fire-damp with which ye are
 mined.

Fling out the red Banner! the patriots perish,
 But where their bones whiten the seed striketh
 root:
 Their blood hath run red the great harvest to
 cherish:
 Then gather ye, Reapers, and garner the fruit.
 Victory! victory! Tyrants are quaking!
 The Titan of Toil from the bloody thrall starts;
 The slaves are awaking, the dawn-light is breaking,
 The foot-fall of Freedom beats quick at our
 hearts!

THE PATRIOT TO HIS BRIDE.

WILL you leave the fond bosom of Home, where
 Bliss hath been from your earliest waking?
 Can you give its endearments to come, where
 Life hath many a hot heart-aching?
 Have you counted the cost to stand by me,
 In the battle I fight for Man?
 And shall your angel-love defy me,
 Who stand in the world's dark ban?
 O, a daring high soul you will need, dear love,
 To brave the life-battle with me:
 For your true heart may oftentimes bleed, dear
 love,
 And your sweet eyes dim tearfully.

Sweet! know you of gallant hearts perishing, —
 The fine spirits that dumbly bow!
 For a little of Fortune's cherishing,
 They are breaking in agony now!
 And without the sunshine that life needeth,
 Alas! Sweet! for me and for you:
 But little the careless world heedeth
 For love like ours, tender and true!

O, a daring high soul you will need, dear love,
 To brave the life-battle with me :
 For your true heart may oftentimes bleed, dear
 love,
 And your sweet eyes dim tearfully.

Well, you've sworn, I have sworn, God hath bound
 us,
 In a covenant the world shall not part :
 I have flung my love's purple around us,
 And you live in each pulse of my heart !
 It may be our name in Earth's story
 Shall endure when we are no more :
 For love lives as the Stars burn in glory,
 And the Flowers bud on Earth's green floor.
 But a daring high soul you will need, dear love,
 To brave the life-battle with me :
 For your true heart may oftentimes bleed, dear
 love,
 And your sweet eyes dim tearfully.

ANATHEMA MARANATHA.

DEEPER and deeper the Tyrant's lash flayeth,
 Swifter and swifter fierce Misery slayeth ;
 Tighter and tighter the grip of Toil groweth,
 Nearer and nearer the dark Ruin floweth.
 And still ye bear on, and ye faint heart and
 breath,
 Till ye creep, scourgéd hounds, to your kennel of
 death :
 O down to the dust with ye, cowards and slaves,
 Plague-stricken cumber-grounds, slink to your
 graves !

Love is the crown of all life, but ye wear it not ;
 Freedom, Humanity's palm, and ye bear it not ;
 Beauty spreads banquet for all, but ye share it not ;
 Grimmer the blinding veil glooms, and ye tear it
 not.

Weaving your life-flowers in Wrong's robe of glory,
 Ye stint in your starkness with hearts smitten
 hoary :

O down to the dust with ye, cowards and slaves,
 Plague-stricken cumber-grounds, slink to your
 graves !

They have broken our hearts for their hunger, and
 trod

The wine-press for Death, with the grapes of our
 God ;

And ye lick their feet, red with your blood, like
 dumb cattle :

Ah ! better and braver to meet them in battle !
 The bow that Tell drew hath lost none of its spring,
 But ye nerve not with daring the arrow and string :
 Then down to the dust with ye, cowards and
 slaves,

Plague-stricken cumber-grounds, slink to your
 graves !

There's a curse on the Mammonites fiery and fell,
 Gold turns their hard hearts into hearthstones for
 hell ;

And there's wringing of hands with the Knave and
 the Tyrant,

For God's graven autograph's on their death-war-
 rant.

While lordlier manhood 'neath Freedom's heart
 yearneth,

Up now ! while before ye the fire-pillar burneth !
 Or down to the dust with ye, cowards and slaves,
 Down, down for ever, and slink to your graves !

LITTLE LILYBELL.

WHEN unseen fingers part the leaves,
 And show us Beauty's face ;
 And Earth her breast of glory heaves,
 And glows from Spring's embrace :
 When Flowers on green and golden wings
 Float up — Life's sea cloth swell
 And flush a world of vernal things, —
 Came little Lilybell.

And like a blessed Bird of calm
 Our love's sweet wants she stilled,
 Made Passion's fiery wine run balm, —
 Life's glory half fulfilled !
 From dappled dawn to twinkling dark,
 This witching Ariel
 Fills all our heaven : or like a Lark
 Sings little Lilybell.

And she is fair, O very fair, —
 Has eyes so like the dove !
 And lightly leans her world of care
 Upon our arms of love !
 It cannot be that ye will break
 The promise-tale ye tell,
 Ye will not make such fond hearts ache,
 O little Lilybell !

As on Life's stream her leaflets spread,
 And tremble in its flow,
 We shudder, lest the awful Dead
 Pluck at her from below !
 Breathe softly low, ye Winds that start, —
 O stream, but faintly swell :
 Your every motion smites the heart,
 For little Lilybell.

We tremble : lest the angel Death,
 Who comes to gather flowers
 For Paradise — at her sweet breath,
 Should fall in love with ours !
 O many a year may come and go
 Ere from Life's mystic well
 Such stream shall flow—such flower shall blow,
 As our sweet Lilybell.

Oh ! when thy dear heart fills with fears,
 And aches with Love's sweet pain,
 And pale cheeks burn thro' happy tears
 Like red Rose in the rain —
 I marvel Sweet ! if we shall see
 The sight and say 'tis well,
 When the Beloved calls for thee,
 Our dainty Lilybell !

How rich Love made the lowly sod
 Where such a Flower hath blown !
 O Love, we love, and think that God
 Is such a love full-grown !
 Dear God, that gave the blessed trust,
 Be near, that all be well,
 And morn and eve bedew our dust,
 For love of Lilybell.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING-RING.

With a white hand like a lady,
 And a heart as merry as Spring,
 I am ripe and I am ready
 For a golden wedding-ring.

As the earth with sea is bounded,
And the Winter-world with Spring,
So a Maiden's life is rounded
With a golden wedding-ring.

This old world is scarce worth seeing,
Till Love waves his purple wing,
And we gauge the bliss of being,
Thro' a golden wedding-ring.

Would you draw far Edens nearer
And to Earth the angels bring,
You must seek the magic mirror
Of a golden wedding-ring.

I have known full many a Maiden
Like a white Rose withering,
Into fresh ripe beauty redden
Thro' a golden wedding-ring.

Fainting spirits oft grow fearless,
Sighing hearts will soar and sing,
Tearful eyes will laugh out tearless,
Thro' a golden wedding-ring.

There's no jewel so worth wearing,
That a Lover's hands may bring,
There's no treasure worth comparing
With a golden wedding-ring.

As the crescent Moon rings golden
Her full beauty perfecting,
Woman's glory is unfolden
In a golden wedding-ring.

Ah! when hearts are wildly beating,
And when arms all glowing cling,
Think Love's circle wants completing
With a golden wedding-ring.

THE UNBELOVED.

LIKE a tree beside the river
 Of her life that runs from me,
 Do I lean me, murmuring ever
 My fond love's idolatry :
 And I reach out hands of blessing,
 And I stretch out hands of prayer,
 And with passionate caressing,
 Waste my life upon the air.
 In my ears the Syren river
 Sings, and smiles up in my face ;
 But, for ever and for ever,
 Runs from my embrace.

Spring by spring, the branches duly
 Clothe themselves in tender Flower,
 And for her sweet sake as truly
 All their fruit and fragrance shower ;
 But, the stream with careless laughter,
 Runs in merry beauty by,
 And it leaves me yearning after —
 Lone to weep, and lone to die !
 In my ears the Syren river
 Sings, and smiles up in my face ;
 But, for ever and for ever,
 Runs from my embrace.

I stand 'mazed in the moonlight,
 O'er its happy face to dream !
 I am parchéd in the noonlight,
 By that cool and brimming stream !
 I am dying by the river
 Of her life that runs from me !
 While it sparkles by me ever
 With its cool felicity !

In my ears the Syren river
 Sings, and smiles up in my face ;
 But, for ever and for ever,
 Runs from my embrace.

DESERTED.

Love came to me in a rosy cloud,
 With a golden glory kist ;
 And caught me up, and in heaven we rode,
 Till it melted in mournful mist.
 Gone! gone! is the light that shone,
 With the dream of my earlier day :
 And the wild winds moan, and alone, alone,
 I wander my weary way.

The days come and go, and the seasons roll, —
 In their glory they pass me by ;
 And the lords of life and the happy in soul
 Walk under a smiling sky.
 And the sweet springtide comes back to earth, o'er
 The soothéd winter sea ;
 But He will return no more, no more,
 Never come back to me.

It were better that I lay sleeping
 With his baby upon my breast,
 When the weary have done with their weeping,
 And the wretched are rockt to their rest.
 The world is a desolate, dreary one,
 And full of sad tears at best :
 God, take back thy wandering weary one,
 Like a wounded bird home to its nest.

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

WE sit serenely 'neath the Night,
 As still as stars, with swift delight ;
 In tears, that tell how in Life's deep
 The hidden pearls of beauty sleep ;
 And silent, as of sleeping Seas,
 And quiet, as of dreaming Trees :
 The river of our bliss runs filled,
 Its faintest happy murmur stilled.

Upon my forehead rests thy palm,
 And on my spirit rests thy calm :
 I cannot see thy face, but know
 Its sea of rose-bloom hath a glow
 Like ruby light : and richly lies
 The dew and shadows in thine eyes ;
 That ask how they may soothliest bless,
 Like crystal-wells of tenderness.

Warm fragrance, like the soul o' the South,
 Is round thee ; and thy damask mouth
 Dissolves me in delicious death,
 It doth so breathe ambrosial breath !
 Musk-roses blowing in the gloom,
 Drop fragrance fainting in the room ;
 And such fine sadness fills the air,
 Ripe Life a bloom of dew doth wear.

We sit, with silent glory crowned,
 And Love's arms wound in amorous round ;
 As on rich clouds of fragrance swim
 The summer dusk, so cool, and dim !
 While we our fields of pleasure reap,
 Our Babes lie in the wood of Sleep ;
 One — first love's dream of beauty wrought !
 One — the more perfect after-thought !

The harping hand hath dulled the lyre
 Of thrilling heart-strings. By their fire
 Droopt low, the dreamy Passions doze,
 In large luxuriance of repose.
 I only see — that thou art near ;
 I only feel — I have thee, Dear !
 I only hear thy throbbing heart,
 And know that we can never part.

DOWN IN AUSTRALIA.

QUAFF a cup, and send a cheer up for the Old Land !
 We have heard the Reapers shout,
 For the Harvest going out,
 With the smoke of battle closing round the bold
 Land ;
 And our message shall be hurled
 Up the ringing sides o' the world,
 There are true hearts beating for you in the Gold
 Land.

We are with you in your battles, brave and bold
 Land !
 For the old ancestral tree
 Striketh root beneath the sea,
 And it beareth fruit of Freedom in the Gold Land !
 We shall come too, if you call,
 We shall fight on if you fall,
 Cromwell's land must never be a bought and sold
 Land.

O the standard of the Lord wave o'er the Old Land !
 For, the waiting world holds breath
 While she treads the dew of Death,
 With the sleeve of Peace stript up from her bare,
 bold hand :

And her ruddy Rose will bloom
 On the bosom and the tomb
 Of her many Heroes fallen for the Old Land.

O, a terror to the Tyrant is the Old Land !
 He remembers how she stood
 With her raiment rolled in blood,
 When the tide of battle burst upon the bold Land,
 And he looks with darkened face,
 For he knows the hero-race
 Sweep the harp of Freedom — draw her Sword with
 bold hand.

Let thy glorious voice be heard, thou great and bold
 Land !
 Speak the one victorious word,
 And fair Freedom's wandered Bird
 Shall wing back with leaf of promise from the Old
 Land !
 And the Peoples shall come out
 From their slavery, with a shout
 For the new world greeting in the Future's Gold
 Land !

When the smoke of Battle rises from the Old Land,
 You shall see the Tyrant down,
 You shall see the ransomed crown ;
 On the brow of prisoned peoples, freed with bold
 hand !
 She shall thrash her foes like corn ;
 They shall eat the bread of scorn ;
 And will sing her song of Triumph in the Gold
 Land.

Quaff a cup, and send a cheer up from the Gold
 Land !
 We have heard the Reapers shout,
 For the Harvest going out,
 Seen the smoke of battle closing round the bold
 Land ;

And our message shall be hurled
Up the ringing sides o' the world,
There are true hearts down here, beating for the
Old Land.

THE EXILE TO HIS COUNTRY.

How dimmed is all thy glory, and how dark the
shadow falls!
And wild the sorrow waileth thro' thy hamlets and
thy halls!
Thy banner burns no longer on the mountains and
the sea,
And oh! the dead are blessed who thy suffering
may not see.
How are thy brave ones scattered on many an alien
strand!
Thy darlings leal and true to the dear old Mother-
land.

They have bound thee in the grave-clothes, but we
watch with tears and sighs,
Till Freedom comes like Christ, and thou like Laza-
rus shalt rise.
Thy pale, pale face, my Country, yet shall flush
with ripening bloom,
As Nature's color kindles when the breath of
Spring doth come.
Oh! come thou Spring of promise; mighty Hope,
put forth thy hand,
And build thy arch of triumph for the dear old
Motherland.

The Birds that follow Summer, they come and they
depart,
For the Land of my love, and the home of my
heart:

And, like a wounded Bird, my spirit trembles in
the wind,
And flutters down : and they are gone, and I am
left behind !
O my Dovelets in the net ! O the spoiler's bloody
hand !
And I so far away from the dear old Motherland.

Sometimes when life is darkest, a glory bursts its
glooms,
As Lightning thro' the startled night, the face of
things illumes ;
A sudden splendor smites me, and ere the thunders
roll,
I see thy face look radiant thro' the darkness of
my soul !
And thou art sitting at the feet of Freedom, great
and grand,
Thy children happy in thy smile, thou dear old
Motherland.

O thou among the nations, for thy might shalt yet
be themed,
Thy fatal curse of Beauty by Love's blessing all
redeemed !
The red wounds where they pierced thee, shall to
scars of glory turn,
And in thy tearful eyes the light of boundless life
shall burn !
The heavens are filled with Martyrs, but the earth
still holds a band
Who meet in battle yet for the dear old Motherland.

Oh ! many are the gallant hearts will never answer
when
Thy clarion-cry shall call us up to the field again !
And many are the tears must fall, and prayers go
up to God,
But swift the vintage ripens, and the wine-press
shall be trod !

The Harvest reddens rich for death ! the Reapers
 clench the hand,
 And Victory comes to wed his bride, thou dear old
 Motherland.

THE LORDS OF LAND AND MONEY.

Sons of Old England, from the sod,
 Uplift the noble brow !
 Gold apes a mightier power than God,
 And wealth is worshipt now !
 In all these toil-ennobled lands
 Ye have no heritage :
 They snatch the fruit of youthful hands,
 The staff from weary age.
 O tell them in their Palaces,
 These Lords of Land and Money !
 They shall not kill the poor like bees,
 To rob them of Life's honey.

Thro' long dark years of blood and tears,
 We've toil'd like branded slaves,
 Till Wrong's red hand hath made a land
 Of paupers, prisons, graves !
 But our long-sufferance endeth now,
 Within the souls of men
 The fruitful buds of promise blow,
 And Freedom lives again !
 O tell them in their Palaces,
 These Lords of Land and Money !
 They shall not kill the poor like bees,
 To rob them of Life's honey.

Too long have Labor's nobles knelt
 Before exalted " Rank ; "
 Within our souls the iron is felt —
 We hear our fetters clank !

A glorious voice goes throbbing forth
 From millions stirring now,
 Who yet before these Gods of earth
 Shall stand with unblencht brow.
 O tell them in their Palaces,
 'These Lords of Land and Money !
 They shall not kill the poor like bees,
 To rob them of Life's honey.

THE DESERTER FROM THE CAUSE.

HE is gone : better so. We should know who stand
 under

Our Banner : let none but the trusty remain !
 For there's stern work at hand, and the time comes
 shall sunder

The shell from the pearl, and the chaff from the
 grain !

And the heart that thro' danger and death will be
 dutiful —

Soul that with Cranmer in fire would shake
 hands ;

With a Life, like a palace-home built for the
 Beautiful ;

Freedom of all her Beloved demands !

He is gone from us ! Yet shall we march on vic-
 torious,

Hearts burning like Beacons — eyes fixt on the
 Goal !

And if we fall fighting, we fall like the Glorious ;

With face to the Stars, and all heaven in the soul !

And aye for the brave stir of battle we'll barter

The sword of life sheatht in the peace of the
 grave :

And better the fieriest fate of the Martyr,

Than live like the Coward, and die like the
 Slave !

THEY ARE BUT GIANTS WHILE WE
KNEEL.

GOOD People! put no faith in Kings, nor in your
 Princes trust,
 Who break your hearts for bread, and grind your
 faces in the dust!
 The Palace Paupers look from lattice high and
 mock your prayer:
 The Champions of the Christ are dumb, or golden
 bit they wear!
 O but to see ye bend no more to earth's crime-
 curséd things—
 Ye are God's Oracles: stand forth! be Nature's
 Priests and Kings!
 Ye fight and bleed, while Fortune's darlings slink
 in splendid lair;
 With lives that crawl, like worms through buried
 Beauty's golden hair!—
 A tale of lives wrung out in tears their Grandeur's
 garb reveals,
 And the last sobs of breaking hearts sound in their
 Chariot-wheels!
 O league ye—crush the things that kill all love
 and liberty!
 They are but Giants while we kneel: ONE LEAP,
 AND UP GO WE!

Trust not to the Priests, their tears are lies, their
 hearts are hard and cold;
 They lead ye to sweet pastures, where they fleece
 the foolish fold!
 The Church and State are linkt and sworn to deso-
 late the land:
 Good people, 'twixt these foxes tails, We'll fling a
 fiery brand!

Up, if ye will be free, to golden calves no longer
bow :

The nations yearn for liberty — the world is ear-
nest now !

Your bent-knee is half way to hell ! — Up, Serviles,
from the dust !

The Harvest of the free red-ripens for the sickle-
thrust.

They're quaking now, and shaking now, who've
wrought the hurtling sorrow,

To-day the desolaters, but the desolate To-morrow !

Loud o'er their murder's menace wakes the watch-
word of the Free :

They are but Giants while we kneel : ONE LEAP,
AND UP GO WE !

Some bravest patriot-hearts have gone, to break
beyond the Sea,

And many in the dungeon have died for you and
me !

And still we glut the Merciless — give all Life's
glory up,

That stars of flame, and winking eyes, may crown
their revel-cup !

Back, trampers on the Many ! Death and Danger
ambusht lie ;

Beware ye, or the blood may run ! the patient
people cry :

Ah ! shut not out the light of hope, or we may
blindly dash,

Like Samson in his strong death-grope, and whelm
ye in the crash ;

Think how they spurned the People mad, that old
Régime of France,

Whose heads like poppies from Death's Seythe fell
in a bloody dance.

Ye plead in vain, ye bleed in vain, ah ! Blind !
when will ye see

They are but Giants while we kneel ? ONE LEAP,
AND UP GO WE.

The merry flowers are springing from our last-year
 Martyrs' mould,
 As their dreams had taken blossom telling what
 they would have told ;
 Of all our rainbowed Future : and what this earth
 shall be,
 When we have bartered blows and bonds for life
 and liberty.
 Ah ! what a face of glory shall the weary world
 put on,
 When Love is crownéd, and shall king the heart its
 royal throne !
 O we shall see our darlings smile, — who meet us
 tearful now, —
 Ere the Eternal morn breaks gray, on the Beloved's
 brow :
 And Love shall give the kiss of Death no more to
 those we love,
 And pride, not shame, shall flush the face of our
 heart-nestling Dove.
 Rouse, Titans, scale th' Olympus where the hin-
 dering Tyrants be :
 They are but Giants while we kneel : ONE LEAP,
 AND UP GO WE.

THE CRY OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

'Tis hard, 'tis hard to wander on through this
 bright world of ours,
 Beneath a sky of smiling blue, on velvet paths of
 flowers,
 With music in the woods, as there were nought but
 joyaunce known,
 Or Angels walkt earth's solitudes, and yet with
 want to groan,

To see no beauty in the stars, nor in God's radiant
 smile,
 To wail and wander misery-curst! willing, but
 cannot toil.
 There's burning sickness at my heart, I sink down
 famished!
 God of the wretched, hear my prayer: I would
 that I were dead!

Heaven droppeth down with manna still in many
 a golden show'r,
 And feeds the leaves with fragrant breath, with
 silver dew the flow'r.
 There's honeyed fruit for bee and bird, with bloom
 laughs out the tree,
 And food for all God's happy things; but none
 gives food to me.
 Earth, deckt with Plenty's garland-crown, smiles
 on my aching eye,
 The purse-proud, — swathed in luxury, — disdain-
 ful pass me by:
 I've eager hands, and earnest heart — but may not
 work for bread!
 God of the wretched, hear my prayer: I would
 that I were dead!

Gold, art thou not a blessed thing: a charm above
 all other,
 To shut up hearts to Nature's cry, when brother
 pleads with brother?
 Hast thou a music sweeter than the voice of loving-
 kindness?
 No! curse thee, thou'rt a mist 'twixt God and men
 in outer blindness.
 "Father, come back!" my children cry; their
 voices, once so sweet,
 Now quiver lance-like in my bleeding heart! I
 cannot meet

The looks that make the brain go mad, for dear
ones asking bread —

God of the wretched, hear my prayer: I would
that I were dead!

Lord! what right have the poor to wed? Love's
for the gilded great:

Are they not form'd of nobler clay, who dine off
golden plate?

'Tis the worst curse of Poverty to have a feeling
heart:

Why can I not, with iron-grasp, tear out the ten-
der part?

I cannot slave in yon Bastille! ah no, 'twere bit-
terer pain,

To wear the Pauper's iron within, than drag the
Convict's chain.

I'd work but cannot, starve I may, but will not
beg for bread:

God of the wretched, hear my prayer: I would
that I were dead!

I LOVE MY LOVE, AND MY LOVE
LOVES ME.

THE life of life's when for another we're living,
Whose spirit responds to ours like a sweet Psalter;
When heart-smiles are burning, and flame-words
out-giving

The fire we have lit on her heart's holy Altar!
O Love, God's religion! Love, burning and star-
ried!

The soul must be beautiful where thou art pal-
aced;

I mark where thy kiss-seal is set on the forehead,
I know where thy dew of heaven's richest
chalice.

That radiant brow breaketh thro' cloud and world-
stain,

And strong is that soul in the battle of Duty ;
Smiling May-sunshine thro' Life's Winter-rain,
All outer things clothing with inner world beau-
ty !

'Tis writ in the face, whose heart singeth for
glee,

“ I love my Love, and my Love loves me.”

Once I was a-weary of life and the world,
And the voice of Delight on my heart fell ac-
curst,

And my eyes oft with tear-drops unweetingly
pearl'd,

I had no one to love, tho' with Love my heart
burst :

Then on me a sweet dream of Paradise stole —

Turn'd to radiance the shadows that brooded
around me ;

And walking the gardens that Eden my soul,
One morning, my Love, like another Eve, found
me :

She lookt, and a maëlstrom of joy whirled my
bosom ;

She smiled, and my being ran bliss to the brim :
She spake, and my eager heart flusht into blossom ;

Dear Heaven ! 'twas the music set to my Life's
hymn !

And up went my soul to God, shouting for
glee —

“ I love my Love, and my Love loves me.”

I know, Love of mine ! time may nevermore bring
Back the lost freshness that clad my young heart :
But, looking on thee, dear ! sweet thoughts will
up-spring,

As from the cold tomb the green verdure will
start !

I look in thine eyes, and, O joy to the weeper!
 Their love-light makes sunshine of all my dark
 fears;
 And what made my heart faint, lifts it now, a
 strong leaper!
 And rivers of bliss flood its channels of tears.
 I had deem'd its wealth flung on sands barren and
 burning,
 And sweet 'tis to find my Life's current again,
 Caught up in thy Love's precious chalice — re-
 turning
 Like dew that hath been to heaven, dropping in
 rain.
 And my heart's perpetual hymn shall be,
 "I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

THE THREE VOICES.

A WAILING voice comes up a desolate road,
 Drearily, drearily, drearily!
 Where mankind have trodden the by-way of blood,
 Wearily, wearily, wearily!
 Like a sound from the Dead Sea all shrouded in
 glooms,
 With breaking of hearts, fetters clanking, men
 groaning,
 Or chorus of Ravens, that croak among tombs,
 It comes with the mournfullest moaning:
 "Weep, weep, weep!"
 Yoke-fellows, listen,
 Till tearful eyes glisten:
 'Tis the voice of the Past: the dark, grim-featured
 Past,
 All sad as the shriek of the midnight blast:
 Weep, weep, weep.

Tears to wash out the red, red stain,
 Where earth hath been fatted
 By brave hearts that rotted,
 And life ran a deluge of hot, bloody rain :
 Weep, weep, weep.

Another voice comes from the millions that bend,
 Tearfully, tearfully, tearfully !
 From hearts which the scourges of Slavery rend,
 Fearfully, fearfully, fearfully !
 From many a worn, noble spirit that breaks,
 In the world's solemn shadows adown in Life's
 valleys,
 From Mine, Forge, and Loom, trumpet-tongued it
 awakes,
 On the soul wherein Liberty rallies :
 “ Work, work, work.”
 Yoke-fellows, listen,
 Till earnest eyes glisten :
 'Tis the voice of the Present. It bids us, my broth-
 ers,
 Be Freemen : and then for the freedom of others
 Work, work, work !
 For the Many a holocaust long to the Few :
 O work while ye may !
 O work while 'tis day !
 And cling to each other, united and true :
 Work, work, work.

There cometh another voice sweetest of all,
 Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily !
 And my heart leapeth up at its glorious call,
 Merrily, merrily, merrily !
 It comes like the soft touch of Spring-tide, un-
 warping
 The thrall of oppression that bound us :
 It comes like a choir of the Seraphim, harping
 Their gladsomest music around us :

“ Hope, hope, hope ! ”

Yoke-fellows, listen,
Till gleeful eyes glisten :

'Tis the voice of the Future, the sweetest of all,
That makes the heart leap to its glorious call.

Hope, hope, hope !

Brothers, step forth in the Future's van,

For the worst is past,
Right conquers at last,

And the better day dawns upon suffering man :

Hope, hope, hope.

THE WORKER.

I CARE not a curse though from birth he inherit

The tear-bitter bread and the stings of scorn,

If the man be but one of God's nobles in spirit, —

Though penniless, richly-soul'd, — heartsome,
though worn —

And will not for golden bribe lout it or flatter,

But clings to the Right aye, as steel to the pole :

He may sweat at the plough, loom, or anvil, no
matter,

I'll own him the man that is dear to my soul.

His hand may be hard, and his raiment be tatter'd,

On straw-pallet nightly his weary limbs rest ;

If his brow wear the stamp of a spirit unfetter'd,

I'm mining at once for the gems in his breast.

Give me the true man, who will fear not nor falter.

Though Want be his guerdon, the Workhouse his
goal,

Till his heart has burnt out upon Liberty's Altar :

For this is the man I hold dear to my soul.

True hearts, in this brave world of blessings and
beauty,

Aye scorn the poor splendor of losel and lurker ;
And Toil is creation's crown, worship is duty,

And greater than Gods in old days is the Worker.
For us the wealth-laden world laboreth ever ;

For us harvests ripen, winds blow, waters roll ;
And him who gives back in his might of endeavor,
I'll cherish, — a man ever dear to my soul.

THE AWAKENING OF THE PEOPLE.

O SWEET is the fair face of Nature, when Spring
With living flower-rainbow in glory hath spann'd
Hill and dale ; and the music of birds on the wing
Makes earth seem a beautiful faëry land !

And dear is our first-love's young spirit-wed bride,
With her meek eyes just sheathing in tender
eclipse,

When the sound of our voice calls her heart's
ruddy tide,

Up-rushing in beauty to melt on her lips.
But Earth has no sight half so glorious to see,
As a People up-girding its might to be free.

To see men awake from the slumber of ages,
With brows grim from labor, and hands hard
and tan,

Start up living heroes, the dreamt-of by Sages !
And smite with strong arm the oppressors of
man :

To see them come dauntless forth 'mid the world's
warring,

Slaves of the midnight-mine ! serfs of the sod !
Show how the Eternal within them is stirring,
And never more bend to a crowned clod :

Dear God ! 'tis a sight for Immortals to see, —
A People up-girding its might to be free.

Battle on bravely, O sons of humanity !

Dash down the cup from your lips, O ye Toilers !
Too long hath the world bled for 'Tyrants' insani-
ty —

Too long our weakness been strength to our
spoilers.

For Freedom and Right, gallant hearts, wrestle
ever,

And speak ye to others the proud words that
won ye :

Your rights conquer'd once, shall be wrung from
you never ;

O battle on bravely ; the world's eyes are on ye ;
And Earth hath no sight half so glorious to see,
As a People up-girding its might to be free !

PRESS ON.

PRESS on, press on, ye Rulers, in the roused world's
forward track :

It moves too sure for ye to put the clock of Free-
dom back !

We're gathering up from near and far, with souls
in fiery glow,

And Right doth bare its arm of might, to bring the
spoilers low.

Kings, Priests, ye're far too costly, and we weary
of your rule ;

We crown no more " Divinity," where Nature
writeth " Fool ! "

Ye must not bar our glorious path as in the days
agone ;

We know that God made Men, not Princes, Kings,
or Priests. — Press on !

Press on, press on, ah ! “ Nobles ! ” ye have play'd
 a daring game ;
 But your star of strength is falling, fades the pres-
 tige of your name :
 Too long have ye been fed and nurst on human
 blood and tears ;
 The naked truth is known, and Labor leaps to life,
 and swears
 His pride of strength to bloated Ease he will no
 longer give :
 For all who live should labor ; “ Lords,” then all
 who work might live !
 The combat comes ! make much of what ye've
 wrung from Fatherland !
 Press on, press on ! To-day we plead, To-morrow
 we'll command.

Press on ! a million pauper-foreheads bend in Mis-
 ery's dust ;
 God's champions of the golden Truth still eat the
 mouldy crust :
 This damning curse of Tyrants must not kill the
 nation's heart ;
 The spirit in a million Slaves doth pant on fire to
 start,
 And strive to mend the world, and walk in Free-
 dom's march sublime ;
 While myriads sink heart-broken, and the land
 o'erswarms with crime.
 “ O God ! ” they cry, “ we die, we die, and see no
 earnest won ! ”
 Brothers, join hand and heart, and in the work
 press on, press on !

MERRY CHRISTMAS EVE.

MERRY Christmas Eve! in the Palace where
knavery

Crowds all the treasures the fair world can ren-
der :

Where spirits grow rusted in silkenest slavery,
And life is out-panted, in sloth, and in splendor :
In gladness and glory, Wealth's darlings were
meeting,

And jewel-claspt fingers linkt softly again ;
New friendships were twining, and old friends were
greeting,

And twin hearts grew one, in God's golden love-
chain.

Merry Christmas Eve! in a poor man's grim hovel,
There huddled in silence a famishing family ;

Church-bells were laughing in musical revel,
They heard the loud mockery, with brows throbb-
ing clammily ;

All in the merry time there they sat, mourning —
Two sons — two brothers — in penal chains
bleeding ;

Their hearts wandered forth to the never-returning,
Who rose on their vision, pale, haggard, and
pleading.

Merry Christmas Eve! for the rich, as in duty,
Taste pander'd and ruby wine woo'd on the
board,

Eyes smiled in feign'd glory, on birth, and on
beauty ;

And lying lips flatter'd the Mammonite lord.

Love-kisses sobb'd out, 'twixt the rollic and rout,
And Hope went forth, reaping-in long-promist
treasure.

What matter, tho' hearts might be breaking without?

Their groans were unheard in the palace of pleasure.

Merry Christmas Eve! but the stricken ones heard
 No neighborly welcome, no kind voice of kin;
 They lookt at each other, but spake not a word,
 While through crevice, and cranny, the sleet
 drifted in.

In a desolate corner, one, hunger-kill'd, lay,
 And the mother's hot tears were the bosom-babe's
 food.

What marvel, O Statesmen, what marvel, I pray,
 Such misery nurseth Crime's dark viper-brood?

O men, angel-imag'd in Nature's fair mint,
 And is it for this, ye were fashioned divine?
 Ah, where's the god-stamp — Immortality's print?
 We are tyrants and slaves, knit in one tortured
 twine:

That a few, like to gods, may stride over the earth,
 Millions, born to heart-murder, are given in
 pawn;

When will the world quicken for Liberty's birth,
 Which she waiteth, with eager wings beating the
 dawn?

False Priests, dare ye say 'tis the will of your God,
 (And shroud the Christ's message in dark so-
 phistry,)

That these millions of paupers should bow to the
 sod?

Up, up, trampled hearts, it's a lie! it's a lie!
 They may carve "State" and "Altar" in charac-
 ters golden,

But Tyranny's symbols are ceasing to win;
 Be stirring, O people, your scroll is unfolden,
 And bright be the deeds ye emblazon therein.

ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD.

SWEET Phosphor tricks to a smile the brow of
heaven,

Dawn's golden springs surge into floods of day,
Lush-leavy woods break into singing, Earth
From dewy dark rolls round her balmy side,
And all goes right, and merrily, with the world.

Spring with a tender beauty clothes the earth,
Happy, and jewelled like a sumptuous Bride,
As tho' she knew no sorrow — held no grave :
No glory dims for all the hearts that break,
And all goes right, and merrily, with the world.

Birds sing as sweetly on the blossom'd boughs,
Suns mount as royally their sapphire throne,
Stars bud in gorgeous gloom, and harvests yield,
As tho' man nestled in the lap of Love :
All, all goes right, and merrily, with the world.

But slip this silken-folded mask aside,
And lo, Hell welters at our very feet !
The Poor are murder'd body and soul, the Rich
In Pleasure's chalice melt their pearl of life !
Ay, all goes right, and merrily, with the world.

Lean out into the looming Future, mark
The battle roll across the night to come ?
" See how we right our Wrongs at last," Revenge
Writes with red radiance on the midnight heaven :
Yet, all goes right, and merrily, with the world.

So Sodom, grim old Reveller ! went to death.
Voluptuous Music throb'd thro' all her courts,
Mirth wanton'd at her heart, one pulse before
Fire-tongues told out her bloody tale of wrong, —
And all went right, and merrily, with the world.

SONG.

GAILY the Sun woos the Spring for his bride,
With kisses all warm and golden ;
Till the life at her heart she no longer may hide,
And the wealth of her love is unfolden.

With kisses, sweet kisses, the mellow Rains start
The virgin flowers a-blossom :
And ripen their beauty till fragrant lips part,
And Love's jewel gleams rich in their bosom.

Faint with love wingeth the wantoning Wind,
And yearns as its heart were a-breaking,
And kisses sweet kisses, till buds be untwined ;
And the young leaves all are awaking.

The wrinkled old Sea sidles up the sands,
And lavishes kisses in showers
On the Earth, till the Gray-beard's young darling
stands
All dressed in her bridal flowers !

And there's nothing so dainty-sweet in life,
As to kiss the Maid glowing and tender,
Till the heart of the Wife giveth up in the strife,
Full-flowering in Love's splendor.

A CHAUNT.

EARTH like a Lover poor and low
Feasts on Night's queenly beauty now ;
While I, with burning heart and brow,
Awake to weep for thee, Love !

The spangled glories of the Night,
 The Moon that walks in soft, white light,
 These cannot win my charmed sight,
 Or lure a thought from thee, Love!

I'm thinking o'er the short, sweet hour,
 Our hearts drank up Love's growth of power,
 And summer'd as in Eden's bower,
 When I was blest with thee, Love!
 There burn'd no beauty on the trees,
 There woke no song of birds or bees,
 But Love's cup for us held no lees,
 And I was blest with thee, Love.

Then grand and golden fancies spring
 From out my heart on splendid wing,
 Like Chrysalis from Life's wintering, —
 Burst bright and summeringly, Love!
 And as a Chief of battle lost
 Counts, and recounts his stricken host,
 Stands tearful Memory making most
 Of all that's toucht with thee, Love.

Perchance in Pleasure's brilliant bower
 Thy heart may half forget Love's power,
 But at this still and starry hour
 Does it not turn to me, Love?
 O, by all pangs for thy sweet sake,
 In my deep love thy heart-thirst slake,
 Or, all-too-full, my heart must break:
 Break! break! with loving thee, Love!

SONG.

O LAY thy hand in mine, dear!
 We're growing old, we're growing old;
 But Time has brought no sign, dear,
 That hearts grow cold, that hearts grow cold

'Tis long, long since our new love
 Made life divine, made life divine ;
 But age enricheth true love,
 Like noble wine, like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,
 And take thy rest, and take thy rest ;
 Mine arms around thee twine, dear,
 And make thy nest, and make thy nest.
 A many cares are pressing
 On this dear head, on this dear head ;
 But Sorrow's hands in blessing
 Are surely laid, are surely laid.

O lean thy life on mine, dear !
 'Twill shelter thee, 'twill shelter thee.
 Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,
 On my young tree, on my young tree :
 And so, till boughs are leafless,
 And Song-birds flown, and Song-birds flown,
 We'll twine, then lay us, griefless,
 Together down, together down.

ENGLAND GOES TO BATTLE.

Now, glory to our England,
 As she rises, calm and grand,
 With the ancient spirit in her eyes, —
 The good Sword in her hand !
 Our royal right on battle-ground,
 Was aye to bear the brunt :
 Ho ! brave heart ! for one passionate bound,
 And take thy place in front !
 Now glory to our England,
 As she rises, calm and grand,
 With the ancient spirit in her eyes —
 The good Sword in her hand !

Who would not fight for England?
 Who would not fling a life
 I' the ring, to meet a Tyrant's gage,
 And glory in the strife?
 Her stem is thorny, but dost burst
 A glorious Rose a-top!
 And shall our dear Rose wither? First
 We'll drain life's dearest drop!
 Who would not fight for England?
 Who would not fling a life
 I' the ring, to meet a Tyrant's gage,
 And glory in the strife?

To battle goes our England,
 All as gallant and as gay
 As Lover to the Altar, on
 A merry marriage day.
 A weary night she stood to watch
 The battle-dawn up-roll'd;
 And her spirit leaps within, to match
 The noble deeds of old.
 To battle goes our England,
 All as gallant and as gay
 As lover to the Altar, on
 A merry marriage-day.

Now, fair befall our England,
 On her proud and perilous road:
 And woe and wail to those who make
 Her foot-prints red with blood!
 Up with our red-cross banner, — roll
 A thunder-peal of drums!
 Fight on there, every valiant soul,
 And courage! England comes!
 Now fair befall our England,
 On her proud and perilous road:
 And woe and wail to those who make
 Her foot-prints red with blood!

Now, victory to our England !
And where'er she lifts her hand
In Freedom's fight, to rescue Right,
God bless the dear Old Land !
And when the Storm has pass'd away,
In glory and in calm,
May she sit down i' the green o' the day,
And sing her peaceful psalm !
Now, victory to our England !
And where'er she lifts her hand
In Freedom's fight, to rescue Right,
God bless the dear Old Land !

CRAIGCROOK CASTLE.

1856.



DEDICATION.

TO

WILLIAM STIRLING, ESQ., OF KEIR, M. P.
FOR PERTH.

MY DEAR SIR,

I VENTURE to inscribe this book with your name : but for you it might not have been written. It falls short of what I had thought to accomplish in my plan ; nor do I print from any wish of mine to publish hastily. But the truth is, I have had to stand siege in “ Craigcrook Castle.” Surrounded by hostile circumstances, its defence has been a fight for life, foot by foot, and day by day. Twice, also, has death been amongst the little garrison, striking his silent blows. We are compelled to capitulate, — I trust, on no dishonorable terms ; although we may not march out with all the pride and pæan of anticipation’s triumph.

I pray you accept of this second effort as my best for the time being. In other years, God willing, I may win a touch more certain, and a larger reach, upon a harp of tenser strings.

I am, my dear Sir,

Respectfully yours,

GERALD MASSEY.



CRAIGCROOK CASTLE.

I.

LIFE is at most a Meeting and a Parting ;
A glimpse into the world of Might-have-been.
And standing rapt on some new-trodden height,
We long to build a tabernacle there.

A sudden glorious glimpse, a nestling face,
Will bid the kingly moment live for ever.
Ah, could we paint their picture in the mind,
And breathe the blessed breath of Beauty back !

We think how on some heavenly day the Sun
Gathered his glory for a grand repose ;
And with her folding stillness Eve came down,
So meek and shadowy, bringing healing dews,
While Angels walkt our garden of the soul.
How on a summer morn the dewy lanes
In sunny England kist us with the breath
Of their green mouths, and took us in cool arms.
Or, in a wondrous Moonlight long ago,
The face of early Love upturned to us
Two human stars that swam in bridal dew ;
With brow of virgin white, and cheek's warm
touch ;
The full heart's sweetness parting young red lips ;
And, caught by sweet surprise o' the tender time,
Our Deity half forgot her veiling cloud,
And pure soul all in silent beauty smiled.

So Memory maketh rich the house of life,
 Where our great moments come as gorgeous guests ;
 At Fancy's touch the walls with pictures bloom,
 And rosy recollections rise around.

Even so I linger o'er my perfect day,
 Whose fruitful round of ripe and crowded life
 In its sole glory summed a golden age ;
 Whose stirred precipitate sweetens all my days ;
 Whose whispering memory cometh like an air
 Of heaven wafting warm immortal breath ;
 Then leaves me softly as the Dove of Day,
 That shakes down dews of freshness as it goes.

II.

In that sweet season when the Year is green,
 And hearts grow merry as spring-groves full of
 birds,
 While life for pleasure ripples as it runs ;
 And young Earth putteth forth the lovely things
 She hath been dreaming through long winter
 nights ;
 Taking the May-tide in a golden swim,
 Her blithe heart singing for the flooding cheer ;
 And field and forest clothed in tender leaf,
 Shower after shower, out-smile a livelier green ;
 With dainty color the kindling country dawns ;
 Death lieth low ; his hidden footprints bloom ;
 Upon his grave Life dances all in flowers :
 And lying shell-like on our shore o' the world,
 Thinking to music played by hidden hands,
 We are caught up to listening ear of Heaven,
 That leaneth down maternal meek to hear
 Our inner murmurs of the eternal sea :
 Then Craigerook puts its budding glory on.

An emerald Eden nestling in the North :
To which the mariner worn on life's salt wave,
Might point his prow and find a conqueror's home ;
And storm-tost Love up-fold his wearied wings,
Warm on the bosom of mellifluous Rest.

A happy island in a sea of green,
Smiling it lies beneath the azure heaven,
Well pleased, and conscious that each wave and
wind

Is tempered kindly or with blessing rich :
And all the quaint cloud-messengers that come
Voyaging the blue glory's summer sea
In barks of beauty, built o' the powdery pearl,
Soft, shining, sumptuous, blown by languid breath,
Touch tenderly, or drop with ripeness down.
Spring builds her leafy nest for birds and flowers,
And folds it round luxuriant as the Vine
Whose grapes are ripe with wine of merry cheer
The Summer burns her richest incense there,
Swung from the censers of her thousand flowers :
Brown Autumn comes o'er seas of glorious gold :
And there old Winter keeps some greenth of heart,
When on his head the snows of age are white.

Mid glimpsing greenery at the hill-foot stands
The castle with its tiny town of towers :
A smiling Martyr to the climbing strength
Of Ivy that will crown the old bald head,
And Roses that will mask him merry and young,
Like an old Man with Children round his knees.
With cups of color reeling Roses rise
On walls and bushes, red and yellow and white ;
A dance and dazzle of Roses range all round.

The path runs down and peeps out in the lane
That loiters on by fields of wheat and bean,
Till the white-gleaming road winds city-ward.
Afar, in floods of sunshine blinding white,

The City lieth in its quiet pride,
 With castled crown, looking on Towns and Shires,
 And Hills from which cloud-highlands climb the
 heavens :

A happy thing in glory smiles the Firth ;
 Its flowing azure winding like an arm
 Around the warm waist of the yielding land.

III.

I ROSE betimes upon my day of days ;
 Through faëry forests of the lady fern,
 Went up the wooded height to see the Dawn,
 That new, eternal Picture fresh from God,
 Quickened and color into perfect life.
 Quietly, quietly slept the world beside
 The sepulchre of the dark, till Light awoke.
 The haunting spirit of each lonely place
 Seemed passing through the still and solemn wood.
 What breath of life the breeze of morning blew !
 What dewy smell and after-sense of showers
 Came kissing like rich airs from secret shores
 To those who sail into the eternal dawn !
 Bird after bird the sweet sharp stillness stirred,
 As Earth were warbling some new tune of joy
 With which her heart gusht, and its radiance fired
 Her face, as she arrayed to meet the morn.
 The meek and melting amethyst of dawn
 Blusht o'er the blue hills in the ring o' the world ;
 Up purple twilights came the golden sea
 Of sunlight breaking in a silent surge ;
 And Morning like the birth of Beauty rose,
 With sunny music up the sparkling heaven,
 While, at a rosy touch, the clouds that lay
 In sullen purples round the hills of Fife,
 Adown her pathway spread their cloaks of gold :

The silvery-green-and-violet sheen o' the sea
 Changed into shifting opal tinct with gold :
 And like an Alchemist with furnace-face,
 The sun smiled on his perfect work, pure gold.

The breath of Dawn brought God's good-morning
 kiss

To bud and leaf and flower, and human hearts
 That like pond-lilies open heavenward eyes.
 Sweet lilies of the valley, tremulous fair,
 Peep through their curtains claspt with diamond
 dew

By faëry jewellers working while they slept ;
 The arch Laburnum droops her budding gold
 From emerald fingers, with such taking grace :
 The Fuschia fires her fairy chandelry,
 And flowering Currant crimsons the green gloom :
 The Pansies, pretty little puritans,
 Come peering up with merry elvish eyes :
 At Summer's call the Lily is alight :
 Wall-flowers in fragrance burn themselves away
 With the sweet Season on her precious pyre ;
 Pure passionate aromas of the Rose,
 And purple perfume of the Hyacinth,
 Come like a color thro' the golden day.
 A summer soul is in the Limes ; they stand
 Low murmuring honied things that wing forth
 Bees ;

Their busy whisperings done, the Plane-trees hush !
 But lo, a warm wind winnowing odor-rain
 Goes breathing by, and there they curtsey meek,
 Or toss their locks in frolic wantonness,
 While a great gust of joy runs shivering thro'
 them ;

All the leaves thrill and sparkle wild as wings.
 Voluptuously ripening in the sun,
 The Meadows swell their bosom plump with life,
 To pasture sauntering sheep, and ruminant kine ;
 And Kingcups spread their tiny laps to take

The lavish largess showered down from heaven ;
 And, garnering the warm gold, nod and laugh.
 The Birds low-crooning o'er their sweet Spring-
 tunes

Still touch them with a riper luxury :
 That Blackbird with the wine of joy is mellow,
 And in his song keeps laughing, he's so jolly,
 To think how summer pulps the fruit for him.
 His Apple-tree hath felt the ruddying breath
 Of May upon her yielding leafy lips,
 And broke in kisses trembling for delight ;
 Look how her red heart blushes warm in white !
 Deep after deep the generous heart of Spring,
 So golden-full of glad days, flusht in bloom,
 Ripe with all sweetness.

Crown us, lusty leaves !

Shake down your gathered coolness, O green
 leaves !

IV.

At Craigerook Castle all a Summer day
 We had rich talk and sweet society,
 To floating filled with bright Olympian life.
 Under the tender trees we sat, and watcht
 All nature couchéd in a calm day-dream ;
 The rich World in her blooming airy nest,
 Warm-burnishing her colors like a Bird
 O' the Sun, to soar on silent wings of light ;
 And Heaven brooding down with golden eye,
 Where Sunlight, seeking hidden Shadow, toucht
 The green leaves all a-tremble with gold light,
 And rippled grass caressed us with its smiles.
 While One whose looks were mild as they had
 drawn
 A Christ-like sweetness from the face of Babes, —

His brow the triumph-arch of royal soul —
 A Prodigal of Freedom whose great heart,
 Big as the world it floods with wealth to-day,
 Must eat to-morrow of the Stranger's husks —
 Prometheus on his rock of exile — told
 The vision passing solemn thro' his soul.

Ah! how they drank the breath of Battle, won
 Its swarthy bloom, those spirits fiery-fine!
 O, gallant hearts, how stalwartly they stood;
 How fought the faithful, how the deathless died!
 And there in saviour sepulchres they sleep,
 Crowned with the diadem o' the kingly Dead;
 Green graves on earth, — high memories in heaven.
 And how the night came down with treachery
 dark,

But reddened with the light of burning homes,
 That lit the Hangman while he knit his noose:
 Then silence, at the hush of Death, above;
 Nought but a ghastly Golgotha below.

And O, but hearts flew out, like Freedom's bird,
 To flap their wings upon the flag of war.
 And fierce looks flasht, and prayers went up to
 God,

In fiery chariots of our fervent hearts.
 And eyes were frenzied with noble tears to see
 That Exile by the hounds of torture trackt;
 Who, while they tore his stricken life, still drank
 His cup of trembling, smiling very calm.

Fight on, thou Hero! Heaven's glooming look
 Frowns only on the wrong. This dark shall break
 In resurrection hour. The chariot wheels
 Of coming Vengeance spin too swift for sight.
 The Nemesis of Nations only waits,
 Until the glass of Destiny runs out,
 To wake the Murderers with her whip of fire,
 Caught by the hair in sudden hands of Hell!

While in a ruddy rain old Earth laughs up.
 O, we shall see a sight ere England's sun
 Goes down behind her hills of gathered gold !
 The time of times, the year of years is nigh !
 When Spring's young hopes lie dead, and her
 sweet buds
 Are low in the dust, our Autumn fruitage comes.
 Princes shall meet thee in thy Country's gate ;
 The Banner yet shall crown her topmost height,
 And all the world shall see it waving there.

V.

IN the green quiet of a neighboring knoll
 There sat and sang a beauteous company ;
 Surging a soul-ache of deliciousness.
 AURELIA with the royal eyes, and breast
 Bounding with hurrying heart, wave-wanton, for
 A ripe repose on some Elysian shore :
 A glorious passion-flower of Womanhood
 Come, golden-natured, to its summer throne :
 Her eyes, the stars of burning dreams, so rapt
 The spirit moth-like for their fire, you might
 Have gone to death by sword-light for their smile,
 And sullen beauty of her mouth's ripe bloom.
 And MABEL, saintly sweet and fairily fine
 As maiden rising from enchanted mere ;
 Pale as a lily crowned with moonlight calm :
 A queenly creature with her quiet grace,
 And dazzling white hand veined cerulean :
 Upon her warm-waved hair the rippled light
 Played soft, and toucht it into cloudy gold ;
 Her eyes of violet-gray were colored rich
 With gloom of tender thought, and mirrored large
 Within them, starry futures swam and shone :
 Ah ! what a smile to light a life with light,

And make the waking heart to sing in sleep !
Ah ! what a lamp to light some heaven of love ;
The perfect pearl of her star-purity !
And stately CHARMIAN with her grander calm,
Like a Greek Goddess Statue that had raised
The veil of being in some diviner dawn,
And yearning Love did woo her into Woman,
His burning kiss budding her dainty rose ;
With merry melting mouth and subtle eyes,
And warm heart smiling her white silence through,
She rose up in her crown the Queen of Smiles
With all the old majesty, unweeting of
The old worship conscious hearts in silence pay ;
Our English vesture cannot mask her mould.
Above her brow the star of Genius shed
A tender radiance in her night of hair.
And She, with dancing sparkle in her eyes,
Like sun-kist waters twinkling sapphirine,
Our SEERESS with whose soul the Spirits walk :
Who told strange mysteries in Waking Sleep,
And held your hand and read your Book of life ;
Whose presence weirdly took the throbbing heart
Bird-like, as it were caught in spirit-hands ;
Whose visioned face would shine so glorified,
You lookt with heavenward instinct up to see
Whence came such beauty as brake thro' Raphael's
dream.

They sang those wailing old Scotch songs that set
The heart-strings all a-tremble for their harp :
In which melodious Passion breaks its heart
For evermore, and finds no spousal words.
And crossing in the music's airy storm,
Spirit with spirit toucht in tingling kiss ;
Till every nerve stretcht like a telescope
For Life to draw the moving heaven down.

VI.

SOME played at bowls upon the velvet sward,
 And drank old ale with ruby flame in it,
 Where sunny laurels twinkled silver lights ;
 While others traced the footprints of old Time,
 Long fossilized : some by the Sea — that glowed
 In living azure and inviolate calm —
 Peered in the portal of its wonder-world.
 We showered playful palms down in the path.
 And deckt with flowers the marriage-robe of One
 Who brought his beauteous Bride in triumph
 home :

A jolly Briton, princely to the poor.
 His rich heart-warming ruddiness of look
 Might make an east wind reel off mellow and mild :
 So sunnily his inner ripeness smiled :
 And stalwart stood the sheltering wall of his life,
 For climbing flower and fruit to bud and bear.
 Her fragrant weight of warm and rosy life,
 That dwined with tender want of folding arms,
 Half-sad with sweetness like a dew-droopt flower,
 Stirs in his smile and rises ruddy and calm,
 With breath that maketh dim his dallying eyes :
 A young Aurora of warm womanhood
 Glowing imperial as the sun-toucht Rose !
 Her eyes wide-wakened by Love's quickening
 kiss, —
 Sweet-drunken with the wine of tears, — foreshow
 How Love hath hived his honey in her heart.
 And there they walk their rosy marriage time,
 With gracious words that brighten listening brows
 Like crowns of splendor, as the first pair walkt
 Their morning of the world in paradise.

Our Poet, Rubens, laught at Wedded Love,
 And drew a piteous picture of our friend

In harness, drawing the matrimonial car,
 Heavily laden, along the ruts of life.
 But in his voice there hissed a thirsty sound,
 As when the dry leaves rustle for the rain.
 With longing eyes he mockt the glowing grapes,
 And six weeks after held out eager hands,
 To take the bonds that bind for evermore :
 And quietly joined the herd of pastured Slaves,
 Where nuptial Love through sweet tears on him
 smiled.

Up spoke our Host. A sunny life was his
 Among his children, breathing blooms of health,
 He, like a rennet Apple wrinkle-ripe,
 Hived full of sweetness, fragrant to the taste,
 Tho' Sorrow's tooth should strike the brave heart's
 core.

He had the happy soul which, like the Bee,
 Rocks with delight upon a thistle-top,
 Or finds voluptuous honey on wild moors.
 And cheerily he chirpt of Wedded Love,
 And Home our refuge from the mad-world-strife,
 Where we may keep the spirit-sandals clean,
 We soil so on our treadmill of a world ;
 And open heaven in the shut-up heart :
 Where love may help us hand-in-hand across
 The dark stream of Eternity, as Life
 On starry stepping-stones goes up to God.
 Just now the Flower of England made a crown
 To garland whoredom's apotheosis :
 Revelling, with unhallowed light of eyes,
 Upon the Wanton's glance, and wicked grace,
 All honeyed with warm witchery of Sin :
 Circe enchanted with lewd sorceries
 That slide into the whitest sanctuaries ;
 Befoul the palace-chambers precious-lined,
 And canker all the virgin flower of life
 I' the delicate sweetness of its budding time !

Ah! how it made him turn to his dear nest,
 And proudly yearn o'er his sweet marriage guest,
 Who made their little world so bright with bliss,
 It drew God's angels blessing-laden down.
 And as he spoke, the dead flowers in our hearts
 All pressed and precious, softly stirred with life;
 Bloomed on our brows, and shed a fragrance round.

In silence sat our Crimean Hero, he
 Who told us how they fought at Inkermann:
 His heart swam up in tears at thoughts of Home.
 The roar and rack of Battle over and gone;
 No more surprises in the bloody trench,
 Where midnight swarmed with visions horrible,
 And earth was like a fiery coast of hell!
 All that long aching wintriness of soul,
 Warm-melted in the arms of Wedded Love,
 That drew him from the bloody battle-press,
 And claspt him safe in their serene of heaven,
 Where Past and Future crown him as they kiss.
 And with dumb eloquence his poor armstump
 moved,
 As it were dreaming of a dear embrace.

VII.

A SILVERED Sage like some old pictured Saint,
 Smilingly took the crucial hand of Doubt,
 And thrust stern fingers in his spirit-wounds;
 And told us how he hunted shadows once,
 And felt his spiritual pulse ten times a day,
 With thoughts of Self fatal as Herod's worms.
 And how the Child rose up and led the Man
 Back very lowly to their Mother's knee:
 Worshipping God as in the dear old days.

“ ‘ They wrought in faith,’ and not ‘ They wrought
in doubt,’

Is the proud epitaph inscribed above
Our glorious Dead who in their grandeur lie,
Crowned with the garland of eternity.
Because they did believe, and conquered Doubt,
They lived great lives and did their deathless deeds,
Who in the old time walkt their perilous way,
With the gray hairs of kingly sorrow crowned :
Who laid their heads upon the bloody block
For their last pillow : who amid the flames
Bore witness still, and with their quivering hands
Sowed every wind with sparks of fiery thought.
Because they did believe, we kneel to read
Where men and angels mingle tears of joy.
Because he did believe, Columbus sailed
For that new world his inner eyes had seen.
He found : so Faith its new worlds yet shall find,
While Doubt shakes its wise head and stays behind.
Newton believed for many a year before
The Hand in Heaven shook the apple down.
Because we have believed, our knowledge comes :
Belief, not Doubt, will touch the secret spring.
Belief is that soul-attitude which sees
How the pure distance of some infinite sea
Relieves the dark ground of our inland life,
And feels the fresh spray make its roses bloom.
But Doubt turns from the light, and only sees
The Shadow that it casts, and follows it ;
For Doubt is ever its own Deity :
The Shadow still dilates on darkened eyes,
And lengthens as the awful night comes down.

“ Life is a maze, but God i’ the centre there sits.
I wailed and wandered in the winding ways ;
Against the thorns with bleeding bosom beat,
And vainly shouted to the passing stars, —
Those silent spirit-vanishing points of space, —
That voyaged Ship-like on nor saw my wreck.

I shriekt out with the scorers, 'There's no God!'
 Sat on the womb o' the world like Babe unborn,
 And blindly said, 'There is no life to come.'
 Then my Beloved came and drew me in
 A little nearer to the heart of light.
 A lightning-glimpse from out the cloud of Death
 Stern revelation rifted, and I fell
 Prone on my face, heart-broken in the dust.
 Her vase of love was broken at my feet,
 And all the precious perfume filled my life.
 Breathed thro' the dark a still voice low and sweet :
 'Let Faith but climb the tree of prayer, and
 watch
 And wait, the Lord will surely pass that way.'
 And down a dream of peace a spirit hand
 Slid into mine, and at its dewy touch
 Existence melted in the dawning heaven,
 And human flowering of divine delight.
 It led me to my kneeling-place among
 The pilgrims of the world who sought in vain,
 And closed their eyes in tears, to suddenly find
 God sitting in His temple of the soul.'

A soul of sweetness from each wrinkle smiled !
 There was a strange glory in the old Man's eyes,
 Which with Life's setting splendor, shone a-glow,
 Like windows lighted in a sinking sun
 That paints fair morrow. Pleasant was the sight.
 For he had reacht the shining Sunset Isles
 That fade into the eternal Heavens, and Lo !
 The Hesper of a happy memory smiles.

VIII.

Now Sunset burns. A sea of gold on fire
 Serenely surges around purple isles :
 O'er billows and flame-furrows Day goes down.
 Far-watching clouds with ruby glimmer bloom ;

A scattered crowd, that on its face still wears
 The splendid light and life of some brave show.
 Dew's swarm upon the flowers like silent bees,
 And quiet fire-flies glittering in the grass.
 Husht woods grow solemn dark; the blue peaks
 fade;
 Weird mists rise white, and gracious Twilight
 comes.
 Sweet is the mystery of her loveliness;
 And all things feel her dim divinity.

“ Now for a rouse within the house, and there
 Shake off the purple sadness of the night,”
 Cried one: “ Come let us a Symposium hold,
 And each one to the banquet bring their best
 In song or story; all shall play a part.”
 So, raptuously we hailéd lord o' the feast,
 Our great Messiah in Midwifery, He
 Who wrestled with the fiend of corporal pain,
 And stands above the writhing Agony,
 Like Michael with the Dragon 'neath his heel:
 Who is in soul — Love riding on a Lion;
 In body — a Bacchus crowned with head of Jove:
 The keen life looks out in his lighted face
 So fulgent that the gazer's brightens too:
 He grandly towers above our fume and fret,
 Like the old Hills whose feet are in the surge,
 And on their lifted brows the eternal calm:
 For he is one of those prophetic spirits
 That are the World's night-dreams of things to
 come.
 And thus he broacht our garrulous Hippocrene;
 And round and round the chalice went till morn.

THE
MOTHER'S IDOL BROKEN.

THE MOTHER'S IDOL BROKEN.

I.

TWICE the Mother had divid down
Into her sea of sorrow ;
O my love ! O my life ! my own sweet Wife !
God send you a merry good-morrow.
Betide her weal, or betide her woe,
Her smile it was calm and fearless ;
And proud were her eyes as she rose with the prize,
A pearl in her palms, my peerless !

O found you a little sea-syren,
In some perilous palace left ?
Or is it a little child-angel,
Of her high-born kin bereft ?
Or came she out of the Elfin-land,
By earthly love beguiled ?
Or hath the sweet Spirit of Beauty
Taken shape as our starry Child ?

Dear, do but look in her love-nest of sweets,
Where she lies in a smiling calm :
Wee armful of fruitage ; a sheaf of ripe bliss ;
On a bosom breathing balm.
Fresh as the drop of dew cradled at morn,
On the leaves of a lily in blossom ;
Sweet as the fragrance newly born
In a violet's virgin bosom.

II.

GOD'S Butterfly on our love's flower alight!
 It seemeth the beautiful thing,
 At the first surmise of the heaven she hath left,
 For the winterless world will wing.
 So we fold her about with our love as 'twere heaven,
 Around her weave many a wile;
 And our hearts up-leap, living fountains of joy;
 In the golden dream of her smile.

III.

ON my ripely rounding Rose-tree,
 Dreaming of life are three flowers:
 One pusheth up her ruby-rose-cup,
 For the rain of God's quickening showers.
 With a magical burst of beauty, one glows
 Dewily-dear in the sheen of love;
 And one pretty Softling, our baby-bud-rose,
 Lies tenderly shut in the green of love.

IV.

O FAIR befall my dainty flowers,
 Summering on their stem;
 Smiling up to the crowning Rose,
 As she smileth down to them.
 Smiling up to their Queen in her beauty,
 That smiles on each bonny breast-gem:

Blossoming, brimming with love for her
 Who leans ruddy with love over them !
 O fair befall my dainty flowers,
 Summering on their stem.
 And O the armful of rich love,
 My fragrant human Roses !
 Smile on them all, sweet Heaven,
 And kiss my darling Roses.

V.

THERE be three little maidens ; three loving maid-
 ens ;
 Three bonny maidens mine ;
 Three precious jewels are set in Life's crown,
 On prayer-lifted brows to shine.
 Six starry eyes, all love-luminous,
 Look out of our heaven so tender ;
 Since the honey-moon, glowing and glorious,
 Arose in its ripening splendor.

There's Lilybell, duchess of wonderland,
 With her dance of life, dimples and curls ;
 Whose bud of a mouth into red kisses bursts
 A-smile with the wanton white pearls :
 And Sweetcheek, our rosily-goldening peach
 On the sunniest side o' the wall ;
 But Marian's Mother's darling,
 Marian's idol of all.

VI.

LIKE the merry voice-bird that sings on the bough,
 I sing, O my brooding Dove,
 To a nest I know in the leaves below,
 Full of eyes alive with love.

Two of our little Birds wander on wings,
 One doth but flutter and fall;
 Sing, Marian Mother's wee darling,
 Marian's Idol of all.

VII.

ALL in our marriage garden
 Grew, smiling up to God,
 A bonnier flower than ever
 Suckt the green warmth of the sod.
 O beautiful unfathomably
 Its little life unfurled;
 Life's crown of sweetness was our wee
 White Rose of all the world.

From out a gracious bosom,
 Our bud of beauty grew;
 It fed on smiles for sunshine,
 And tears for daintier dew.
 Aye nestling warm and tenderly,
 Our leaves of love were curled
 So close and close about our wee
 White Rose of all the world.

Two flowers of glorious crimson
 Grew with our Rose of light;
 Still kept the sweet heaven-grafted slip
 Her whiteness saintly white.
 I' the wind of life they danced with glee,
 And reddened as they whirled;
 White, white and wondrous grew our wee
 White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance,
 Our house of life she filled —

Revealed each hour some fairy tower,
 Where wingéd Hopes might build.
 We saw — though none like us might see —
 Such precious promise pearled
 Upon the petals of our wee
 White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo
 Of Angel-light increased ;
 Like the mystery of Moonlight,
 That folds some fairy feast.
 Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently,
 Our darling bud up-curl'd,
 And dropt i' the Grave — God's lap — our wee
 White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom ;
 Our life was but in spring ;
 When down the solemn midnight
 We heard the Spirits sing :
 “ Another bud of infancy,
 With holy dews impearled ; ”
 And in their hands they bore our wee
 White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
 Could leave a loss so large :
 Her little light such shadow fling,
 From dawn to sunset's marge.
 In other springs our life may be
 In bannered bloom unfurled ;
 But never, never match our wee
 White Rose of all the world

VIII.

THIS is a curl of our poor "Splendid's" hair!
 A sunny burst of rare and ripe young gold —
 A ring of sinless gold that weds two worlds!
 Our one thing left with her dear life in it.
 Poor Misers! o'er it secretly we sum
 Our little savings hoarded up in Heaven, —
 Our rich love-thoughts heart-hid to doat upon, —
 And glimpse our lost heaven in a flood of tears.
 A magic ring, through which fond Sorrow reads
 Of strange heart-histories, and conjures up
 A vanisht face, with its sweet spirit-smiles,
 Babe-wonderings, and little tender ways.

At birth her hair was dark as it were dipt
 In the death-shadow; but it rarefied
 In radiance as her head rose nigher Heaven,
 Till she — white Glory! — lookt from a golden
 midst.

This is her still face as she lay in death!
 Spirit-like face! set in a silver cloud,
 It comes to us in silent glooms of night;
 The wee wan face that gradually withdrew
 And darkened into the great cloud of death.

O ye who say, "We have a Child in heaven;"
 Who have felt that desolate isolation sharp
 Defined in Death's own face; who have stood be-
 side

The Silent River, and stretcht out pleading hands
 For some sweet Babe upon the other bank,
 That went forth where no human hand might lead,
 And left the shut house with no light, no sound,
 No answer, when the mourners wail without!
 What we have known, ye know, and only know.

She came like April, who with tender grace
Smiles in Earth's face, and sets upon her breast
The bud of all her glory yet to come,
Then bursts in tears, and takes her sorrowful
leave.

She brought us Eden just within the space
Of the dear depths of her large, dream-like eyes,
And o'er the vista dropt the death-veil dark.
She only caught three words of human speech :
One for her Mother, one for me, and one
She crowed with, for the fields, and open Heaven.
That last she sighed with a sweet farewell pathos
A minute ere she left the house of life,
To come for kisses never any more.

White Lily ! how she leaned in love to us !
And how we feared a hand might reach from
Heaven

To pluck our sweetest flower, our loftiest flower
Of life, that sprang from lowliest root of love !
Some tender trouble in her eyes complained
Of Life's rude stream, as blue Forget-me-not's
Look sweet appeal when winds and waters fret.
We saw, but feared to speak of, her strange beauty,
As some husht Bird that dares not sing i' the night,
Lest lurking foe should find its secret place,
And seize it through the dark. With twin-love's
strength

All crowded in the softest nestling-touch,
We fenced her round — exchanging silent looks.
We went about the house with listening hearts,
And eyes that watcht for Danger's coming steps.
Our spirits felt the Shadow ere it fell.

Then the Physician left our door ajar
A moment, and the grim thief Death stole in.
Some Angel passing o'er life's troubled sea,
Had seen our jewel shine celestial pure,
And Death must win it for her bosom pearl

We stood at midnight in the Presence dread.
 At midnight, when Men die, we strove with Death,
 To wrench our jewel from his grasping hand.
 Ere the soul loosed from its last ledge of life,
 Her little face peered round with anxious eyes,
 Then, seeing all the old faces, dropt content.

The mystery dilated in her look,
 Which, on the darkening death-ground, faintly
 caught

The likeness of the Angel shining near.
 Her passing soul flasht back a glimpse of bliss.
 She was a Child no more, but strong and stern
 As a mailed Knight that had been grappling
 Death.

A crown of conquest bound her baby-brow ;
 Her little hands could take the heirdom large ,
 And all her Childhood's vagrant royalty
 Sat staid and calm in some eternal throne.
 Love's kiss is sweet, but Death's doth make im-
 mortal.

The mornings came, with glory-garland on,
 To deck heaven's azure tent with hangings brave ;
 Birds, brooks, and bees, were singing in the sun,
 Earth's blithe heart breathing bloom into her face,
 The flowers all crowding up like Memories
 Of lovelier life in some forgotten world,
 Or dreams of peace and beauty yet to come.
 The soft south-breezes rockt the baby-buds
 In fondling arms upon a balmy breast ;
 And all was gay as universal life
 Swam down the stream that glads the City of God.
 But we lay dark where Death had struck us down
 With that stern blow which made us bleed within,
 And bow while the Inevitable went by.

And there our Darling lay in confined calm ;
 Dressed for the grave in raiment like the snow,

And o'er her flowed the white, eternal peace :
 The breathing miracle into silence passed :
 Never to stretch wee hands, with her dear smile
 As soft as light-fall on unfolding flowers ;
 Never to wake us crying in the night :
 Our little hindering thing for ever gone,
 In tearful quiet now we might toil on.
 All dim the living lustres motion makes ;
 No life-dew in the sweet cups of her eyes !
 Nought there of our poor "Splendid" but her
 brow.

A young Immortal came to us disguised,
 And in the joy-dance dropt her mask, and fled.

The world went lightly by and heeded not
 Our death-white windows blinded to the sun ;
 The hearts that ached within ; the measureless loss ;
 The Idol broken ; our first tryst with Death.
 O Life, how strange thy face behind the veil !
 And stranger yet will thy strange mystery seem,
 When we awake in death and tell our Dream.
 'Tis hard to solve the secret of the Sphinx !
 We had a little gold Love garnered up,
 To bravely robe our Babe ! the Mother's half
 Was turned to mourning-raiment for her dead :
 Mine bought the first land we called ours — Her
 grave.

We were as treasure-seekers in the earth,
 When lo, a death's-head on a sudden stares.

Clad all in spirit-beauty forth she went ;
 Her budding spring of life in tiny leaf ;
 Her gracious gold of babe-virginity
 Unminted in the image of our world ;
 Her faint dawn whitened in the perfect day.
 Our early wede away went back to God,
 Bearing her life-scroll folded, without stain,
 And only three words written on it — two
 Our names ! Ah, may they plead for us in Heaven !

IX.

VERY softly hold the Rose,
 On thy happy breast that blows!
 Thus from out my heart there sprang a flower of
 tender pride.

All too wild my passion burned:
 For the cooling dews it yearned:
 In my hot hands droopt my gentle flower and died.

Be thy glory meekly worn:
 Fairest fruit is lowliest borne:
 Mine grew high as Life could climb, and arms
 could reach above.

O, so proudly heaved my breast;
 All the world should see how blest;
 And the seeing Heavens took my lifted love.

X.

THERE is her nest where in beauty smiled
 Our Babe, as we leaned above;
 And her pleading face asked for the tenderest place
 In all our world of love.
 Very silent and empty now! yet we feel
 It rock; and a tiny footfall
 Comes over the floor in the thrilling night-hush,
 And our hearts leap up for the call
 Of our pair wee lammie dead and gone;
 Our bonnie wee lammie dead and gone.

Last night, with hands to cracking claspt
 In the furnace-fire of my heart,
 Sitting, I saw the dead world
 All into spirit-life start
 At the mystic touch of the white Moonlight.
 My spirit arose likewise,
 And wandered away to the Graveyard,
 Where, a jewel in Death's hand, lies
 Our puir wee lammie dead and gone ;
 Our bonnie wee lammie dead and gone.

Slowly, slowly rose the dead,
 All in their robes of white !
 Weirdly, weirdly rose the dead,
 All in the silent night !
 Like lilies for God, from the dark grave-bed,
 They grew in a glory-rain ;
 And the crownéd Darling of Heaven, at the head
 Of all that glorified train,
 Was our puir wee lammie dead and gone ;
 Our bonnie wee lammie dead and gone.

In my dream I stood at the death-door dark,
 Alone and tremblingly,
 Till a Shining One came in a crescent bark,
 Moonlike, o'er a purple sea.
 She smiled as to say she knew the way,
 And at some secret sign,
 A memory of the old life stirred,
 And I knew that Angel mine !
 Our puir wee lammie dead and gone ;
 Our bonnie wee lammie dead and gone.

XI.

WITHIN a mile of Edinburgh Town
 We laid our little darling down ;
 Our first seed in God's acre sown !

So sweet a place ! Death looks beguiled
Of half his gloom ; or sure he smiled
To win our lovely, spirit child.

God giveth His Beloved sleep
So calm, within its silence deep,
As Angel-guards the watch did keep.

The City looketh solemn and sweet ;
It bears a gentle brow, to greet
The mourners mourning at its feet.

The sea of human life breaks round
This shore o' the dead, with softened sound :
Wild-flowers climb each mossy mound

To place in resting hands their palm,
And breathe their beauty, bloom, and balm ;
Folding the dead in fragrant calm.

A softer shadow Grief might wear ;
And old Heartache come gather there
The peace that falleth after prayer.

Poor heart that danced among the vines
All reeling-ripe with wild love-wines,
Thou walk'st with Death among the pines !

Lorn Mother, at the dark grave-door,
She kneeleth, pleading o'er and o'er,
But it is shut for evermore.

She toileth on, the mournfull'st thing,
At the vain task of emptying
The cistern whence the salt-tears spring.

Blind ! blind ! She feels, but cannot read
Aright ; then leans as she would feed
The dear dead lips that never heed.

The spirit of life may leap above,
 But in that grave her prisoned dove
 Lies, cold to th' warm embrace of love,

And dark, tho' all the world is bright ;
 And lonely, with a City in sight ;
 And desolate in the rainy night.

Ah, God ! when in the glad life-cup
 The face of death swims darkly up ;
 The crowning flower is sure to droop.

And so we laid our darling down,
 When Summer's cheek grew ripely brown,
 And still, tho' grief hath milder grown,

Unto the Stranger's land we cleave,
 Like some poor Birds that grieve and grieve,
 Round the robbed nest, so loth to leave.

XII.

Ah, the sweet Dream, the singing Dream, that sang
 We knew not what, so sweet the melody !
 Made dim woe glimmer golden while we slept ;
 And when we woke the lulling Dream was gone.

We let our dear dead down the drowning Dark,
 Sailing the awful sea in our world-bark :
 We who had glowed like Angels in the sun,
 With life so lighted by her loveliness.

God's messenger of death seems blindly stern :
 And 'tis so hard to leave a little babe
 Within the Grave's cold arms, alone ! alone !
 While Sorrow chills the nest her sweet life warmed.

So little to the world ! and what a world
 Of difference in our little world of home !
 This stillness where the sweet Bird chirpt to us ;
 This good-night-parting-and-morn-greeting loss.

And yet perchance the kind dark-Angel drew
 Her in the secret shadow of his cloud,
 Out of our warm and golden air, to hide
 Her from some fearful Fate far-hurrying up.

XIII.

To-DAY, when winds of winter blow,
 And Nature sits in dream of snow,
 With Ugolino-look of woe :

Wife from the window came to me,
 Now leaves were fallen she could see
 The little grave thro' shred elm-tree.

With wintriness all life did ache
 For that dead darling's sainted sake ;
 And lips might kiss, but hearts would quake.

Ho, ye who pass her narrow house,
 By which the dark Leith seaward flows ;
 O clasp your pretty darlings close ;

And if some tender bud of light
 Is drooping, as the snowdrop white,
 With looks that weird wild heartstrings smite ;

Think of our babe will never wake,
 And fold your own till fond hearts ache,
 Sweet souls, for little Marian's sake.

XIV.

“ PRETTY flowers on Baby's head ;
 Who'll cry flowers when Baby's dead ! ”
 Singing hearts oft questionéd,
 In the sweetest summer fled.

Marian, Marian.

Tearful words ! how lightly said !
 Mournfully rememberéd,
 Now the sweet new year hath spread
 Blossom-life on Baby's bed.

Marian, Marian.

Tender emerald, white, and red,
 Flowers of her beauty bred :
 Breathing all of her that's dead,
 Cry, “ We crown her Baby-head ! ”

Marian, Marian.

“ Who'll cry flowers when Baby's dead ? ”
 Praying looks to heaven are led,
 And it smiles as tho' it said,
 “ Early her sweet fame hither sped.”

Marian, Marian.

“ Sainly hands have wound her thread :
 Faith, look up and firmly tread :
 Poor Bereaved, be comforted ;
 My Flowers garland Bady's head.”

Marian, Marian.

God's unguessed reply is read :
 Tears that came not, tears that pled
 Crying darkly, here are shed :
 Soft rest you, Darling ! dead

Marian, Marian.

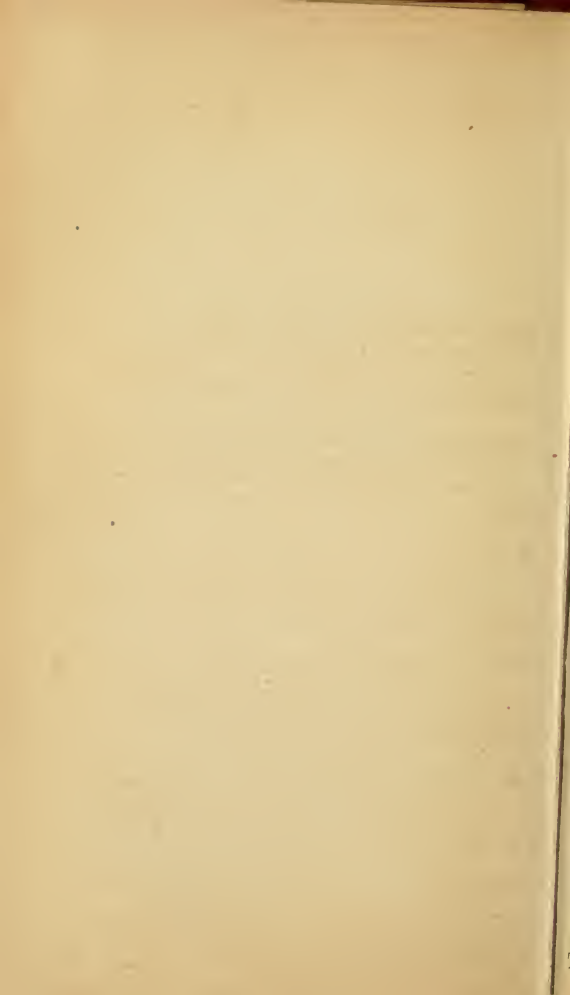
X V.

OUR leaves are shaken from the tree,
And hopes laid low,
That after our Spring-nurslings, we
May long to go.

The warm love-nest our Dovelets leave
With helpless moan,
As they for us would sit and grieve
In heaven — alone !

The tender Shepherd beckoningly
Our Lambs doth hold,
That we may take our own when He
Makes up the fold.

LADY LAURA.



LADY LAURA.

I.

MIDSUMMER Morn her silvery-gray
Rain-veil uplifteth fold on fold ;
And, purple-flusht, and topt with gold,
The white clouds kindle and float away

O'er violet-shadowed hills that stand
In cloudy crowns, and soft attire ;
And, in a fragrancly of fire,
Midsummer Morn floods all the land.

The Rainbow with its living arch
Of glory brightens in the blue ;
Like Spirit-Bridge Earth rolled up through,
Unconscious on her midnight march.

Into quick flames of emerald break
The woods against the ruddied light,
A dance of radiance bickers bright
As laughter o'er a dimpling cheek ;

In sapphire rain Heaven ripples down :
The sweet south-winds waft opened wide
The glory-gates of Summer's tide ;
A starry sweep of flowers is strown

Through the green meadows ; white and gold,
It laughs along the glowing ground :
Such throng of blessings dance around
The old World's heart ; lo, these unfold.

At emerald palace-portals peer
Quick eyes of Birds that in the sun
All singing sit, sing every one ;
Listens each leafy forest-car.

Wee cups of faëry-wine brim high,
By the way-side, on brier and bush ;
As lifted in a holy hush
By unseen hands for passers by.

Her ripe cheek on the air, red Rose !
She leaneth from her fragrant bower ;
Like lady from her latticed tower ;
And by sweet force of beauty blows !

Bright-hearted with a golden dream,
The little daisy lifts its head ;
Its wee lips glisten wet and red ;
Its smile is as a thankful hymn.

The wildest weed the wind hath sown,
The commonest grass, are glorified,
Even as the Tulip in her pride ;
The trumpet of her beauty blown.

All Life lies in a bath of balm,
Feeling the lavish glory flow ;
With nought to do but thrill and grow
In strength, and joy, and luscious calm.

Now Love breathes dewier delight,
In cool green ways, and tender gloom ;
Being hath such a dazzling bloom ;
Its sun of bliss is over-bright.

O balmy Morn ! O tender type !
What tearful wooings of the May
Have brought about this bridal-day
Of Earth the rath, with June the ripe.

But, we must turn where Greed for Toil
 Hath closed and claspt Morn's pictured book ;
 Where Nature hath a Gnome-like look,
 And from her features dies the smile.

II.

PLEASANTLY rings the Chime that calls to the
 Bridal-hall or Kirk ;
 But the Devil might gloatingly pull for the peal
 that wakes the Child to work !
 " Come, little Children," the Mill-bell rings, and
 drowsily they run,
 Little old Men and Women, and human worms
 who have spun
 The life of Infancy into silk ; and fed, Child,
 Mother, and Wife,
 The factory's smoke of torment, with the fuel of
 human life.
 O weird white face, and weary bones, and whether
 they hurry or crawl,
 You know them by the factory-stamp, they wear
 it one and all.
 The Factory-Fiend in a grim hush waits till all are
 in, and he grins
 As he shuts the door on the fair, fair world with-
 out, and hell begins !
 The least faint living rose of health from the child-
 ish cheek he strips,
 To run the thorn in a Mother's heart : and ever he
 sternly grips
 His sacrifice ; with Life's soiled waters turns his
 wildering wheels ;
 And shouts, till his rank breath thickens the air,
 and the Child's brain Devil-ward reels.

From cockerow until starlight, very patiently they
plod ;

A sea of human faces turning sadly up to God.

O wan white winter world that hides no colored
dreams of Spring !

No summer sunshine brightens ; no buds blossom ;
no birds sing.

In at the windows Nature looks, and sings, and
smiles them forth,

To walk with her, and talk with her, and see the
summering Earth :

And drink the spiey air in perfumed pathways
dim with dew ;

While the miracle of Morning raises glorified life
anew.

But they are shut from the heavenly largess ; they
must stint and moil,

Tho' Death stares ghastly in their face, and life is
endless toil.

Did you mark how vacantly they eyed this land of
loveliness,

The Flower of Sleep into their eyes, your heart
would ache to press.

The moving glory of the Heavens, their pomp, and
pageantry,

Flame in their shadowed faces, but no soul comes
up to see.

They see no Angels lean to them ; they stretch no
spirit-hand ;

Melodious Beauty sings to them ; they cannot un-
derstand.

Yet here, where the sweet flower of life may hoard
no precious dew,

To feed its heart of greenness, keep the glory of
its hue ;

Here, where the fingers of Work and Want keep
writing silent, slow,

Their warrant for the grave on many a Mother's
darling's brow ;

Here, where the Fiend doth trample out the soul-
 sparks day by day ;
 Here, where such seed of God is rotting in the
 killing clay ;
 Some Saviour-Seraph walks the waves of sorrow
 and of sin,
 And some poor wrestler doth not sink the wrecking
 gulfs within ;
 And aye she rises with her charge in loving arms
 caressed,
 As morning rises out of night, her love-star on
 her breast.

III.

IN a grand old Gothic Palace,
 The Lady Laura dwells :
 It crowns the warm green valleys,
 High as their summer-surge swells.
 There, with her emerald chalice, Spring
 Kneels, offering Beauty's wine ;
 There, in a land of enchantment, sing
 The birds thro' shower and shine.
 'Tis a noble solitude serene,
 Where the sudden glory glows !
 'Tis a happy nook of nestling green,
 Where that virginal flower blows, —
 Just in the sweetness of the bud,
 Brimming with brightness and balm ;
 The tenderest glimpse of Womanhood
 Golden, and sweet, and calm.
 She is the Lily of the land ;
 Born neither to spin nor toil :
 She can rest her fair cheek on her dainty white hand,
 While the human honey-bees moil.

O the world of rich visions that peer in her eyes!
Around her what fantasies dance!
As she leans in her air of paradise,
And her bower of dalliance:
But her earnest life is sorrowfully
O'ershadowed from above:
She feels the ache of Life's mystery,
And she feels the hurt of Love.
The Lady Laura's soul is sad
For the suffering under the sun:
She looks on the world, and is only glad
For the duties to be done.
She might have moved by in the pageant grand,
Sweet slip of a lordly line!
Nor soiled the glory of her white hand,
And fairy fingers fine;
And swam in this world's wine and oil,
With those who sink for the next,
Faint with delight, and plundered Toil
With no strange thought perplex.
O the burnisht stream would have bravely borne
Her, dancing down its whirl;
And the dark wreck-kingdom have proudly worn
On its bosom the pure queen-pearl.
But Sorrow hath toucht her young, young years,
When their rose-light was smiling and fair;
And her eyes have wept the sharp, sharp tears,
That pierce through all mirage of air.
Ah, the Poor! with her finer sense she hears
How they moan in their cloud of care.
They will tell you down in the valleys
What the Orphan Heiress hath done;
How the grand old Gothic Palace
With Love's new wine doth run.
She's a light on the cold hill-tops that divide
The poor from their neighbor Rank;
The first bright wave of a sluggish tide,
That hath overleapt its bank.

And to Lady Laura by window and door,
 Hearts climb with the roses up,
 Their blessings to breathe, and their pride to pour,
 In many a brimming cup.
 Rebel hindrance she treads queenly down,
 Where it stands in her high Throne's way.
 O Factory-Fiend with the fearful frown,
 She will bloom in your desert to-day.

IV.

THE lady Light hath Daughters seven,
 In wedded calm sit smiling fair
 On their cloud-throne; and down the air
 They float from arms of clasping Heaven.

For they their lofty home will leave,
 To winnow, on their golden plumes,
 Through ocean-bowers, and water-glooms;
 And wondrous spells of beauty weave.

To clothe the sea-shells in their trance
 So lone and cold, with colored lights,
 And jewel-flames; till their dense Night's
 Alive with shapes of radiance.

On Alpine heights a little Flower
 From its snow-cradle soft doth reach;
 And with its tiny hands beseech
 The vesture-hem of Eternal Power:

Then straightway help of Heaven descends,
 And vital influences run
 Down golden ladders of the sun,
 And pleading life wins spirit-friends.

Thus souls in barrenest solitude
Oft bring the kindly powers down,
To lighten on them with a crown,
Or banquet of immortal food.

And thus on one poor worker's sight
The Lady Laura through the mirk
Dawns, marvelling how there may lurk
A presence toucht with tender light.

His life stands still to hear what fate
Comes with the step of mystery ;
And husht for some event to be,
In conscious calm the waters wait.

She sees a prayer for rest and air
In every face, but, in his eyes
Alone, are childish memories ,
And his the only spirit there

That waves the Seraph-wand of fire,
To fright the Serpent fliekering near.
One jewel in that dark Mine ! and clear
It flashes as she brightens nigher.

And all beside how dull and grim !
O saintly show of maiden grace !
From out a golden mist, her face
Seems floating, floating on to him.

Daughter of Light ! she seems to swim,
As on the wings of a mighty love ;
Sad-smiling that blind world above ;
Sunning that human forest dim.

She speaks to him ; she takes his hand ;
With such a gracious tenderness !
The tears up in his eyes will press ;
Life's desert in sudden flower doth stand.

As when the spirit of Winter old
 Passes away in a dream of Spring,
 The quick buds burst, and fluttering
 All into shimmering wings unfold.

And wave so strong, and thrill so free,
 As they the wakened world would wing
 Along the warm way of the Spring,
 Where they are drawn deliciously :

So from his life a burst of wings
 Is fluttering leaf-like for the light ;
 And in that Splendor's wake of white,
 They make melodious murmurings.

At her soft touch ethereal dies
 The old dark, as Morning's spear of light
 Doth gently touch the dying night,
 And from it Day, a white Spirit, doth rise.

Light, Music, Fragrance, seem to kiss
 And swathe him in a bloom of fire ;
 Make shining beauty his attire,
 And bury his dead past in bliss.

V.

THE Lady Laura took him, in her kind and queenly
 way,
 From out that cruel iron world, to the tender hu-
 man day.
 There all the folded bloom of life like a banner rich
 unfurled,
 And waived luxuriant in the air of a glad and
 glorious world.

She fed his mind, she led his mind, thro' phases
 strange and sweet ;
 Ah, blesséd boon to toil and lay the fruitage at
 her feet !
 She took his widowed Mother ; bless her full and
 flowing hand !
 To rest her weary bones from toil, and live upon
 her land.

Their barren world of poverty with flowers she
 girdled round.
 Till life that toiled with bleeding feet can walk on
 softer ground.
 My Lady comes ; my Lady goes ; his being doth
 rejoice,
 A breaking sea of rapture ; every wave uplifts a
 voice.

Like dungeoned foe that seeketh the King's daugh-
 ter walking nigh,
 He blesseth the revealing dark for the beauty
 thronéd high.
 And in the beating of his heart, and flashing of his
 eye,
 His new life standeth waving glory as she passeth
 by.

My Lady comes ; my Lady goes ; he can see her
 day by day,
 And bless his eyes with her beauty, and with
 blessings strew her way.
 My Lady comes ; my Lady goes ; she passes from
 his sight,
 As daylight dies into the skies, and at her gate
 stands Night.

VI.

AH, little thinks my Lady
 Of the subtle seedling sown ;
 But, fruitful was the silence
 Where its secret life hath grown.
 'Twas nurst with sweet love-rain ;
 At her eyes it drank rich springs ;
 And 'tis fed on hidden manna
 That her fragrant beauty brings.

Ah, little thinks my Lady,
 As the days and seasons roll ;
 How she took him by the hand,
 To pass in to his soul.
 There she lies in a light of smiles ;
 And like a soft caress,
 Her voice goes feeling, feeling
 With a kiss of tenderness.

O Love, tho' shut without, will laugh
 All barriers above ;
 And higher as they soar, still towers
 The stature of mighty Love.
 And bud by bud, the climbing seed
 Into a tall tree springs !
 Ah, little thinks my Lady
 What the Bird in the branches sings !

VII.

“ SHE smiled on me, she smiled on me,
 And I walk in a glory now ;
 'Tis writ on my cheek in a rose of pride ;
 'Tis read in a light on my brow

- “ She smiled on me, she smiled on me,
And my soul with bliss doth ache;
So many a clue to happiness,
I know not which to take !
- “ She smiled on me, she smiled on me,
And the human world goes by —
In a sound as of Angels talking
'Neath the palms of Paradise nigh.
- “ She stooped to kiss me with her smile,
Thro' the clouds where I darkly lay;
As she glided thro' my night, Sweet Moon !
High on her heavenly way.
- “ She stooped to kiss me with her smile,
And life soared up in flame !
But, for my worship, not my kiss,
The glorious phantom came.
- “ She smiled on me, she smiled on me,
I think as I sit alone;
And my heart o'er its tender secret
Is brooding with love's sweet moan.
- “ She smiled on me, she smiled on me,
And that surging smile of light,
In a happy silence, thro' my life
Goes circling out of sight.
- “ She smiled on me, and my heart like a Bird
In dreams of the night doth go
To make its bride-bed where the little buds red
Peep warm from the white, white snow.
- “ She smiled on me, she smiled on me ;
Ah me, that in her smiles,
My heart might break, in a wide love-wave,
On her bosom's happy Isles ! ”

VIII.

As earliest flowers, the sweet first-love of Spring,
 Are tenderest in their fragrance — saintliest pure,
 Love's firstlings, budding in the heart, unfold
 Most precious sweet of all the lusty year ;
 And all his life is with their fragrance filled.
 In shy and shady nooks he steals, to brood
 O'er what his heart for kisses lifteth up.

With a ripe glow in his warm face the Dawn
 Uplifts the veil of dew-mist from the shape
 Of Beauty sleeping on the lap of Earth :
 So down into his secret soul he peers,
 To see the veiled Beauty thro' its mist,
 And bows to bless her where she lies alight,
 Unconscious of the reddening dawn of love.

A face, like nestling luxury of flowers ;
 Soft hair, on which Light drops a diadem ;
 Twin eyes that smile, — ah, when in their far
 Heaven
 Shall Love stand up and wave the Victor's palm ? —
 A mouth of roses wet with damask wine :
 And all the beauty hid from mortal eyes,
 Like lily-bud in leaves of cool green light.

His happy eyes brim with voluptuous dew,
 Gathered in the rich air, of secret love.
 Anon his heart goes wandering like a wind
 That reels thro' meads of spice, o'er hills of myrrh,
 Drunk with flower-fragrance, and the wine of love,
 And making music at the lightest touch,
 Till faint with sweet it wearies into rest.

IX.

LADY of the forest,
 Is the Silver Birk ;
 Shimmering in the sunshine,
 Shivering at the mirk ;
 Rocking in her rapture,
 A dancing Psaltress slim !
 Her hair a shower of beauty !
 Her motion a glory-swim !
 Or, when dewy twilight
 Pours its chrism of balm,
 And her tremulous bosom
 Fills with a tender calm.
 'Mid the dance of colors,
 And semitones of green,
 Gleams this daintier Spirit
 That in leafdom is the Queen.
 Of all the trees o' the forest,
 He loves the Silver Birk ;
 Shimmering in the sunshine,
 Shivering at the mirk.
 So like the Lady Laura
 In her purity and grace ;
 Dreaming in its shadow,
 Often rose her face !
 And as when a Sunburst
 Goldens the green aisles,
 The woodland water smileth,
 So his heart within him smiles.

X.

“ JUST a smile i' the face of Nature ;
 Just a mirror of May-morn ;
 Is the shining, comely creature,
 Worshipt by the peasant-born.

Beauty has no rarer blossom,
 Budding fain, or flowering fair;
 Nestling to a Mother's bosom,
 If a lover's hand should dare

“ She is graceful as the greenly
 Waving boughs in summer wind;
 And her beauty calm and queenly
 Wears its royal crown of mind.
 O, were I the prince of plenty;
 O, were she my own wed Wife;
 Love would bring the crowning dainty,
 To the banquet of my life.

“ Might I bear Love's shield above her;
 Might I snood her silken hair;
 How my heart would round her hover
 On the tender wings of care!
 Ah, dear Heaven, all blessings shower
 On her sweet life's balmy bud;
 Till it lift immortal flower,
 In the blooming fields of God.”

XI.

A DAZZLING wonder in the dark of Dreams,
 His heart-hid Jewel gleams;
 And for a peerless richness it doth range
 The zones of radiant change.
 Breathing soft hues the glorious thing doth shine,
 With lustres Opaline.
 The shifting Sapphire lovingly beguiles,
 With dewy azure smiles.
 The Ruby now with eye of crimson yearns,
 Or like a blood-drop burns.
 The Amber in transparent hand doth hold
 Imprisoned flame of gold.

Now twinkles from soft shade the Emerald tender,
 A drop of cool green splendor.
 Or, with love-drooping eye, the Pearl o' the deep
 Melts in a sea of sleep.
 And now, wide ope, it lights the inner night,
 A starry Chrysolite.
 And aye, for a peerless richness it doth range
 The zones of radiant change.

XII.

ONE of the silent Poets of the world who find no
 word
 To utter their dumb soul of love, so, like the shy-
 night-bird,
 They break their hearts in music; die in sorrow's
 solitude.
 One Autumn eve he sat beneath the Beauty of the
 Wood,
 Where Birds of Thought so often brought his love
 ambrosial food;
 When all the spirits of the flowers stole forth i' the
 hush of night,
 And all the greeny silence slumbered in a dream of
 light.

The world lay in a purple calm, and tenderness of
 tears;
 In every pulse of being lived the tenderness of years.
 He had wrestled with his passion, — caught up in
 its wild caress —
 Voluptuous as a Bride of Fire, with arms as pitiless.
 He had wept his pain in a fiery rain, and a calm
 came o'er his tears,
 As a vision of sweet Peace comes treading down
 War's cruel spears.

Then in a trembling confidence of love to himself
 he talkt,
 And sang above his whispering heart, that felt
 what Spirit walkt.

“ We cannot lift the wintry pall
 From buried life; nor bring
 Back, with Love’s passionate thinking, all
 The glory of the Spring.
 But soft along the old green way
 We feel her breath of gold;
 Her radiant vesture ripples gay, —
 She comes! and all is told.

“ So in Her absence Memory
 Aye strives, but cannot paint
 The Vision of sweet Majesty;
 The beauty of my Saint.
 She comes! like dawn in spring her fame!
 My winter-world doth melt;
 The thorns with Roses wave a-flame!
 She smiles! and all is felt.”

Is it a vision! or the pure pale face
 Of Lady Laura, blossoming from the trees?
 Strange fire consumes the rich dew of her eyes!
 Trembles her lip; her soul, tho’ very calm,
 Gleams like a naked sword from its soft sheath.
 Ah, she has found his secret in its nest?
 And will she crush him with her silent scorn?
 He dare not know. She speaks; he scarcely hears;
 So loud the blood goes singing through his brain.

“ I am no longer mistress at the Hall;
 False friends usurp my title and my lands,
 And keep them till the Law shall do me right.
 I leave to-morrow morn. I think you have
 The mounting spirit to rise where’er you fall,
 And shall rejoice to mark your fortunes shine.”

She paused ; he raised his eyes to hers, and saw
 The unuttered something that could not be told.
 Her rustling robe thrilled all his life, and soft
 Her fragrant footsteps died upon the night.

XIII.

LIKE one caught in the Tempest's arms unseen,
 Dasht overboard unheard, and left all night
 With the mad waves, blindfolded by the gloom,
 All thro' that desolate dark he wrestled lone ;
 Tossing tumultuous in a storm of soul ;
 And lived his life o'er in the agony stern ;
 As on the drowning rushes all the past.

Again he saw her in the Silk-mill stand
 Complete in beauty, crowned with meekest calm,
 As missioned Angel down to Hell wings when
 Some suffering spirit's time is up in Heaven.
 He went with her among the Poor, where fell
 Her smile as sunshine on a ripening land ;
 And from the folded flowers of thorny life,
 Her presence charmed a kindlier spirit forth.
 He hoarded up their blessings in his heart.

He saw her in the Spring-dawns gliding down,
 Like Morning on the world, to tend the flowers
 That from her touch sprang thrilling with delight.
 Darkened into himself, he wateht, all eye,
 Like Spirit that sees its mortal love go by,
 Itself invisible.

In languorous noons
 Of summer, when, a Shape of fragrant warmth,
 Nature seems glowing thro' her sumptuous robe ;
 Her softened beauty rounding tenderly ;

And from behind the tapestry of flowers,
 Her pantings take you with ambrosial breath ;
 He in the cool, green shadows would lie down,
 O'er him the leaves a lowe of glimmering gold,
 To kiss where the beloved foot had toucht,
 With lip of crimson fire, and fondling cheek,
 All tingling thro' and thro' with costly life.

He saw the visible Divinity
 O' the time and place, taking her twilight walk,
 All starrily moving in an air of smiles ;
 The serious sea-blue dreaming in her eyes ;
 Her lofty beauty robed about with Heaven.
 He fed upon her fairness daintiest-hued,
 And drank the wine of wonder as she went.
 So tender hour by hour, love grew in his heart ;
 A dew-drop in the flower's cup held toward Heaven.

Ah, happy times, when on the top of life
 He saw her beauty's daily sunrise, heard
 Her voice, breathed holy air made fragrant by her,
 And in her presence cloud-like sunned himself,
 With such sweet silent awe ; while all his heart
 With rich love trembled as 't would break for bliss ;
 Like shaken dews in jewelled cups of morn !

Ah, happy nights, and lustrous darks, in which
 He watcht her casement when the house was mute,
 Where the tall Chestnuts husht her beauty round,
 Uplifting in their hands a light of flowers !
 And Silence took the place in loving arms.
 There with its speechless yearning strove his heart,
 O'erflowing till the night was filled with love.

How often through the winter wind and rain,
 His spirit fluttered to her winged with blessings.
 And he stood clothed and warmed with thoughts
 of her ;
 And through the darkness and the cold, his love

Glowed like a watch-fire in a wilderness ;
 Or glistened upward in a light of tears ;
 Soul-diamonds of the purest water — tears
 Such as the Angels wear for jewels in Heaven ;
 Trembling with tenderness, alive with light.
 Ah, happy times that wave their sad farewells,
 To come no more, no more, O Nevermore !
 To him, who, tasting the forbidden tree,
 Now sat at Eden gates, and they were closed.

Sudden a thought struck new life thro' him as strikes
 Land on the swimmer's feet who gives up lost !
 He who could die for her, could he not live
 For her, and help her win her rightful throne ?
 He sat not down on shore to mourn his wreck ;
 Not his heart to wail when he might work.

That night hath passed ; but from its death-bed rose
 A Star, to sing and sparkle in his soul,
 And light him to some crowned accomplishment.

XIV.

O MIGHTY mystery London, there be children still,
 who hold
 Her palaces are silver-rooft, her pavements are of
 gold ;
 And blindly in that dark of fate, they grope for
 the golden prize,
 For somewhere hidden in her heart the charméd
 treasure lies.
 Such glory burning in the skies, she lifts her crown
 of light
 Above the dark, we see not what we trample in the
 night.

O merry world of London! O aching world of
moan,
How many a soul hath stooped to thee, and lost its
starry throne!
There Circe brims her sparkling ruby, dancing
welcome, — laughs
All scruples down with wicked eye, and the crazed
lover quaffs,
Until the fires of Hell have left white ashes on his
lips;
And there they pass whose tortured hearts the
worm that dies not grips.
The stricken crawl apart to die. There, many a
bosom heaves
With merry laughs mournful as the dancing of
dead leaves.
There griping Greed rich-heaps the yellow wealth
of Bank and Shop,
As Autumn leaves grow goldenest when rotten-ripe
to drop:
And many melt the marrow of their Manhood,
burn its bloom,
In Passion's serpent arms, and with her kiss of fire
consume:
And sideling Vanity seeks a mirror in each passing
face.
But through the dark some luminous lives flash up
and pray Heaven's grace.

All beauteous stand her Idols shining on their
azure height,
And from their fairy heaven lean veiled Shapes,
half-dim, half-bright;
They draw us with a dream delicious to the aching
sight;
Armfuls of warm delight, white waists, ripe lips,
and merry Brides;
Life-dew in melting roses, low sweet music, world
besides!

And day by day, on each highway, from many a
sunny shire,
The country life comes green to wither for the
hungry fire.
All into London leaping, leaping flows the human
sea,
Where, a wreck at heart, or a prize in arms, the
waves flash merrily.
With a prayer to God on high, he sees the tumult,
hears the strife.
And dives, from out the gulfs to snatch a nobler-
crownéd life.
The Lady Laura leaneth like a bending heaven
above,
And his life is safely steadied with the anchor of
his love.

Three times into the City's heart there ran the
news of Spring:
Sweet primrose-time is come again, and the silver
showers sing.
The cloudy imagery of Heaven sails o'er him day
by day,
He watches parching as the Palm when the rain
floats far away,
All thirsty, as the Hero's soul with glory's burn-
ing drouth!
And yearning, as the dying yearn for a death-bed
in the South!
For Spring's warm breath, and bright caress, and
pleasant feel of leaves,
And all her beauty wet with morn, his heart with-
in him grieves.
The country memories rich inlaid, so fragrantly
are stirred,
As spice-winds whisper something low, or sings a
careless Bird.

The green-woods beckon spirit-like thro' a dream
of azure sky ;
All heaven looks out from a flower as from the
Beloved's eye,
And visions of a lovelier-lighted life moving glim-
mering by.

Above that wilderness of life he often sat alone,
Watching the surges of his soul, which, ever and
anon,
Revealed the proud wave-wrestler Hope for ever
battling on !
And ever thro' the dark the Lady Laura's star-
smile shone.
Ah, the dear night was all his own, then life rose
starry-towered ;
Full-honeyed with its folded Spring, his shut heart
bud-like flowered.
Upon the stream that pines all day, the calm of
Heaven doth rest,
And its Star of love, tho' far above, keeps bridal on
its breast.
Pure, painéd, Loveliness ! she walks a world of
wrong and guile,
Yet nightly looketh in his face with the same
sweet patient smile.
While ever and for ever goeth up to God for
doom,
The City's breath of life and death, in glory or in
gloom ;
And there it rings each spirit round, of light or
darkness woven,
And they shall wake and walk their self-unfolded
Hell or Heaven.
Nightly a merry harvest-home the Devil in London
drives,
And gathers on the shores of Hell the wreck of hu-
man lives.

While God sits over all, in Heaven, and in His
 hand doth hold,
 The Flower of Silence shedding worlds like seed of
 sunny gold.

XV.

A LONELY life, a lonely lot ;
 He climbs his mountain day by day ;
 But finds beside the stoniest way
 Love's wild rock-honey, and fainteth not.

He sees the Vision shine afar ;
 Sweet wedded lives in happy home ;
 And strains his eyes against the gloom,
 Like Nuns that throb at prison-bar,

Wooded by a dear and dazzling dream,
 When thro' the mirk Love's glory burns.
 The hearth of Home warm welcome yearns ;
 His face is glowing with the gleam

And sparkle of their brimming cup,
 Who round the home-altar dance and sing,
 All in a golden marriage-ring,
 And light with love Life's picture up.

They sit in nestling nook, and see
 The ripening promise of the years ;
 The budding quicks, the springing ears ;
 Flowers honey-wet, and fruits to be.

As bridal-gifts from God above,
 The Children bring their glad new spring,
 Past joy's refrain their voices ring,
 All loud with mirth, or low with love.

Fine actions feed Love's holy fire,
 Like sandal-wood of fragrant gold ;
 Till Heavenward, glorious to behold,
 It breaks, in many a splendid spire.

There, hand in hand, they reach across
 A double range of rich delights ;
 And climb in safety where the heights
 Of Life have many a chasm of Loss.

A happy soul in song doth gush,
 Ere closes their day-book of bliss,
 So softly claspéd with a kiss,
 While eyes with tears of trembling flush.

“ O blesséd Bird that soars and sings,
 And moves in heaven on triumphing wings ;
 Then drops to rest
 Within my breast,
 And aye some balm of blessing brings.

“ O Flower of mine, Life's stream may start
 Thy trembling leaves, but cannot thwart
 Love's calm below,
 Where wed roots grow
 In twin strength, smiling heart to heart.

“ O crest of beauty on my brow ;
 O light of love upon my prow ;
 To the death-dark,
 I row my bark ;
 You gild with glory as we go.”

'Tis merry to walk the deck of life,
 Tho' billows beat, and the wild winds blow ;
 And proudly feel they rest below ;
 That precious freightage, weans and wife.

But, he drifts on, in lonely bark,
 Past shining home, and singing isle.
 Fine Apparition, with a smile
 Like spirit-music! in the dark

Thy sudden beauty lightens near,
 And bows him to the knees in prayer.
 He needs long draughts of heavenly air,
 Who dives to clutch a pearl so dear.

XVI.

TO-DAY, 'mid fall of palms the Victor stands ;
 His brows are bound by Lady Laura's hands.
 He conquered. To her feet he brought the prize ;
 Twin worlds of bliss rose throbbing in her eyes.
 Sparkled her smiling soul like that of a child,
 And, smiling, all her luminous body smiled.

The lilies, white upon her stream of life,
 Heaved with the sweet feel of its dancing strife.
 She, glowing happy as the languorous South,
 When Spring doth kiss her on the flowery mouth.
 From out her heart's heaven a sweet simple Grace
 Came blushing all the secret in her face,
 And dyed her beauty daintier for embrace.

He lookt into the windows of her eyes,
 To see Love, sitting by the hearth, arise
 And let him in, and lead him to his throne,
 For love and worship thro' all worlds his own.
 Her virgin tree at a trembling touch doth move ;
 Into his bosom drops the fruit of love.

Upon his life now leaneth dewily
 The rose of her ripe beauty rare to see.
 In honeyed light, and sweet with pleasant showers,
 Lies all the land, a colored flame of flowers ;
 And with a sidelong grace smiles of the sight ;
 Heaven shakes its bridal torch and laughs delight.

On her white holy hand the ring of gold
 Exults its branch of glory to unfold.
 Comes forth in greeting all the country side,
 To welcome Lady Laura home, a Bride.
 Ring, merry bells, ring, blithesome bridal bells !
 To the tune of happy hearts your triumph swells.

XVII.

“ My life lay like a Sea-bud, dark upon the watery
 wold,
 That feels when Spring is in the world, and striveth to
 unfold,
 The breath of Love passed o’er me, and the Spring
 went laughing by,
 Till on a sudden I was ’ware, Beloved, thou wert
 nigh !
 The Bird of Love to my window came, and sang a
 strain divine.
 Sweet Bird ! he makes his nest, I said, ’neath other
 eaves than mine :
 But many a day hath come and gone, and still he sits
 and sings
 His song of happy futures, and of dear remembered
 things.

“ My life went darkling like the Earth, nor knew it
 shone a Star
 To that dear Heaven on which it hung in worship from
 afar.

O, many bared their beauty like brave flowers to the
 bee ;
 She might have ranged thro' sunny fields, but nestled
 down by me :
 A King upon his Throne might have smiled her to his
 side ;
 But, with a lowly majesty she came to me, my Bride,
 And grandly gave her love to me, the dearest thing on
 Earth,
 Like one who gives a jewel, all unweeting of its worth.

“ O, was it an Immortal Child, left by a fair Dream-
 Bride,
 Seen in a world of vision with mine eyes stretcht spirit-
 wide ?
 Or was the Image pictured, by the sun of another life,
 In secret soul, that I might know its living like my
 Wife ?
 I know not ; but, when luminous she floated on to me,
 Methought she flamed from out the mist of some far
 memory.
 The hidden Love just stirring the spring-roses of her
 face ;
 The picture of sweet Saintliness ; the glory and the
 grace.

“ 'Twas when the Earth her green lap spreads for
 Summer's gorgeous gifts ;
 And plump for kisses of the Sun, her ripened cheek
 uplifts ;
 When maiden May was caught and kist in lusty arms
 of June ;
 She newly strung my harp of life, and played its sweet-
 est tune.
 O, I had been content to live in a cottage of the clay,
 So I might see and bless her, when she chanced to pass
 that way ;
 But she swam down from her heaven, with a look of
 glorious pride,
 And I clasp my heart's sweet Vision ; lo ! a nestling
 human Bride.”

XVIII.

CALM is their sheltered shore of life, caressed
By gentle tides of peace, whose murmurs are
Of storms at rest, and sorrows sanctified.
But not for them alone the honey-time,
And bliss of being! hearts were all too full
Of lusty longing for all human good,
And happiness was only meant to share.
That luminous revealer, hallowing Love,
Gave them the seeing eye, not drooping lid.
His chosen are but caught up into Heaven,
For wider vision of a suffering Earth.
Their lavish bliss ran over to make rich,
And kindle with a spring of laughing life
The poor world kneeling at the feet of theirs.
And not forgotten was that Factory-world,
Which like a doomed Ship far away i' the night
Pleaded — each port-hole lighted up for help!
Christ on the Cross for eighteen hundred years,
And still His Poor their long redemption wait —
Still tempted of the Devil in the Desert.
Still are they, crouching by the fireless hearth,
In the dead winter often driven to burn
The bravest hangings of their house of life,
To scare the gaunt wolf Hunger, whose eyes glare
In at the window lit with bloody lust!
Sometimes a cry runs throbbing thro' the night,
As tho' Creation quickened with the birth
Of new life strange and monstrous, in our world.
Then startled Fear from his high lattice looks,
With face as white as death-toucht Wants below:
There rage a people like a forest of fire!
Grim on the banner Labor's challenge flames,
“ Leave to live working, or die fighting.”

Fear

Sends forth his Guards, and to his pillow slinks.
 Red Murder leaps up sudden in their midst ;
 The gathering of fierce suffering breaks in blood :
 Begins again the old long agony,
 And Order reigns ! tho' many a day the Ghost
 Of Revolution at his banquet sits,
 And standeth Sentry at his door o' nights.
 O hopeless Poor, and impotently Rich !
 O hurrying host of battling enmities,
 That, fighting, feel no earthquake rock the ground !
 O human world, panting without the pale
 Of harmony, the universal law,
 Like Soul, troublous wail, shut out of bliss !
 Shall it not come, the time of which we dream
 To crown long years of strife, and blood, and tears,
 When from the Book the Poet's thought shall step
 Clothed on with human lineaments, and live ?
 And this Ideal of our hopeful Brave
 Come down and dwell with us in daily life.
 And Earth and Heaven lie in each other's arms ?

They deem so, who, with visionary eyes,
 Have held communion with that world to come ;
 Our wedded pair : their faith made quick by love ;
 They look within — its Shadow comes that way.
 And they will make their outer life a dial,
 On which the inner light may rise and shine ;
 And touch with radiance soft some sullen spot
 Where falls the Devil's shadow, till a smile
 Is on its face as it turns up to God.
 Sing Ho for the New World and its golden age
 Of delicate dreamwork, and of rich romance.
 They bought the Factory : turned its stream of toil
 To a flood of Joy on Lady Laura's hands.
 There Life, whose dark and stagnant waters swarmed
 With hideous things, in merry radiance runs ;
 Brightens with health, and breaks in frolic spray ;
 Peeps thro' a garland green, and laughs in light ;
 Its rest, blessed as tho' the calm high heavens

Had lookt it into a transfiguring trance,
 Then with light-hearted morrow sparkling on —
 So to the dark arch Death, thro' which the stream
 Will bicker or darken for the shoreless sea.

They built their little world, wherein the Poor
 Might grow the flower of Hope, and fruit of Love ;
 And human trees, with outstretcht arms of cheer,
 Might mingle music, wreathe in bud and bloom,
 And in their branches nest the birds of God,
 That in immortal beauty whitely hover,
 But come not down to build while boughs are
 bare.

They bought and sold, they ploughed, and sowed,
 and reapt.

Cheapness, Free Trade, and such Economy
 As suck their strength from human blood and tears ;
 Feeding on beauty's waste, and Childhood's spring ;
 Shredding with wintry hand life's leafy prime ;
 They bowed not down to — Baal of the strife
 That gives the Devil his own vantage-ground,
 Where each man's hand is at his brother's throat ;
 The knight in golden mail combats the naked !
 And hearts must run with never-tiring wheels !
 The weak go down ; the Victors merciless
 Still wield the Sword of Selfish interest,
 To win their crown of Individual gain,
 And throne of Isolation cool and lone.

Not this, but life of freedom, law of love ;
 The wine-press trod by each, the cup for all ;
 In this serener world — this morning star
 That rises out of chaos and the night,
 Like throbbing heart of some Millennial Day.
 Here, life is no soul-sickening round of toil ;
 No need to blink the Spirit's longing sight.
 Here, simple childhood opens vernal eyes,
 And young blood dances though the veins of Age.

While Cottage homes rise from the sea of green,
Like clouds where happy spirits sit and sing.

The old wild-brier, Labor, from which spring
The radiant Roses of a warmer world,
With kindlier nurture blossoms forth anew,
A glory of Flowers, and wears immortal green ;
Breaks the stern granite, sparkling into beauty,
And precious jewels glow from common stones :
Soft white hands smooth the brow of wrinkled
Wrath ;

The gentle balm of Love makes hard eyes soft,
And melted hearts to swim thro' woe-worn looks,
With sweet and delicate human tenderness.
The trampled battle-field of sin-scarred faces
Is healéd with the harvest of ripe love ;
Its frowning furrows crowned with ridgéd smiles.

Over their World where Passion hurtled down
Burning instead of beauty, as its sun,
And all around was black eternal night ;
Love's radiant shadow sheds an atmosphere
Of soft celestial brightness, calm, and peace.
And Life goes hand in hand with happy things ;
In lovely shadow-lands with spirits talks ;
There with all gracious Shapes of Beauty walks,
And wins their motion, majesty, and mien ;
And rears his temple rich for God, inlaid
With precious jewels, and colors fair, and cries,
" Behold how good and joyful a thing it is
To dwell together in peace and unity."

Thus Lady Laura and her peasant lord
Built o'er the dead past their proud monument,
That signals to far times their message of love :
And God was with them smiling on their work.
They wrought not without hindrance, sorrow and
pain :
Who work for Freedom win not in an hour :

Their cost of conquest never can be summed !
They toil and toil thro' many a bitter day,
And dark, when false friends flee, and true ones
faint.

The seed of that great truth from which shall spring
The forest of the future, and give shade
To the reapers of the harvest, must be watcht
With faith that fails not, fed with rain of tears,
And walled around with life that, fighting, fell.

GLIMPSES OF THE WAR.

GLIMPSES OF THE WAR.

I.

LIKE peering Children down some distant lane,
What time with pealing pomp and pageant shows
The Battle in its bravery blazons by,
We peered into the passing world of War —
Its crowning Heaven pulst with starry hopes —
Its crowded Hell of red and writhing pain ;
With hearts that ached or burned, as kindled cheeks
Flamed up in reddening shame or bloom of pride,
And told the story as the pictures rose.
How England swooned beneath the kiss of Peace,
And languisht in her long voluptuous dream,
While weed-like creatures crept along her path.
Where leapt of old proud waves of glorious life,
The sluggish channels choked with golden sand.
The hills of light rose shining far away,
Where she should stand and touch the hem of
Heaven ;
But, day by day she darkened deeper down.
The cold, grim shadow stretcht o'er half the earth,
Came freezing round her watchfire's dying flame,
While spirit-finger-pointings signalled her,
And spirit-rustlings surged the air in vain.

A tearless anguish flamed from Poland's eyes
When the red Deluge closed above her head :
Sodden with suffering and unwept tears,

The heart of Hungary pled in silence stern :
 Poor Italy lay in her guarded grave,
 Her life all crouching in one listening sense,
 To catch aught stirring in the upper world :
 Out of the North the brute Colossus strode,
 With grimly solemn pace, proud in the might
 That moves not but to crush, and terribly towered
 Its growing shape thro' Battle's bloody gap
 Where Nations fell ; and like a Cyclops' eye
 Its one idea lit it to the prey :
 While pale Expediency paltered for
 Our peaceful chance of being eaten last.

And England slumbered in the lap of Peace,
 Beneath her grand old Oak which, hale and strong,
 Rode down the storm, and wrestled with the winds,
 To rise in pomp of bloom, and paean of song,
 Green with the sap of many hundred springs ;
 And tossed its giant arms in wanton life,
 Like Victory smiling in the sun of Glory.
 She saw not how the worms eat out its heart.
 Life deftly masks the hiding-place of death ;
 And Ruin leads his Bride in a garland green
 For sacrifice. So England slept in peace.
 And in the glamour of her dream she saw
 Brave fancies foot it holding Freedom's pall,
 Waving their funeral links for bridal lights.

Came Nemesis, her lightnings stabbed the dark,
 To show the way, and startled England woke !
 Behold the glorious creature leaping from
 Delilah's lap, to the battle-chariot,
 Like sternness stript for strife. Grim-wooing War
 Mirrors his terrible beauty in her face ;
 Her heart is dancing to a loftier tune,
 On fire to bring the death-strokes hand to hand.
 The brightness of her look consumes the cloud.
 Ah, God hath called His Chosen once again,
 And the Old Guard of Freedom takes the field.

Rejoicing in the glory of her strength,
 Like some proud cataract she shouts for the strife,
 And hurls her hurrying waves of valor down.
 The glorious shudder of intrepid blood
 Hurtles thro' all her veins, and Victory's voice
 Cries from the inmost oracle of her soul.
 Her swift avenging armaments shall flame
 O'er land and sea, sublime as when of old
 With a colossal calm she rode the waves
 Of war, that heaved magnificent in storm.
 The noble prophecy of ripened age
 Was on her youthful brow ; fulfilment comes.
 She lifts the Ark of Freedom in her arms,
 Safe thro' the deluge of a warring world.

II.

FOR Freedom's battle march auld Scotland's brave,
 And Edinburgh streets are piled with life to-day.
 High on her crags the royal City sits,
 And sees the files of war far-winding out,
 And with the gracious golden Morning smiles
 Her proudest blessing down. Old Arthur's Seat
 Flings up his cap of cloud for brave success ;
 The Pentlands lift their veil and lean to see ;
 But the old Castle standeth staidly stern,
 As some scarred Chief who sends his boys to battle :
 While the Sea flashes in the sun, our Shield,
 So rich in record of heroic names !

The gay Hussars come riding thro' the town,
 A light of triumph sparkling in their eyes ;
 The Music goeth shouting in their praise,
 Like a loud people round the Victor's car ;
 And Highland plumes together nod as though
 There went the Funeral Hearse of a Russian Host :
 The bickering bayonets flutter wings of fire,
 And gaily sounds the March o' the Cameron Men.

The War-steeds sweeping — men to battle going —
 Singing the freeman's songs of fatherland —
 The banners with old battle-memories stirred —
 The wave of Beauty's hand — meed of her eyes —
 The thrilling Pibroch, and the wild war-drum,
 The stern sword-music of our grand Hurrah,
 And answering cheer for death or victory —
 All make me tingle with a triumph of life,
 And I could weep that I am left behind,
 To see the tide ebb where I may not follow.
 And there they march a-field, those gallant men ;
 To win proud death, or larger life, they leave
 Home's rosy circle ringed with blessings rich,
 For the far darkness, and the battle-cloud,
 Where many have fall'n, and many yet must fall,
 In spurring their great hearts up to the leap,
 For such brave dashes at unconquered heights.
 The shadow of solemn sorrow falls behind,
 Where sobbing Sweethearts look their loving last.
 And weeping Wives hold up the little ones.
 The sun sets in their faces, life grows gray,
 And sighs of desolation sweep its desert.
 The winter of the heart aches in the eyes
 Of Mothers who have given their all, their all.

And yet methinks the Heroic Time returns,
 Such look of triumph lit the meanest face
 To-day : there seemed no heart so earthy but
 Had some blind gropings after nobler life,
 With hands that reacht toward God's Gate Beau-
 tiful.

Our England bright'ning thro' the battle-smoke,
 Had toucht them with her glory's lovelier light.
 And though their darlings fall, and tho' they die
 In this death-grapple in the night with Wrong ;
 The memory of their proud deeds cannot die.
 They may go down to dust in bloody shrouds,
 And sleep in nameless tombs. But for all time,
 Foundlings of Fame are our beloved Lost.

For me, this day of glorious life shall be
 One of the starry brides of Memory,
 Whose glittering faces light the night of soul.

III.

TWINE a garland for the grave
 Of our Beautiful! our Brave!
 And their names in glory grave
 Who have died for us.
 High the battle-banner wave!
 They have perisht but to save,
 They have leapt a Curtian grave
 In their pride for us.

IV.

OUR old War-banners on the wind
 Were dancing merrily o'er them;
 Our half world husht with hope behind -
 The sullen Foe before them!
 They trode their march of battle, bold
 As death-devoted freemen;
 Like those Three Hundred Greeks of old,
 Or Rome's immortal Three Men.
 Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
 Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
 But, O! for such an hour with thee,
 Who could not die to-morrow?

With towering heart and lightsome feet
 They went to their high places;
 The fiery valor at white heat
 Was flashing in their faces!

Magnificent in battle-robe,
 And radiant, as from star-lands,
 That spirit shone which girds our globe
 With glory, as with garlands !
 Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !
 Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;
 But, O ! for such an hour with thee,
 Who could not die to-morrow ?

They saw the Angel Iris o'er
 Their deluge of grim fire ;
 And with their life's last tide they bore
 The Ark of Freedom higher !
 And grander 'tis i' the dash of death
 To ride on Battle's billows,
 When Victory's kisses take the breath,
 Than sink on balmiest pillows !
 Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !
 Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;
 But, O ! for such an hour with thee,
 Who could not die to-morrow ?

Brave Hearts, with noble feeling flusht,
 In ripe and ruddy riot
 But Yesterday ! how are ye husht
 Beneath the smile of Quiet !
 For us they pour'd their Blood like wine,
 From life's ripe-gather'd clusters ;
 And far thro' History's night shall shine
 Their deeds with starry lustres.
 Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !
 Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;
 But, O ! for such an hour with thee,
 Who could not die to-morrow ?

We laid them not in Churchyard home,
 Beneath our darling daisies :
 But to their rude mounds Love will come,
 And sit, and sing their praises.

And soothly sweet shall be their rest
 Where Victory's hands have crown'd them ;
 To Earth our Mother's bosom prest,
 And Heaven's arms around them.
 Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !
 Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;
 But, O ! for such an hour with thee,
 Who could not die to-morrow ?

Yes, there they lie 'neath Alma's sod,
 On pillows dark and gory, —
 As brave a host as ever trod
 Old England's fields of glory.
 With head to home and face to sky,
 And feet the Tyrant spurning,
 So grand they look, so proud they lie,
 We weep for glorious yearning.
 Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !
 Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;
 But, O ! for such an hour with thee,
 Who could not die to-morrow ?

They in Life's outer circle sleep,
 As each in death stood Sentry !
 And with our England's Dead still keep
 Their watch for kin and country.
 Up Alma, in their red footfalls,
 Comes Freedom's dawn victorious ;
 Such graves are courts to festal halls !
 They banquet with the Glorious.
 Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !
 Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;
 But, O ! for such an hour with thee,
 Who could not die to-morrow ?

Our Chiefs who matcht the men of yore,
 And bore our shield's great burden, —
 The nameless Heroes of the Poor, —
 They all shall have their guerdon.

In silent eloquence, each life
 The Earth holds up to heaven ;
 And Britain gives for Child and Wife,
 As those dear hearts have given.
 Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !
 Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;
 But, O ! for such an hour with thee,
 Who could not die to-morrow ?

The spirits of our fathers still
 Stand up in battle by us ;
 And in our need, on Alma hill.
 The Lord of Hosts was nigh us.
 Let Joy or Sorrow brim our cup,
 'Tis an exultant story,
 How England's Chosen Ones went up
 Red Alma's hill to glory.
 Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !
 Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;
 But, O ! for such an hour with thee,
 Who could not die to-morrow ?

V.

TWINE a garland for the grave
 Of our Beautiful ! our Brave !
 And their names in glory grave
 Who have died for us.
 High the battle-banner wave !
 They have perisht but to save,
 They have leapt a Curtian grave
 In their pride for us.

VI.

How they conquer, gallant guarders, with the red
wet sword in hand !
How thy life, at their brave ardors, crimsons high
with health, Old Land !
How they run the race of glory ! how they light
these darkened years !
In our land's heroic story, 'tis the proudest tale of
tears.

In the Alma's vineyards ruddy, did they toil for
our increase ;
In the fields of battle bloody, they shall plant our
palms of Peace.
They may rest by Alma river ; they may die in
deserts drear :
But for ever, and for ever, shall our country hold
them dear.

With her smile the Angel Duty lit their brows as
with a crown ;
And for love of her dear beauty they to death go
grandly down.
Eyes may weep the unreturning ; hearts will break
with Mother and Bride :
But, on Britain's front no mourning glooms for
those who thus have died.

VII.

TWINE a garland for the grave
Of our Beautiful ! our Brave !
And their names in glory grave
Who have died for us.

High the battle-banner wave !
 They have perisht but to save,
 They have leapt a Curtian grave
 In their pride for us.

VIII.

SIT proud in your saddles ! grip tighter each blade !
 We ride, ho, we ride a magnificent raid !
 To-day win a glory that never shall fade.
 Old England for ever ! Hurrah !

O the lightning of life ! O the thunder of steeds !
 Great thoughts burn within us like fiery seeds,
 Swift to flame out a red fruitage of deeds.
 Old England for ever ! Hurrah !

O the wild joy of Warriors going to die,
 All Sword, and all Flame, with our brows lifted
 high !
 Ride on, happy band, for the glory swims nigh.
 Old England for ever ! Hurrah !

Chariots of fire in the dark of death stand ;
 Down thro' the battle-cloud reaches a Hand
 To crown all who die for their own dear land.
 Old England for ever ! Hurrah !

The Sea of Flame wraps us now ! take one long
 breath,
 And plunge for the prize of Immortals, beneath.
 Shout to the cannonade, shouting to Death :
 Old England for ever ! Hurrah !

Spring to now! dash thro' now! and cleave crest
and crown!

For each foe round you strown now, a wreath of
renown!

In a red rain of Sabres ride down, dash them down.
Old England for ever! Hurrah!

Charge back! once again we must ride the death-
ride,

You Victor-few smiling in terrible pride!

Charge home! smoking hell of horse, grim, glori-
fied!

Old England for ever! Hurrah!

Now cheer for the living! now cheer for the dead!

Now cheer for the deed on that hill-side red!

The glory is gathered for England's head.

Old England for ever! Hurrah!

IX.

Ah, weep not for the Heroes whom we never more
shall see;

Ah, weep we were not with them in their ruddy
revelry!

God of Battles! but 'twere glorious to have mount-
ed Victory's Car,

When the Chivalry of Europe smote the squadrons
of the Czar!

'Tis brave, while banners wave, to be where Free-
dom's Champions are,

And burst upon the Enemy like Gods from clouds
of war!

Our Old Land beauteous leans above her darlings
as they die,

And, bosom'd in her arms of love, her slain ones
richly lie.

We blessed them for the Battle, who but marcht
to the Bier ;
Some were riper for the Bridal — some were
Fathers gray and sere ;
With a kiss for Child and Wife, some went out in
War's red wrack ;
And to the land that gives us life, Who'd grudge
to give it back ?

I had a gallant Brother, loved at home, and dear to
me —
I have a mourning Mother, winsome Wife, and
Children three —
He lies with Balaklava's dead. But let the Old
Land call,
And we'd give our living remnant, and we'd follow
one and all !

We speak a few weak words ; but the great hearts
gone to God,
They have fought with their Swords — won our
battles red wet-shod !
While we sat at home, brave laurels for our Land
they went to win ;
And with smiles Valhalla lightens as our Heroes
enter in.

They bore our Banner fearless to the death, as to
the fight,
They lifted England peerless to the old heroic
height.
We weep not for the Heroes whom we never more
shall see, —
We weep we were not with them in their ruddy
revelry.

X.

TWINE a garland for the grave
 Of our Beautiful! our Brave!
 And their names in glory grave
 Who have died for us.
 High the battle-banner wave!
 They have perisht but to save,
 They have leapt a Curtian grave
 In their pride for us.

XI.

- “ You brave, you bonny Nightingale,
 You are no summer Bird ;
 Your music sheathes an Army’s wail
 That pierces like a Sword.
 All night she sings, brave Nightingale,
 With her breast against the thorn ;
 Her saintly patience doth not fail,
 She keepeth watch till morn.
- “ Ah, sing, you bonniest Bird of God,
 The night is sad and long ;
 To dying ears — to broken hearts —
 You sing an Angel’s song !
 She sings, she sings, brave Nightingale,
 And weary warrior souls
 Are caught up into Slumber’s heaven,
 And lapped in Love’s warm folds.
- “ O sing, O sing ! brave Nightingale,
 And at your magic note
 Upon Life’s sea victoriously
 The sinking soul will float.

O' sing, O sing! brave Nightingale,
 And lure them back again,
 Whose path is lost and spirit crost,
 In dark wild woods of Pain.

“ She sings, she sings, brave Nightingale,
 She breathes a gracious balm ;
 Her presence breaks the waves of war,
 She smiles them into calm.
 She sings, she sings, brave Nightingale,
 Of auld Lang-syne and Home ;
 And life grows light, the world grows bright,
 And blood runs rich with bloom.

“ Day unto day her dainty hands
 Make Life's soiled temples clean,
 And there's a wake of glory where
 Her spirit pure hath been.
 At midnight, thro' that shadow-land,
 Her living face doth gleam ;
 The dying kiss her shadow, and
 The Dead smile in their dream.

“ Brave Bird of Love, in Life's sweet May,
 She rose up from the feast,
 To shine above our Banner,
 Like God's Angel in the East.
 Brave Bird of Life, wave healing wings
 O'er that gray Land o' the Dead ;
 God's Heaven lie round you like a shield,
 Earth's blessings on your head.”

The Rose did lift her veil, and blush
 At her bower-door like a Bride ;
 The shy brown birds came back with Spring,
 In our merry green woods to hide.

But there she sang, our Nightingale!
 Till War's stern heart grew mild;
 And, nestling in the arms of Peace,
 He slumbered like a Child.

XII.

'Twas Midnight ere our Guns' grim laugh at their
 wild work did cease,
 And at the smouldering fires of War we lit the
 pipe of peace.
 At Four, a burst of Bells went up thro' Night's
 Cathedral dark,
 It seemed so like our Sabbath-chimes, we could but
 lie, and hark!
 So like the Bells that call to prayer in the dear
 land far away;
 Their music floated on the air, and kist us — to
 betray.
 Our camp lay on the shadowy hill, all silent as a
 cloud,
 Its very heart of life stood still — and the white
 Mist brought its shroud;
 For Death was walking in the dark, and grimly
 smiled to see
 How all was ranged and ready for his sumptuous
 jubilee.

O wily are the Russians, and they came to their
 wild work —
 Their feet all shod for silence in the best blood of
 the Turk!
 While in its banks our fiery tide of War serenely
 slept,
 Their subtle serpentry unrolled, and stealthily
 they crept!

In the Ruins of the Valley do the Birds of Car-
 nage stir?
 A rustle in the gloom like wheels! feet trample —
 bullets whir —
 Blessed God! the Foe is on us. Now the Bugles
 with a start
 Thrill — like the cry of a wrongéd Queen — to
 the red roots of the heart;
 And long and loud the wild war-drums with throbb-
 ing triumph roll, —
 A sound to set the blood on fire, and warm the
 shivering soul.

The war-worn and the weary leapt up ready, fresh,
 and true!
 No weak blood curdled white i' the face, no valor
 turned to dew;
 Majestic as a God defied, arose our English Host —
 All for the peak of Peril rusht — each for the
 fieriest post!
 Thro' the mist, and thro' the mud, and o'er the
 hill-brow scowling grim,
 As is the frown of Murder when he dreams his
 dreadful dream.
 On Bayonets and Swords the smile of conscious vic-
 tory shone,
 And down to death we dasht the Rebels plucking
 at our Throne.
 On, on they came with face of flame, and storm of
 shot and shell —
 Up! Up! like heaven-scalers, as we sent them back
 to Hell.

As Bridegroom leaves his wedded Bride in gentle
 slumbers sealed,
 Our England slumbered in the West, when her
 Warriors went a-field.
 We thought of her, and swore that day to strike
 immortal blows,
 As all along our leaguered line the roar of battle rose.

Her Banners waved like blessing hands, and we
knew it was the hour
For a glorious grip till fingers met in the throat of
Russian power.
And at a bound, and with a sound that madly
cried to kill,
The Lion of Old England leapt like lightning from
the hill.
And there he stood superb, thro' all that Sabbath
of the Sword,
And there he slew, with a terrible scorn, his hun-
ters, horde on horde.

All Hell seemed bursting on us, as the yelling
Demons came —
The Cannon's tongues of quick red fire lickt all the
hills a-flame!
Mad whistling shell, wild sneering shot, with dev-
ilish glee went past,
Like fiendish feet and laughter hurrying down the
battle-blast.
And thro' the air, and round the hills, there ran a
wrack sublime,
As tho' the Eternal's Ark were crashing on the
shores of Time.
No Sun! but none is needed, — Men can feel their
way to fight,
The lust of Battle in their face — eyes filled with
fiery light;
And long ere dawn was red in Heaven, upon the
dark earth lay
The prophesying morning-red of a great and glo-
rious day.

Like the old Sea, white-lipped with rage, they
dash, and foam despair
On ranks of rock, and what a prize for the Wrecker
Death was there!

But as 'twere River Pleasaunce, did our fellows
take that flood,
With a royal throbbing in the pulse that beat vo-
luptuous blood :
The Guards went down to the fight in grey, but
now they're gory red —
Christ save them, they're surrounded ! Leap your
ramparts of the dead,
And back the desperate battle, for there is but one
short stride
Between the Russ and victory ! One more tug, you
true and tried !
Glory to God ! They are here ! with bloody spur
Ride, Bosquet, ride !
Down like a flood from Etna foams their valor's
burning tide.

Now, God for Merrie England, cry ! Hurrah for
France the Grand,
And charge the foe together, all abreast, and hand
to hand !
He but caught a shadowy glimpse across the smoke
of Alma's fray
Of the Destroying Angel that shall smite his
strength to-day.
We shout and charge together, and again, again,
again,
Our plunging battle tears its path, and paves it
with the slain.
Hurrah ! the mighty host doth melt before our
fervent heat ;
Against our side its breaking heart doth faint and
fainter beat.
And O but 'tis a gallant show, and a merry march,
as thus
We sound into the glorious goal with shouts victo-
rious !

From morn till night, we fought our fight, and at
the set of sun
Stood Conquerors on Inkermann — our Soldiers'
Battle won.
That morn their legions stood like corn in its pomp
of golden grain !
That night the ruddy sheaves were reapt upon the
misty plain !
For we cut them down by thunder-strokes, and
piled the shocks of slain :
The hill-side like a vintage ran, and reel'd Death's
harvest-wain.
We had hungry hundreds gone to sup in Paradise
that night,
And robes of Immortality our ragged Braves be-
dight !
They fell in Boyhood's comely bloom, and Bra-
very's lusty pride ;
But they made their bed o' the Russian dead, ere
they lay down and died.

We gathered round the tent-fire in the evening cold
and gray,
And thought of those who rankt with us in Battle's
rich array,
Our Comrades of the morn who came no more from
that fell fray !
The salt tears wrung out in the gloom of green
dells far away —
The eyes of lurking Death that in Life's crimson
bubbles play —
The stern white faces of the Dead that on the dark
ground lay
Like Statues of old Heroes, cut in precious human
clay —
Some with a smile as life had stopt to music
proudly gay —

The household Gods of many a heart all dark and
dumb to-day!

And hard hot eyes grew ripe for tears, and hearts
sank down to pray.

From alien lands, and dungeon-grates, how eyes
will strain to mark

This waving Sword of Freedom burn and beckon
thro' the dark!

The Martyrs stir in bloody graves, the rusted
armor rings

Adown the long aisles of the dead, where lie the
warrior Kings.

To the mighty Mother England came the radiant
Victory

With Laurels red, and a bitter cup like Christ's
last agony.

She took the cup, she drank it up, she raised her
laurelled brow:

Her sorrow seemed like solemn joy, she lookt so
noble now.

The dim divine of distance died — the purpled Past
grew wan,

As came this crowning Glory o'er the heights of
Inkermann.

XIII.

CZAR Nicholas called to North and South,

“Come, see the world's great show!

I'll thrust my head in the Lion's mouth,”

And he laught, “Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!”

“I am the Lion-Tamer dread —

I make the old brute quail!”

The Lion he shook his incredulous head,

And wagged his dubious tail.

O the Lion lay down in the pride of his might ;
 'Twas a brave, magnanimous beast !
 O the Lion leapt up to his shaggiest height ;
 The lord of a bloody feast !
 Now hold, now hold, thou desperate man,
 Or thy braggart cheek may pale ;
 Lo ! Terror tow'rs mighty in his mane,
 And Vengeance tugs at his tail.

Like a statue of Satan, Nick, alas ! stood,
 And he chuckled a low lying laugh :
 " The world is my Knoutship's whipping-top :
 Hot blood for wine I quaff ! "
 He called to North, he called to South,
 " Come, see the old brute quail :
 I'll thrust my head in his mumbling mouth : "
 The Lion he wagged his tail.

He thrust his head in the Lion's mouth :
 Ho ! Ho ! but the sport was rare !
 The Lion smelt blood in the giant's breath,
 And his clencht teeth held him there.
 Then he cried, from between the gates of death,
 With the voice of a Spirit in bale,
 " Now God-a-mercy on my soul !
 Does the Lion wag his tail ? "

Then each one strove to say him Yea,
 But each one held his breath ;
 For the fires of hell lit the Lion's eyes,
 And his looks communed with Death !
 The Giant's heart melts like snow in his mouth,
 His voice is a woman's wail ;
 The Avenger knocks at the door of his life,
 In that lash of the Lion's tail.

A low, dread sound, as from underground,
 Now signals the realms of the dead ;
 And the Tamer lies tamed on the earth full-length
 That is, except — a head.

And the poor old beast, at whose aspect mild
 The meanest thing dared rail,
 Shakes his mane like a Conqueror's bloody plumes,
 And — quietly wags his tail.

XIV.

“ AROUND us the night closes dense as a wood,
 The Stars down the darkness like cerie eyes brood ;
 While out through the nightfall my fearless
 thoughts flee
 To him who is fighting far over the sea.

“ Across the mirk moorland the birds of night
 cry ;
 A wind stirs my flesh as of Ghosts gliding by ;
 Oh, clasp thy hands, pretty one, kneel down with
 me,
 And pray for thy father far over the sea.

“ Oh, brave is my Donald, and gallant and gay
 He'll flash through the fight in the wild, bloody
 day ;
 He'll crest the high waves upon Valor's red sea ;
 God shield him ! God send him back safely to
 me ! ”

He's lying, poor Wife ! with the valiant and tried,
 Who to-night poured their life on a ruddy hill-
 side :
 And still she clings tenderly, “ Over the sea,
 Blow, breezes, and bring back my darling to me.”

Her soul it sat smiling, all meek as a dove,
 In her pure perfect face that was lighted with love;
 Her child to the full heart endearing she drew,
 And bowed like a Flower 'neath its blessing of dew

Some luminous Beauty glides over the place,
 A white mist of glory! a white spirit-face!
 And a starry shape comes slow and sweet from the
 gloom;
 God help thee, poor Widow! thy Husband is home!

She knows not the Presence that hovereth nigh,
 Nor whence fell the slumber that healed her heart's-
 cry;
 But she weeps in her vision, and prayerfully
 Still murmurs, " God send him back safely to me! "

XV.

WILD is the wintry weather!
 Dark is the night, and cold!
 All closely we crowd together,
 Within the family fold.
 A mute and mighty Shadow flies
 Across the land on wings of gloom!
 And thro' each Home its awful eyes
 May lighten with their stroke of doom.
 Life's light burns dim — we hold the breath —
 All sit stern in the shadow of Death,
 Around the household fire —
 This Winter's-night in England,
 Straining our ears for the tidings of War,
 Holding our hearts, like Beacons, up higher,
 For those who are fighting afar.

We talk of Britain's glory,
 We sing some brave old song,
 Or tell the thrilling story
 Of her wrestle with the Wrong.
 Till we clutch the spirit sword for the strife,
 And into our Rest would rather fall
 Down Battle's cataract of life,
 Than turn the white face to the wall.
 Sing, O, for a charge victorious!
 And the meekest face grows glorious!
 As we sit by the household fire,
 This Winter's-night in England, —
 Our souls within us like steeds of War!
 And we hold our hearts, like Beacons, up higher,
 For those who are fighting afar.

And oft in silence solemn
 We peer from Night's dark tent,
 And see the quivering column
 Like a cloud by lightning rent.
 For death, how merry they mount and ride!
 Those swords look keen for their lap of gore!
 Such Valor leaps out Deified!
 Such souls must rend the clay they wore!
 How proud they sweep on Glory's track!
 So many start! so few come back
 To sit by the household fire,
 On a Winter's-night in England,
 And with rich tears wash their wounds of War,
 Where we hold our hearts, like Beacons, up
 higher,
 For those who are fighting afar.

We thrill to the Clarion's clangor,
 And harness for the fight:
 With the Warrior's glorious anger,
 We are nobly mad to smite:

No dalliance, save with Hate, hold we,
 Where Life and Death keep bloody tryst,
 And all the red Reality
 Reels on us through a murder-mist!
 Wave upon wave rolls Ruin's flood,
 And the hosts of the Tyrant melt in blood,
 As we sit by the household fire;
 This Winter's-night in England,
 And our color flies out to the music of War,
 While we hold our hearts, like Beacons, up
 higher,
 For those who are fighting afar.

Old England still hath Heroes
 To wear her sword and shield!
 We knew them not while near us,
 We know them in the field!
 Look! how the Tyrant's hills they climb,
 To hurl our gage in his grim hold!
 The Titans of the earlier time,
 Tho' larger-limb'd, were smaller-soul'd!
 Laurel, or Amaranth, light their brow!
 Living or dead, we crown them now!
 As we sit by the household fire,
 This Winter's-night in England:
 From the white cliffs watching the storm of War,
 Holding our hearts, like Beacons, up higher,
 For those who are fighting afar.

O! their brave love hath rootage
 In the Old Land, deep and dear,
 And Life's ripe, ruddy fruitage
 Hangs summering for them here!
 And tender eyes, tear-luminous,
 Melt thro' the dark of dreamland skies,
 While, pleading aye for home and us,
 The heart is one live brood of cries!
 Old feelings cling! O how they cling!
 And sweet birds sing! O how they sing

Them back to the household fire,
 This Winter's night in England,
 Where we wait for them weary and wounded from
 War,

Holding our hearts, like Beacons, up higher,
 For those who are fighting afar !

Ah, me ! how many a Maiden

Will wake o' nights, to find
 Her tree of life, love-laden,

Swept bare in this wild wind !

The Bird of bliss, to many a nest,

Will come back never, never mo !

So many a goodly, gallant crest

That waved to victory, now lies low !

We pray for them, we fear for them,

And silently drop a tear for them,

As we sit by the household fire ;

This Winter's-night in England,

Each life looking out for its own love-star !

Holding our hearts, like Beacons, up higher,
 For those who are fighting afar.

But, there's no land like England,

Wherever that land may be !

Of all the world 'tis king-land

Crown'd, by its Bride, the Sea !

And they shall rest i' the balmiest bed,

Who battle for it, and bleed for it !

And they shall be head of the Glorious Dead,

Who die in the hour of need for it !

And long shall we sing of their deeds divine,

In songs that warm the heart like wine,

As we sit by the household fire,

On a Winter's-night in England,

And the tale is told of this night of War,

How we held our hearts, like Beacons, up
 higher,

For those who were fighting afar.

XVI.

SITTING in her sorrow lone,
 Still our Mother makes her moan
 For the Lost; and to the Martyr's Hill our
 thoughts in mourning go.
 O, that desert of the Dead,
 Who lay down in their death-bed,
 With their winding-sheet and wreath of winter
 snow!

Into glory had they rode
 When the tide of triumph flowed,
 Not a tear would we shed for the heroes lying low.
 But our hearts break for the Dead,
 In their desolate death-bed,
 With their winding-sheet and wreath of winter
 snow.

Praying breath rose white in air,
 Eyes were set in a stern stare,
 Hands were stretcht for help that came not as they
 sank in silence low :
 Our grand, our gracious Dead,
 Who lay down in their death-bed,
 With their winding-sheet and wreath of winter
 snow.

Now the winter snows are gone,
 And Earth smiles as though the Dawn
 Had come up from it in Flowers — such a light of
 grace doth glow
 All about our darkened Dead,
 Who lay down in their death-bed,
 With their winding-sheet and wreath of winter
 snow.

But, never, never more,
 Comes the Spring that will restore
 To their own love, their own land, the dear ones
 lying low
 On the Martyrs' Hill, our Dead
 Who lay down in their death-bed,
 With their winding-sheet and wreath of winter
 snow.

Till with victory God replies,
 Shall our battle storm the skies,
 And our living heroes think, as they grapple with
 the foe,
 Of our perisht, peerless Dead,
 Who lay down in their death-bed,
 With their winding-sheet and wreath of winter
 snow.

Through a hundred battles red,
 Shall their fame float overhead :
 Into everlasting flowers shall their martyr memo-
 ries blow.
 So we crown our glorius Dead,
 Who lay down in their death-bed,
 With their winding-sheet and wreath of winter
 snow.

XVII.

How shall I help thee, Mother, in thy need ?
 I cried, and lookt my life out thro' mine eyes,
 Across the smoke of thy great Sacrifice.
 Give me some perilous post, or daring deed.
 O might I breathe in Song heroic breath,
 And strike my harp, as Lightning smites his wires,
 To bear God's message with celestial fires !

Sing how the Glory of our land hath risen ;
 Sing midnight pæans by the Martyrs' graves ;
 Walk War's red highways, voyage grim wide
 waves :
 Or in an English cheer go down to death,
 Where the soul burst in wings on Battle's wind :
 No ! England waves her Minstrels forth to find
 Our Lion Heart again in Austria's prison.

XVIII.

THEY have died, our true and tried, ere Our flag
 victorious flew
 O'er the burning battle-hell, we must ride to
 conquest through.
 But they died, our Glorified ! on the field of their
 renown ;
 And they died when the pride of the Foeman's
 power went down.
 Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, 'tis a famous grave !
 Bury them on Cathcart's Hill with our bravest
 Brave !

A proud flame in the Death-wind waved the
 Warrior's soaring plume :
 Stern in his shroud of fire, the Foe glared from his
 burning tomb !
 Victory's shouts were ringing as they flasht from
 out the strife,
 To meet God's angels bringing garlands for the
 Kings of Life.
 Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, 'tis a famous grave !
 Bury them on Cathcart's Hill with our bravest
 Brave !

Bear them to that grave in a solemn march and
slow,
Let Music talk in tears o'er the great ones lying
low ;
They will sleep calm and deep when the battle-
bugles blow ;
A sumptuous monument they shall have when next
we meet the Foe !
Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, 'tis a famous grave !
Bury them on Cathcart's Hill with our bravest
Brave !

We quaff our cup o' the vintage, and from darkened
depths arise
The bubbles, like the tears that plead in Desolation's
eyes ;
Yet there's glory in our grief— 'tis a glory that
shall grow
When our Sorrow hath no morrow, and 'twas
centuries ago.
Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, 'tis a famous grave !
Bury them on Cathcart's Hill with our bravest
Brave !

Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, — their glory from
its crest
Shall flame, a terror to the North, a watchfire to
the West !
They have done with their work, lay them down to
their rest,
In their hand the battle-brand, with the banner on
their breast.
Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, 'tis a famous grave !
Bury them on Cathcart's Hill with our bravest
Brave !

XIX.

O SUFFERING people, this is not our fight,
 Who called a holy crusade for the right.
 The Despot's bloody game our tricksters play,
 And stake our future, chance by chance, away.
 O darkened hearts in desolate homestead !
 O wasted bravery of our mighty dead !
 The flower of men fall stricken from behind :
 The Knaves and Cowards stab us bound and blind.
 With faces turned from battle, they went forth :
 We marcht with ours set stern against the North.
 They shuffled lest their feet should rouse the dead :
 We went with resurrection in our tread.
 They trembled lest the world might come to blows :
 We quivered for the tug and mortal close.
 They only meant a mild hint for the Czar :
 We would have bled him through a sumptuous war.
 While they were quenching Freedom's scattered
 fires,
 We kindled memories of heroic Sires.
 They'd have this grand old England cringe and
 pray,
 " Don't smite me, Kings ; but if you will, you
 may : "

We'd make her as in those proud times of old,
 When Cromwell spoke, and Blake's war-thunders
 rolled.

They to the passing powers of darkness fawn :
 With warrior joy we greet this crimson Dawn.
 To crowned Bloodsuckers they would bind us slaves :
 We would be free, or sleep in glorious graves.
 State-Spiders, Here or There, weave webs alike ;
 These hold the victims, while the others strike.
 The Dwarfs drag our great Banner in the mire :
 We ask for men to bear it high and higher.
 O stop their fiddling over War's grim revel,
 And pitch them from your shoulders to—the Devil

X X.

THERE was a poor old Woman once, a daughter of
our nation,
Before the Devil's portrait stood in ignorant
adoration.

“ You're bowing down to Satan, Ma'am,” said
some Spectator civil :

“ Ah, Sir, it's best to be polite, for we may go to
the Devil.”

Bow, bow, bow :

We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to
bow.

So England hails the Saviour of Society, and will
tarry at

His feet, nor see her Christ is he who sold him,
curst Iscariot.

By grace of God, or sleight of hand, he wears the
royal vesture,

And at thy throne, Divine Success ! we kneel with
reverent gesture,

And bow, bow, bow :

We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to
bow.

O when the Sun is over us, we venerate the
sunlight ;

But when Eclipse is over it, we venerate the
dunlight.

No matter what is uppermost, upon all-fours we
revel,

And when Hell triumphs over Heaven — conciliate
the Devil,

And bow, bow, bow :

We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to
bow.

Ah, Louis, had you come to us despised and re-
 jected,
 You might have gone to — Coventry, unnoticed
 and neglected :
 But as you've done one Nation so, and left another
 undone,
 We kiss you Sire at Windsor — crown you more
 than king in London,
 And bow, bow, bow :
 We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to
 bow.

Our Idol's hands are red with blood, with blood
 his eyes are sodden,
 But we know 'tis only Russian blood which he has
 spilt and trodden !
 He wears the imperial purple now, that plotting
 prince of evil ;
 He lets us share his glory if we bow down to the
 Devil ;
 And we bow, bow, bow :
 We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to
 bow.

With hand to hilt, and ear to earth, waits Revolu-
 tion, breathless,
 To catch the resurrection sound of Liberty the
 deathless !
 But we see no danger hug us round — no Sword
 hang o'er us gory,
 While to this mocking Mirage in the sunset of our
 glory
 We bow, bow, bow :
 We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to bow.

Back, back, you foolish Peoples, slink into your
 weeping places,
 Quench Freedom's torch in tears, and put her light
 out in your faces :

The heart of England beats no more to the old
 heroic level ;
 The poor old Woman bows before her Portrait of
 the Devil.

Bow, bow, bow :
 She may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to bow.

X X I.

FADES the New Aurora
 That so glorious shone afar,
 We but saw its fair face smiling
 In the wreck-fed waves of war.
 The peace-fool to his pillow
 Now may sneak, and sleep :
 But a glory gone for ever,
 We must weep ; let us weep.

Sleep the buried thunders ;
 Their reverberations cease :
 And the grim old War-God
 Must smile — a painted Peace.
 Wild eyes are mad-house windows
 Of Souls that plead in vain !
 Over their old dark sorrow
 Greeneth the soft spring-rain.

Cowards in the Council !
 Heroes in the field !
 Is our short sad story
 By the blood of Martyrs sealed.
 On those lone Crimean ridges
 In the night our dead arise,
 And the Norland winds come wailing
 With their curses, and their cries.

Sublime in all her suffering !
In the fight so brave !
Poor old England's victories
Bow her to the grave.
On the Sea she keeps her Eden,
But the Snake is curled
Round her heart, that will beguile her
Of her crown of the world.

Had we struck for Freedom
One immortal battle-blow,
Like the men who rose for England,
Two hundred years ago, —
The dead Nations lying
Where they fought and fell of old,
Would have risen from their prison,
And ther buried flags unrolled.

For the dwellers in the valleys,
A returning Spring
O'er the hills will break and beacon ;
They will go forth conquering !
When our poor, proud England
Low and lone shall lie
On her sea-rock bound ; and Tyrants
Mock her riding by.



T H E

BRIDEGROOM OF BEAUTY.



THE BRIDEGROOM OF BEAUTY.

Who wears a singing-robe is richly dight,
Said Mabel; he is greater than a King.
I would I were a Poet happy-mad;
Up like a Lark i' the morning of the times,
To sing above the human harvesters:
Drop fancies, dainty-sweet, to cheer their toil,
And hurry out a ripe luxuriance
Of life in song, as though my heart would break;
And sing them sweet and precious memories,
And golden promises, and throbbing hopes;
Hymn the great future with its mystery,
That startles us from out the dark of time
With secrets numerous as a night of stars:
Those days hung round with loftier heavens, where
 move
The larger souls with grandly solemn pace:
Or send wronged Nations to the battle-field
With eyes that weep and burn — stir as with fire
The grand wild beast of Valor, till it leapt
The red Arena fiery for the fight:
Then bind with garlands brave the Patriot's brow.
Anon I would sing songs so sweetly pure,
That they might pillow a budding Maiden's cheek,
Like spirit-hands, and catch her tender tears;
Or nestle next her heart lapt up in love: —
Songs that in far lands, under alien skies,

Should spring from English hearts like flowers of
home.

I'd strive to bring down light from Heaven to read
The records writ on Poverty's prison walls,
The signs of greatness limned in martyr blood,
And make worn faces glow with warmth of love
Into the lineaments of heavenly beauty.

Who wears a singing-robe is richly dight ;
The Poet, he is greater than a King.
He plucks the veil from hidden loveliness :
His gusts of music stir the shadowing boughs,
To let in glory on the darkened soul.
Upon the hills of light he plants his feet
To lure the people up with harp and voice ;
At humblest human hearths drops dews divine
To feed the violet virtues nestling there.
His hands adorn the poorest house of life
With rare abiding shapes of loveliness.
All things obey his soul's creative eye ;
For him earth ripens fruit-like in the light ;
Green April comes to him with smiling tears,
Like some sweet Maiden who transfigured stands
In dewy light of first love's rosy dawn,
And yields all secret preciousness, his Bride.
He reaps the Autumn without seythe or sickle ;
And in the sweet low singing of the corn,
Hears coming Plenty hush the pining Poor.

The shows of things are but a robe o' the day.
His life down-deepens to the living heart,
And Sorrow shows him her wise mysteries.
He knoweth Life is but a longer year,
And it will blossom bright in other springs.
The soul of all things is invisible,
And nearest to that soul the Poet sings ;
A sweet, shy Bird in darkling privacy.
He beckons not the Pleasures as they pass,
And lets the money-grubbing world go by.

He hath a towering life, but cannot climb
 Out of the reach of sad calamity :
 A many carking cares pluck at his skirts ;
 Wild, wandering words are hissing at his ear ;
 He runs the gauntlet of world-woes to reach
 The inner sanctuary of better life.
 But tho' the seas of sorrow flood his heart,
 Some silent spring of roses blossoms there.
 His spirit-wounds a precious balsam bleed.
 The loveliest ministrants that visit him,
 Rise veiled when his heart-fountains spring in tears.
 And when this misty life hath rolled away ;
 The turmoil husht ; all foolish voices still ;
 The bonds that crusht his great heart shattered
 down,
 And all his nature shines sublimely bare ;
 Death whitens many a stain of strife and toil,
 And careful hands shall pluck away each weed
 Around the spring that wells melodious life.

Many and many are called, but few are crowned,
 Charmian replied. I knew a Poet once ;
 One of the world's most marvellous might-have-
 beens ;
 A strange wild harper upon human heart-strings.
 Life's morning-glory around him prophesied
 That he should win his garland in the game.
 But he was lost for lack of that sweet thing,
 A Wife, to live his love's dear dream of beauty,
 And wandered darkling in his dazzling dream.
 Life's waters — troubled till that Angel comes —
 Never grew calm above the jewel he sought,
 Till in Death's harbor all their surges slept.

He was betrothed to Beauty ere his birth —
 That silent Spirit of the universe,
 Which seeks interpreters of her dumb shows,
 'Mong human lovers whom she may not wed!
 This Spirit arose from many things, as soars
 The soul of Harmony from many sounds.
 She beckoned him for her Evangelist,
 Out of the byeway of his lonely life,
 And straightway he arose and followed her,
 And in the shadow of her loveliness,
 Or in her wake of glory, walkt the world.

That smiling Shape, like hers we worship, seemed
 Some beauteous miracle of silent love.
 Thro' smiles, and tears, he saw his visioned Bride,
 With gorgeous grace, and twinkling limbs of light,
 Aye dancing on in her delightsomeness.
 His love-dream gilded silent thro' his life,
 Like rosy-handed Day 'twixt Earth and Night,
 And came betwixt his mind and all its glooms;
 Her sandals wet and fragrant with Heaven's dew.
 She set the barren thorns in jewelled glow,
 And sowed the furrows of his life with flowers.
 He followed with wild looks and heart a-fire,
 And that rich mist of feeling in the eyes,
 Whose alchymy half-creates the thing we see.

She rose in sparkling clouds of dazzling dew,
 And kept the Morning's ruddy golden gates;
 Stood high in sunrise on the mountain-top;
 Sate in her bower of the silvery air,
 Shedding her beauty richly on the sea,
 Which of her likeness took some trembly tints!
 Voyaged like Venus in her car of cloud
 About the sapphire heaven's lake of love,
 Or danced on sunset streams to harp of gold:
 Then twilight mists would robe more faint and fair
 Her dim, delicious, dreamy loveliness.

The Flowers that startle at the voice of May
And open gamesome eyes, had been with her ;
Their subtle smile said what they could reveal.
Among the boughs of balm rainbowed with bloom ;
The colored clouds that kindle and richly rise
From out the bosom of Earth's emerald sea ;
Hedge-roses set in dewy glory green ;
The lush Laburnums, all a rain of gold ;
She seemed to have fled and left her robe afloat.
An Ariel, soft she murmured in the pines ;
He heard, but knew no magic word or wand.
A wavy Naiad, she rippled the cool brooks
That round her dallied in delicious dreams.
The fragrant feeling of the languorous air
Was as the soft endearment of her touch,
And wound him in her tremulous caress.

Not by appointment do we meet Delight
And Joy : they heed not our expectancy ;
But round some corner in the streets of life,
They, on a sudden, clasp us with a smile.
So on him rose his visitant divine,
From many a magic mirror of the mind ;
With elfin evanescence came and went.

When, thronged with life, the Year in beauty
burst,
Lifted her lids, and blossomed from the trees,
She smiled in all the gateways of the spring.
In burnisht bark swam down the summer tide
That floods the valleys, breaks o'er all the hills,
In sparkling spray of flowers, and leafy life.
She bound the Autumn's brow with plumes of
gold,
And roofed her forests with the radiant wealth
Of melted rainbows, showered from summer heaven.
And winter trees stretcht fingers weird to win
Her perfect pearl, and her white purity.
Where'er she went Earth lookt up with a smile.

Thro' Music's maze she glode at hide-and-seek ;
 Played with the Storm, then in her rainbow-shape
 Laught from the purple skirts of Heaven, as laughs
 Some radiant Child from Mother's hiding robe.

Adown dim forest-windings he would peer ;
 Surprise his Beautiful at her woodland bath,
 And in a solemn hush of heart stand still
 Like fixed flame ! for lo, how softly burned
 Her dainty limbs shadowed with cloudy pearl !
 Then swift as runs a wind-wave over grass,
 He saw her garments gleam in leafy light.
 Were those love-whisperings among the leaves,
 Or elvish laughters twitting thro' the trees ?
 Sometimes the boughs let in her haunting face ;
 The glance would make his blood run lightning
 red ;
 But the old forest kept the secret still,
 And husht it round with grave unconscious look.

In vernal nights so tender, calm, and cool,
 When eerie Darkness lays its shadowy hands
 On Earth, and reads her sins with myriad eyes,
 Like a Confessor o'er a kneeling Nun ;
 He stood in God's wide whispering gallery,
 And breathed his worship : down from visible
 Heaven

Her influence fell, and thrilled in music thro'
 The silences of space, and soothed his soul,
 Till life was folded up brimfull of beauty,
 As the flower folds its pearl and droops to dream.

At times, from out the curtains of the dark,
 Her face would meet him thro' the glowing gloom.
 Sometimes she passed ; her rippling raiment toucht
 His brows, and sphered him with diviner air,
 Like honeysuckles brusht at dewy dusk.
 The fragrance of her breath made old earth young.
 From mystery to mystery, like a Bride,

The dainty-waisted darling led him on,
 And dropt love-tokens in his pilgrim path.
 The red Rose peering thro' its lattice leaves
 Like warm Love lifting half its virgin veil,
 Symbolled her soft red mouth held up for kisses.
 A balm of life, and mist of ripening bloom,
 Gave to her tender cheeks their taking touch.
 Her eyes were glowing orbs of thought that burned
 Fervent as Hesper in the brow of Eve.

He walkt as in a clime of golden eves.
 The vineyard of his life reeled lusty ripe ;
 He ached to press the wine upon her lips,
 But aye she melted from his love's embrace,
 To float him far away in faëry lands.
 The wooing wind would murmur of her fairness,
 And round him breathe in many whispers sweet ;
 Bring dews of healing as from Hermon hill ;
 Creep to his burning heart with drink of life,
 And cool him with her kisses. Oft he husht,
 As one who pauses on a midnight heath,
 To catch the footfall felt on Fancy's ear.

When he awoke in Dreamland, 'twas to find
 He had been floated thro' some starry dark,
 Far from earth's shore, on an enchanted sea :
 And he lay pillowed 'twixt her white warm
 breasts,

In glowing arms of glorifying love :
 A light of love-dreams on her features shone,
 With ripening lustre, and enriching calm :
 And she had laid her daylight mask aside ;
 All the sweet soul of things lay bare, as lies
 The mirrored moon in silver sleeping seas.

A shimmering splendor from the By-gone broke,
 As the Ship leaves a luminous wake behind ;
 And, looking back, his Childhood's world she
 ringed

With rich auroral hues of summer dawns.
 When weird, dark shapes of sorrow hunted nigh
 With their slow solemn eyes, and silent aim,
 She dropt the gold cloud of her tresses round him.
 When o'er him hung the night of adverse fate,
 She flamed a light of love along his path,
 And through the darkness of his soul there broke
 A heaven of worlds all tenderness and peace.

At times he walkt with glad and confident step,
 As inner wings to heroic music moved ;
 And men who read his lighted look might deem
 His life a summer story told in flowers.
 But often he would falter weeping-weak,
 With claspéd hands, and very lowly heart.
 Then she rose glorified in finer light,
 Seen thro' the altar-smoke and mist of tears.
 So his life grew to beauty silently,
 And shaped his soul into an orb of song.
 He sang of Her his beautiful Unknown,
 Heart-wild, as some glad bird that sings of Spring,
 And all Earth's voices rang a rich refrain.
 He would have made the world her worshipper :
 The sceptic world that flung him Christ's old crown.
 One day our passionate pilgrim sat him down
 By the wayside of life, and thus he sang :

“ LIKE a tree beside the river
 Of her life that runs from me,
 Do I lean me, murmuring ever
 In my love's idolatry.
 Lo, I reach out hands of blessing,
 Lo, I stretch out hands of prayer ;
 And, with passionate caressing,
 Pour my life upon the air.
 In my ears the syren river
 Sings, and smiles up in my face ;
 But for ever, and for ever,
 Runs from my embrace.

“ Spring by spring the branches duly
 Clothe themselves in tender flower ;
 And for her sweet sake as truly
 All their fruit and fragrance shower.
 But the stream, with careless laughter
 Runs in merry beauty by,
 And it leaves me yearning after,
 Lorn to droop, and lone to die.
 In my ears the syren river
 Sings, and smiles up in my face;
 But for ever, and for ever,
 Runs from my embrace.

“ I stand mazéd in the moonlight,
 O'er its happy face to dream;
 I am parchéd in the noonlight
 By that cool and brimming stream :
 I am dying by the river
 Of her life that runs from me,
 And it sparkles by me ever,
 With its cool felicity.
 In my ears the syren river
 Sings, and smiles up in my face;
 But for ever, and for ever,
 Runs from my embrace.”

“ O THOU Belovéd ! O thou Beautiful !
 Throned on perfection for thy pedestal :
 O spirit as the lightning wild and bright,
 Come from thy palace of the purple light.
 Come down to mortal arms a living form,
 With heavenly height of brow, and bosom warm.
 Glow human from the mist, thou Shape of Grace;
 Thou tender wonder, fold me face to face.
 Art thou not mine, thou delicate Delight ?
 Hast thou not visited me noon and night ?
 Freightèd with my dead Hopes I follow thee,
 Like some Norse sea-king flaming out to sea.

Say, are the pleasant bowērs far away,
Deckt by thy dear hands for our marriage-day,
Where we the gardens of delight shall roam
In endless love? When wilt thou lead me home,
To find our bliss in Heaven's honied heart;
Live secret soul to soul, never to part?

“ O awful Glory, felt, but never found ;
I have but seen thy Shadow on life's ground.
I know thee now, Immortal ! show the way
To thine Elysium, I could die to-day.
Break into wings this chrysalis of my life,
That I may soar to thee my spirit-wife.
Thy dark bower-door, the Grave, gives me no fear ;
When I emerge beyond, thou wilt be near.”

O'er all his face the sudden splendor smiled,
Sweet as first love, and sad as wailing winds.
His soul had rent the veil 'twixt life and life.
Slowly the shining vapors orb a Star,
By fine degrees before his fixéd eyes.
The Spirit he had sought thro' all the world,
Turned full upon him face to face at last.
She laid her hand upon his throbbing harp ;
She prest her lips upon his passionate life ;
The harp and life stood still. His Bride was
Death.

CRUMBS FROM THE TABLE.

LITTLE WILLIE.

Poor little Willie,
With his many pretty wiles ;
Worlds of wisdom in his looks,
And quaint, quiet smiles ;
Hair of amber, toucht with
Gold of Heaven so brave ;
All lying darkly hid
In a Workhouse Grave.

You remember little Willie ;
Fair and funny fellow ! he
Sprang like a lily
From the dirt of poverty.
Poor little Willie !
Not a friend was nigh,
When, from the cold world,
He croucht down to die.

In the day we wandered foodless,
Little Willie cried for bread ;
In the night we wandered homeless,
Little Willie cried for bed.
Parted at the Workhouse door,
Not a word we said :
Ah, so tired was poor Willie,
And so sweetly sleep the dead.

'Twas in the dead of winter
 We laid him in the earth;
 The world brought in the New Year,
 On a tide of mirth.
 But, for lost little Willie,
 Not a tear we crave;
 Cold and Hunger cannot wake him,
 In his Workhouse Grave.

WE thought him beautiful,
 Felt it hard to part;
 WE loved him dutiful;
 Down, down, poor heart!
 The storms they may beat;
 The winter winds may rave;
 Little Willie feels not,
 In his Workhouse Grave.

No room for little Willie;
 In the world he had no part;
 On him stared the Gorgon-eye,
 'Thro' which looks no heart.
 Come to me, said Heaven;
 And, if Heaven will save,
 Little matters though the door
 Be a Workhouse Grave.

A BALLAD OF THE OLD TIME.

SWEET Night, drop down from thy starry bower
 Thy influence dewy mild;
 Softly bend over my love's tender flower,
 As a Mother bends over her child.
 Hush the hills in a mystic dream;
 To slumber stretch valley and lea;
 Fold over all thy purple and pall,
 And bring my Love to me.

You white witching Moon, with your beautiful
smile ;

You flowers that fondle his feet ;

You weird wee Women of fairyland, wile

Not my Love with your kisses sweet.

For him my bower in the old gray tower

Is dighted daintilie :

All gentle Powers that walk the night-hours,

Hasten my Love to me.

I count my love's rosary over again,

With its feelings and fancies and fears ;

Till it breaks in my brain with the tension of pain,

And my pearls are but trembling tears !

I sorrow and sing with the thorn at my breast,

But mine eyes watch unweariedly :

Come crown them, and calm them, and kiss them
to rest ;

Dear my Love, come to me.

The ripe swelling buds that are quick with spring,

Will peep from their silken fold ;

And my broidered belt is too short to cling

Round my waist with its girdling gold.

But my Love he will bring the gay gold ring ;

Base-born his Babe shall not be !

Leal is his love as the Heaven above :

He never will lightly me.

My Love he hath little of silver or gold ;

Of land he hath never a sod ;

But my Love is a gay gallant gentleman —

He's a king by the grace of God.

He has borne up the battle-tide broad-sword in
hand !

He is comely as any ladye !

O and were I a King's daughter,

None other should marry me.

My Love shall not wait at the Castle-gate,
 My Love shall not tirl at the pin ;
 My Love he shall climb to my bower-window ;
 Sing O, but I'll let my Love in.
 The dragon below lieth weary and old,
 Sleeping all under the tree ;
 While I feast my Love upon apples of gold —
 But soft ! He is coming to me.

THE SUNBEAM AND THE ROSE.

“ PRETTY Rosebud, are thy crimson
 Curtains still undrawn ?
 Odalisque of Flowers —
 Tender soul o' the fervid South !
 I am dainty of thy beauty,
 All this dewy dawn ;
 I am fainting for the ruddy
 Kisses of thy mouth.”

Sang the syren Sunbeam,
 With a voice made low to win ;
 Round the Rose-heart playing,
 Till it toucht the tenderest strings ;
 “ Pretty Rosebud, ope thy lattice,
 Let thy true love in.”
 And for Heaven down-wavering warm,
 She waved her leafy wings !

LISTEN, LADIES, TO MY SONG O' THE SUNBEAM AND
 THE ROSE.

Out she sprang, kiss-colored,
 In her eyes the dews of bliss ;
 All her beauty glowing
 With a blush of bridal light !

Gave her balm and bloom for banquet
 To the golden kiss ;
 Proudly oped each chamber
 For a princelier delight.

Soon the Serpent of Sweetness,
 Sated, could no longer stay ;
 And away he went, a-wooing
 Every flower that blows !
 'Twas the reign of Roses
 When that Sunbeam passed to-day ;
 Lonely in her rifled ruin
 Droopt the dying Rose.

LISTEN, LADIES, TO MY SONG O' THE SUNBEAM AND
 THE ROSE.

SONG.

METHOUGHT to bear her branches crowned
 With fruit, my virgin vine :
 Another fills her arms ; around
 Another life they twine !
 So I lost the day,
 And all the night I wake, —
 Bird-like singing sad sorrow away,
 Until my heart shall break.

While others gleaned Life's field for gold,
 With Flowers I made a crown :
 Till, looking up alone, behold,
 The deepening night came down !
 So I lost the day,
 And all the night I wake, —
 Bird-like singing sad sorrow away,
 Until my heart shall break.

Ah me! I claspt a reed, and missed
 My sweetest Syrinx fled!
 Ah me! my tenderest music's kist
 From lips of dear love dead.
 I have lost the day,
 And all the night I wake, —
 Bird-like singing sad sorrow away,
 Until my heart shall break.

LONG AGO.

OLD friend of mine, you were dear to my heart,
 Long, long ago, long ago.
 Little did we think of a time we should part,
 Long, long ago, long ago.
 Hand claspt in hand thro' the world we would go.
 Down our old untrodden path the wild weeds grow!
 Great was the love 'twixt us; sair was the smart:
 Old friend of mine long ago.

Patient watch I kept for you many, many a day,
 Long, long ago, long ago;
 Waited and wept for you far, far away,
 Long, long ago, long ago.
 Merry came each May-tide, green leaves would
 start:
 Never came my old friend back to my heart.
 Lonely I went on my weary, weary way,
 Old friend of mine long ago.

Oft as I muse at the shadowy nightfall
 Over the dear Long Ago,
 Borne on tears arises the dark, dark pall,
 Fallen on my heart long ago.
 Love is not dead, tho' we wander apart;
 How I could clasp you, old friend, to my heart!
 Barriers lie between us, but God knoweth all.
 Old friend of mine long ago.

CRAIGCROOK ROSES.

CRAIGCROOK Roses! ruby, golden,
 Glowing gorgeous; faint with passion;
 To the sweet flower-soul unfolden:
 Wreathe me in the old Greek fashion.
 Queen of sweetness, crowned with splendor,
 Every rich round bud uncloses;
 Yet so meek and womanly tender
 Are you royal Craigcrook Roses,
 Warm and winy Craigcrook Roses.

Leaning with some unknown yearning,
 You would make a lover sin, you
 Pretty wooers, archly turning
 As you climb to make us win you.
 Ripe perfection of fair fulness
 In your gracious bloom reposes;
 And an emerald bower for coolness,
 Summer builds my Craigcrook Roses,
 Amorous-dreaming Craigcrook Roses.

When the year is old and hoary,
 And the day is dark with dolors;
 Still you come, my guests of glory,
 In voluptuous dance of colors.
 And — tho' Earth like Age is toiling
 In the snowdrifts — perfumed posies
 Kiss me, crown my spirit smiling
 Down a dream of Craigcrook Roses,
 Dear, delicious Craigcrook Roses.

Fairest 'mong Light's daughters seven,
 With your dainty dreamy graces;
 You might light with loving leaven
 Smiles of spring in wintriest faces.

At the solemn shut of daylight
 When the fair life-vision closes ;
 May my spirit float away light
 On a cloud of Craigerook Roses,
 Cooled and crowned with Craigerook Roses.

SONG.

O LOVE will make the leal heart ache
 That never ached before ;
 And meek or merry eyes 'twill make
 With solemn tears run o'er.
 In tears we parted tenderly,
 My Love and I lang-syne ;
 And evermore she vowed to be
 Mine own, aye mine, all mine !

Sing O the tree is blossoming,
 But the worm is at the root ;
 And many a darling flower of Spring
 Will never come to fruit.
 We meet now in the streets of life ;
 All gone, the old sweet charms ;
 At my side leans a loving Wife ;
 She — passes-Babe-in-arms.

DIRGE.

O HAPPY tree ;
 Green and fragrant tree ;
 Spring with budding jewels deckt it like a Bride !
 All so fair it bloomed,
 And the summer air perfumed ;
 Golden autumn fruitage smiled in crowns of pride.

O human tree ;
 Waesome wailing tree ;
 In the winter wind how it rocks ! how it grieves !
 On a little low grave-mound,
 All its bravery lies discrowned :
 O'er its fallen fruit it heaps the withered leaves.

“IN THE DEAD UNHAPPY MIDNIGHT.”

'Tis Midnight hour, and the Dead have power
 Over the Wronger now !
 He is tortured and torn by the crown of thorn
 That hath fallen from the Suicide's brow.

Wind him around in the toil of thy charms ;
 Nestle him close, young Bride !
 At the Midnight hour he is drawn from thy
 arms ;
 Thro' the dark with the Dead he must ride.

The rose of her mouth is red-wet, red-warm :
 She smiles in her heaven of calm.
 Tost ! hurried ! and sered in a pitiless storm ;
 Slumber for him hath no balm.

He feels that ghastly groping along
 The Corridor of Dreams !
 And a dark Desolation Lightning-lit
 Is his face by ghastly gleams !

Love's cup flushes up for his crowning kiss,
 With his lip at the burning brim !
 Lo, the Dead uncurtain his bower of bliss,
 Stretching wild arms for him !

Wind him around in the toil of thy charms ;
Nestle him close, young Bride !
Yet, at Midnight hour he is drawn from thy arms ;
Thro' the dark with the Dead he must ride.

And the Dark hath a million burning Eyes,
All of his secret tell !
And the whispering winds are damnéd fiends
That hiss in his ears of Hell !

Warm in her bed the young Bride lies,
Breathing her peaceful breath :
Dead Mother and Babe with their drownéd eyes
Stare dim thro' the watery death.

'Tis Midnight hour and the Dead have power
Over the Wronger now !
He is tortured and torn by the crown of thorn
That hath fallen from the Suicide's brow.

ONLY A DREAM.



ONLY A DREAM.

THE silvery veil of Sleep came trembling down
Like sweet snow white and warm in a silent world,
And softly covered up the face of life.
The nurse-like Spirit laid my body to rest,
And went to meet her Bridegroom in the night,
Who comes like music o'er the star-shored sea,
And clasps her at the portal with a kiss.
When lo, a hand reacht thro' the dark, and drew
Her gliding silent on, and looking up
The unfeatured gloom grew into Charmian's face.
I read her look, and we two wandered forth
In the cool glory of the glimmering night :
The Earth lay faint with love at the feet of Heaven :
Her breath of incense went up thro' the leaves
In a lown sough of bliss. Warm winds on tip-toe
Walkt over the tall tree-tops. Above us burned
The golden legends on Night's prophet-brow ;
The Moon rose o'er the city, a glory of gold ;
Around us Life rehearst Death's mystery.
And Charmian wore her luminous loveliness
As in a stole of sorrow ; by day she moved
In some serene elysium ; queenly-sweet,
And gracious ; breathing beauty ; a heaven of
dreams
In her large lotus eyes, darkly divine :
Warm wingéd Ardors plumed her parted lips.
But now her blooming Life's luxuriant flower

Seemed withered into ashen spirit-fruit,
 And like a spirit flasht her white, lit face!
 Portentous things which hid themselves by day,
 Sweet-shadowed 'neath her sunning beauty-bloom,
 Came peering thro' the dim and sorrowy night.
 Her lips, red-ripe to crush their fire-strong wine,
 Pouting persuasive in perpetual kiss,
 Were thin with anguish, bitter with pale pain.
 And from the windows whence her Beauty laught
 As Age went by, a life of suffering lookt,
 And perisht visions flasht their phantom light.
 White waves of sea-like soul had climbed, and dasht
 The red light from its heaven of her cheek.
 Her bounteous breast that breathed magnificence,
 And billowed with proud blood, sighed meekly now.
 The flowers her Spartan spirit crowned her with
 For the life-battle, dropt about her dead.
 Diaphanous in the moonlight grew her life
 With all its written agony visible ;
 Down the dark deep of her great grief I stared,
 And saw the Wreck with all its dead around.
 And my heart melted in its mournfulness ;
 She moaned, as hers were breaking in its pain ;
 And then her voice vibrated piteous as
 A Spirit wailing in a world of tears,
 But stifled half its pathos not to hurt.

“ Earth sleepeth in the moonlight's mystic grace,
 The breath of blessings round her ; and all Heaven
 Is passing thro' her dream ; it trembles near ;
 She feels the Seraph-kisses on her face ;
 But she will wake at morn in tears to find
 The glory gone — all was a dream o' the night.
 And thus my young Life slumbered, dreamed, and
 woke !

“ It ran in shadow like the woodland brook,
 Feeling its way, with yearnings for the light,
 Until it surges flashing in the sun,

And takes a crown of glory on its head.
 Even so I found him whom my soul had sought,
 And fled into his breast with a cry of triumph,
 Who lit up all things beautiful for me.
 And thro' my happy tears there lookt in mine
 A face as sweet as morning violets,
 A face alight with love ineffable,
 The star-like heart-hid wonder trembling through :
 And o'er me leaned, — as Spring-heaven over earth,
 Dropping her love down in a rain of flowers, —
 To feed me with all flowers of delight,
 And crown me as his queen of all delight.

“ Light hung a garland grace about his brow ;
 His voice, like footprints in the yielding snow,
 Sank deepest with its softest fall of words.
 He gave the casket of his happiness
 Rich with love's jewel for my hands to keep.
 Around his stalwart beauty twined my life,
 In golden oneness, and in proud repose ;
 And like a God he claspt me with his strength !
 And like a God he held me in his heaven ;
 And all the air was golden with my God.

“ Alas, that Woman's life divorced from Man's,
 And seeking to be one again in love,
 So often flies back thro' the grim wide wound !
 Alas, that Time should crown with fruit of pain,
 That seed from Eden whose fair flower is love !
 They tore me from my Love ! they thrust him forth,
 Spurned his rich love, and scorned his poverty ;
 Rent all the twining tendrils of my life
 To shrink back bleeding in their desolate home.
 My heart was shivered like the charmed cup
 That, breaking, brings the Hall in ruins round ;
 And every fragment mirrored the great wrong !

“ And while my mind yet wandered dark and dumb,
 They sold me to a Worldling, wrinkled, rich

And rotten, who bought Love's sweet name for gold.
They drest me in bride-flowers who should have
worn

The white and wimpled weeds of widowhood,
And led me forth, a jewelled mockery!

'Twas like a wedding with the sheeted dead,
In silent hurry, and white ghastliness.

No bosoms beat Love's cymbals music-match;
No blisses blusht, no bridal-kisses burned.

The ring was on my hand, few saw the chain
By which my Husband drew me to his home,
And many envied me my happiness.

That night as we sat alone I felt his eyes
Burningly brand me to the core, his Slave.

“ I dwelt within a golden world of wealth,
Which flamed a glistering glory, bloomed a warmth
Without, within was cold as a fireless hearth.

The Image of Nuptial Love to which they led me
A maiden sacrifice i' the Sanctuary,

That should have raised me, smiled my tears away,
And into quickness all my coldness kist,

And fed with precious oil the lamp of love

That in my heart, as in a tomb, burned on,

Was a gaunt Skeleton, whose grave-like arms
Claspt me for ever to a loveless breast.

“ He was a cruel Tyrant, just too mean

To murder, altho' pitiless as the grave;

A human ink-fish spreading clouds around

When eyes of tender ruth would come too near.

He had a thin-lipt lust of power which lookt

On torture in no rage of fiery blood,

But with infernal light of gloating eyes.

And yet I strove to love him. O my God!

While reaching from the heights of blessedness,

To pluck the rainbow-fruit Heaven held to me,

How had I fallen into a chasm that closed

Its dark inevitable arms, and crusht

Me, bruised and blind! I struck, and struck, and
 beat
 With bleeding strength, in vain. A hundred hands
 Fought in the gloom with mine as water weak.
 At every step there stirred some hissing snake.
 I felt as one that's bound, and buried alive;
 The black, dank death-mould stamp'd down over-
 head,
 And cried, and cried, and cried, but no help came.

“ I heard the sounds above me far away;
 The feet of hurrying Life, and loitering Love;
 Rich bursts of music, hum of low sweet talk;
 The dance of pleasure dancing in her heaven,
 And rustling rain of a thousand dear delights.
 I knew the pictured world was lighted up,
 And bloomed, like bridal-chamber, soft and warm:
 How sang the merry, merry birds of bliss;
 How Beauty's flower-guests stood crowned and
 drank
 The health of Heaven in its own golden wine.
 But not a crumb of all the glad life-feast,
 Nor drop of all the wanton wealth for me.
 And if I stretch weak arms to clasp my world,
 A wormy mouth to my wild warmth was prest.
 And if I turned to lift a prayer to God,
 Above me burned two eyes like bottomless pits
 In which a nest of devils lurk and leer.
 And down my night there stooped no smiling
 Heaven,
 With golden chances of a starry throne,
 And beckoning looks to bid me come be crowned.

“ Around me rose the phantoms of the dark,
 The Grave's Somnambules troubled in their dream,
 Who walk and wander in the sleep of Death,
 And cannot rest, they were so wronged in life.
 The crownless Martyrs of the marriage-ring!
 Meek sufferers who walkt in living hell,

And died a life of spiritual suttee.
 They came to claim their kin in misery,
 And show me, as they passed in solemn train,
 Their symbols of unutterable woe, —
 Scarred loves that bore the rack and told no tale ;
 Tear-drownéd hearts and stifled agonies ;
 The bleeding lips struck dumb by brutal hands ;
 Slow murders of the curtained bridal-bed ;
 The silent tortures and the shrouded deaths.

“ I wandered with them in the pitiless night
 Who seek the jewel fallen from Life's crown ;
 Oft stumbling, bled upon the cruel thorns,
 But rose, and struggled on. I strained mine eyes
 Upon the dark, and raised mine empty cup ;
 Surely with one gold drop of honey-dew,
 Somewhere the heavens ran o'er t' enrich my life ?

“ Then came to me a thing most sweet and strange,
 As tho' an Angel kist me in the night,
 Or Magic Rose flusht sudden in the gloom.
 A loosening charm wrought in my brain ; the
 weight
 That ached to be dasht out in utter death,
 Was melting like a wintry clod in flowers.
 In love's dead ashes burst a spark. I cried,
 ‘ O sweet light-bringer, in a bloom of dawn
 Rise, let me see what treasure I have found !
 My little Bird shall hurry out the night,
 Till all my world is toucht with rosy gold :
 My little Bird of God shall sit and sing
 The dear day long, the dearer for the dark !
 My rich, warm jewel, crimson with sweet life,
 Come shine where now I cross but empty palms,
 And clasp the new love-raiment radiant round.’

“ ‘ If thou rise beautiful from Sorrow's sea,
 As Venice, Sorrow's child, is Beauty's Queen,
 Perchance thy little smiles, my Babe, may bring

Some human softness in his face, and I
 Shall kiss the hand that hurts, for thy dear sake.
 And I shall walk with thee, my Child, with thee,
 Beneath new heavens, on an enchanted earth.
 When I enfold thee in my arms, sweet Babe,
 My heart will scarcely breathe lest it should wake
 The sleeping wings of its new-nestling bliss.
 When thou art born, my Child, all will be well ;
 For surely Love but vanisht in the dark
 To come back in the morning with my Babe ;
 And all the sweetness liveth on when all
 The bitterness is past ; and eyes that yearn
 Wet thro' the gloom are glorified at last.
 Soft baby-fingers feeling round my heart
 Shall melt its frost ; and baby-lips shall draw
 My tears in milk, and suck my sorrows dry.
 All hell may wrestle in one human heart ;
 All heaven will nestle in my drop of dew.'

“ It came, my dazzling dawn's re-orient hope !
 My tiny Babe, with its sweet mournful eyes !
 And the pale innocent but fanned his hate
 To frenzy ; for, in many a desolate day,
 And midnight, lying with my heart awake,
 I had turned tearfully to look upon
 A precious picture worn by Memory,
 And in its beauteous image grew my Babe :
 Its luminous look had gathered all the light
 That lost beloved Presence left with me.

“ He poured his poison in the brimming glass
 My babe-joy-bearer lifted to my lips,
 And dasht its golden vintage in the dust.
 I ran the gauntlet of his hell for years,
 And fell down on the threshold mad. My Child !
 They took my Babe from me, my pleading Babe ;
 And when the pretty one pined for me, and cried,
 Straining his dim eyes for me till he died ;

They called the Mother in to see her child
 That lay there in the little shroud with all
 Its beauty folded up for God in Heaven :
 Dead ! dead ! its dear eyes closed by stranger
 hands.

“ Much misery hath not made my spirit meek :
 Mine agony rends the bridal-veil : I cry,
 Come see what ghastly wounds bleed hidden here !
 Behold where all the Tortures of the Past
 Are stored by Law, and sanctified for use.
 I drag my burthen to a nation’s throne,
 And pray deliverance from this Tyrant’s power.
 Pity me, all good people, as ye sit
 Within the golden circle of sweet marriage,
 Loving and loved, glorying and glorified ;
 Whose love makes life so dear, that when ye die
 And sit on heavenlier heights, your eyes will search
 To find the garden where Love’s fruitage grew ;
 The nest from whence your pretty nurslings flew ;
 Our old World smiling thro’ its cloudy fold,
 And love it for the marriage love of old.”

She ceased, and from afar methought there came
 Across the night an echo sad and low,
 Love answering love, heart crying unto heart.

“ In the merry spring-tide when green buds start,
 Wings break from the husk of care,
 And the dead beauty blossoms again in my heart,
 As I dream of the things that were ;
 The buried Past lifteth a radiant brow ;
 Some phantom-bark toucheth life’s shore ;
 And it floateth me far from the sorrowful Now,
 Into Love’s happy Nevermore.

- " She rises before me, that Darling of mine,
 Whom I lost in the world so wide ;
 O come to me, come to me, let thine arms twine
 About me, my life ! my Bride !
 Ah me ! I am breaking my heart to see
 But the Image enshrined at its core ;
 Yet Memory's sighs bring a balm to me,
 Out of Love's happy Nevermore.
- " How I poured all my life, in a beaker of bliss
 For her ! how I held the cup,
 As the leaves, though the wanton winds will kiss,
 Their tremulous dew's hold up !
 And my mind it walkt in a raiment white,
 Where starry thoughts reared a dome ;
 And the feast was spread, and the chamber alight
 For the guest that never came home.
- " Lovely she was as the lily is white,
 When the beauty of morn it wears :
 Pure she was as the perfect light
 That haloeth happy tears.
 Hearts straightway rose from the shadow and cloud,
 Where the light of her presence kist ;
 Yet over the might of the proudest she rode,
 Like Music, as she list.
- " Love, rosy clear, in her cheek's faint dyes,
 Its first sweet bloom just took ;
 Love came trembling up in her eyes,
 As the stars in a happy brook :
 Dear eyes ! they were dreams of heaven, with a dance
 Of light in their deep rich gloom ;
 Whence the smiling heart lookt like the golden glance
 From the pansy's purple bloom.
- " O Darling of mine ! does she ever think
 Of the old-time thoughts and things ?
 O Darling of mine ! does she come to drink
 At these wormwood spirit-springs ?

For I sometimes dream as I bend above,
That the kiss of her lips clings there,
And the fading balm of her breath of love
Is eloquent in the air.

“ If we met unaware, just to ease her heart’s pain,
Would she fall on my bosom and sob ?
Or would old memories glide through her brain
With never an added throb ?
Is her pillow e’er wet in the dead night-hours ?
When the heat of the day is o’er,
Does she turn, like me, for a handful of flowers,
Into Love’s happy Nevermore ?

“ O there is no heart that loves on earth
But may live to be loved again :
Some other heart hath the same dear birth,
And aches with the same sweet pain.
And Love may yet come with a golden ray
Shall lighten my life’s despair :
But Love hath no second shaft can slay
The first love nestling there.

“ In the merry spring-tide when green buds start,
Wings break from the husk of care,
And the dead beauty blossoms again in my heart,
As I dream of the things that were :
The buried Past lifteth a radiant brow,
Some phantom-bark toucheth life’s shore :
And I am borne far from the sorrowful Now,
Into Love’s happy Nevermore.”

All this was but the imagery of Dream ;
For when the Morn in restless radiance rose,
Her breath of beauty palpitating light,
With clouds of color smiling from the ground ;

A sparkling ecstasy in the blue air ;
And I with marvelling eyes had broke the seal
Of slumber, read the letter of my Dream,
Lo, Charmian was a fair and smiling Woman !
And oft the dimple gleamed upon her cheek,
To vanish like a dew-drop in a rose ;
And oft her laugh with reckless richness rung,
And shook a shower of music-pearls around.
I peered into the windows of her eyes,
As one might come by light of day to look
Adown the glade where he had seen the dance
Of weird Elves in the night, but finds no trace.
An aspect of the Graces ! who could know
The wreathen face that writhéd in my Dream ?

But still, as in my Dream, I see her stand,
Too living for a picture in romance,
Telling the wild stern story of her wrongs,
Holding the great Curse up to Heaven for ever,
To call God's lightning down, altho' it kill
Her with her wedded Curse. And in my Dream
The kings and queens of prospering love go by,
And little heed this Martyr by the way ;
This poor weak woman trembling 'neath her load ;
This life fast fettered to a festering corse ;
This love that bleeds to death at many wounds :
This passing Tragedy of Soul within
Our five acts of the Sense, that breaks its way
Thro' human hearts i' the Theatre of a world.

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